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VISVA-BHARATI



Founded by Rabindranath Tagore.

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Educational Institutions at Santiniketan

Education is carried on in surroundings of nature in the midst of an uplifted plain. Classes take place in the open air whenever possible. A visitor writes "The chief teachers on whom the poet has placed his main reliance, have been the open spaces around the groves, the trees, dawn and evening and moonlight, the winds and great rains."

The boys play games energetically and well, discipline themselves by means of their own courts, produce their own newspapers, magazines and reviews: they have their school-songs and music-festivals, their dramatic performances, seasonal fairs and exhibitions, their organisations for visiting villages and conducting night-schools.

In the educational programme emphasis is given to Music and Art, for it is clearly recognised that the great use of Education is not merely to collect facts, but to know man and to make oneself known to man. Every student is expected to learn, at least to some extent, not only the language of intellect, but also the language of art—to obtain a mastery of lines and colours, sounds and movements.

The residential arrangements aim at an open house, in which students and teachers are at one and can live their complete life together, dominated by a common aspiration for truth and a need of sharing all the delights of culture.

Purva-Vibhaga (Santiniketan School).—Pupils are primarily prepared for the Visva-Bharati College courses, but are also allowed to sit for the Examination of other Universities. Preparatory classes are held for candidates for Calcutta University Matriculation.

Children up to the age of 12 years are accommodated in a separate dormitory under the direct supervision of a Ladies' Committee who look after their comforts.

Special attention is given to Manual Training, Nature Study and Science. Classes in the above subjects can be attended without any extra charge.

Kala-Bhavan (School of Arts and Crafts) A School of painting with distinctive features of its own is developing, at Santiniketan under the supervision of Abanindranath Tagore who is the Director.

A School of Music is also developing on its own lines. Choral singing, is practised as well as individual voice production. Attention is given to classical instrumental music and the services of eminent musicians are secured for special courses from time to time.

In the Crafts Section practical training is given in frescoe painting, lacquer work, bookbinding, terracotta etc. under the supervision of qualified teachers and indigenous craftsmen.

There is a small Museum attached to this Department as also a Library which aims at bringing together materials for a comparative study of the different systems of music and different schools of art which lie scattered in the different ages and provinces of India, and in the different strata of society, and also those belonging to the other great countries of Asia, which had communications with India.

Nari-Vibhaga (Ladies' College) The principle of Co-education in intellectual and cultural pursuits has been definitely accepted, i. e. the special needs and responsibilities of woman in the sphere of domestic life have also been kept in view.

Adequate arrangements have been made for accomodating girl students in separate dormitories and regular instruction and practical training are given in Domestic Science, Cookery, First Aid and Sick Nursing. The management of the Department is vested in a Ladies' Committee.

Krishi-Vibhaga (Department of Agriculture and Rural Reconstruction)

It is also recognised that Educational institutions, in order to obtain their fulness of truth, must have close association with the economic life of the people. The spirit of mutual help and the common sharing of benefits in the elemental necessities of life have been made the basis of work in the Krishi-Vibhaga (Department of Agriculture and Rural Reconstruction). It seeks to feed and clothe the inmates of the University with the produce of its land, its cows, and its looms. Its aim is to co-operate with the villages round it, cultivate land, breed cattle, spin clothes, press oil from seeds, to produce all necessities, devising the best means, using the best materials. And calling science to its aid its object is to help in building a sound economic foundation for a richer, fuller and happier village life.

Uttara-Vibhaga (Visva-Bharati College) Arrangements have been made for regular courses of instruction in Sanskrit, Pali, Bengali, Persian, English, French, German, Philosophy, Economics, and Sociology. Prof. M. Winternitz of Prague (Visva-Bharati Visiting Professor for 1923) is delivering a special course of lectures on the History of Indian Literature.

The Library owns a unique collection of books on Indology and some rare manuscripts in Sanskrit, Pali, and Bengali languages.

The school of research in Indology seeks to concentrate the mind-forces scattered throughout the country and create a living centre of intellectual life where the cultural unity of India may be studied in all its aspects.

Students are invited from the West to study the different systems of Indian Philosophy, Literature, Art and Music in their proper environment and to carry on research work in collaboration with the scholars already engaged in the task.

Prospectus and other particulars on application to—

Karmasachiva, Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan, India.

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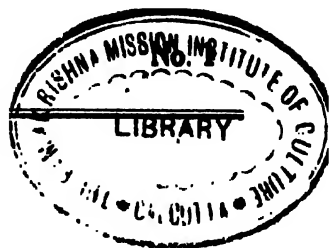
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All civilisations are creations. They do not merely offer us information about themselves; but give outer expression to some inner ideals which are creative. Therefore we judge each civilisation, not by how much it has produced, but by what idea it expresses in its activities. When, in things which are a creation, the structure gets the better of the spirit, then it is condemned. When a civilisation merely gives a large stock of facts about its own productions, its mechanical parts, its outward successes, then we know that there must be anarchy in its world of idea, that some living part is lacking, that it will be torn with conflicts and will not be able to hold together human society in the spirit of Truth.

In the ebb of the tide, the river bed becomes too evident, its mud and sand and debris stand out in prominence;—with the loss of its depth the current loses its strength. In the history of every civilisation, there comes a period when the store of vitality, which it has accumulated in the distant ages, is exhausted at last. The manifestation of the creative delight, which is life's ultimate object, becomes smothered by the intricate overgrowth of appliances,—the means thwarting the end itself.

Senility becomes apparent when the mind cannot create new ideas, or have the courage and faith to believe in its own ideal world; when individuals merely repeat mechanical movements endlessly, and the habits of life become fixed. This is sure to happen when utility occupies the principal place in our endeavours. For life is not utilitarian in its spirit, its inmost

desire-being for truth and fulness of its own expression. Men have sometimes thought, in their career of prosperity, that the repetition of the methods whereby they achieved success, the multiplication of material, could go on for ever; until they were suddenly startled by the warning touch of death.

The time has now come when humanity can only be saved by the awakening of a new faith. For this, the one thing that is needed, most of all, is to make a place in our education for some great idealism. The principle of material self-seeking, which pervades the atmosphere to-day, can never give us new life. It carries with it unchecked passion which, as it burns itself out, exhausts vitality and brings its own doom.

It is a fact of unique importance in the history of the world to-day, that the human races have come together as they have never done before. In the olden days, the geographical barriers kept them apart. At that time of physical separation, each people, in its separate area, had to evolve a moral ideal of its own. Only those groups of men, who had the mutual sympathy and trust which could lead to unity, developed great civilisations, because they alone were able to transform the external fact of their close neighbourhood into a spiritual truth. So were the peoples of the earth developed. Some survived, with marked characteristics of their own. Some perished owing to strife and conflict.

Now, in our own days, through the advance of modern science, the rapid transport of modern times has altered the past situation irrevocably. The physical barriers between man and man are overcome; only the barriers of habit remain. But men go on living as though the old limitations were still real. In place of the natural obstacles of the past, they put up their own artificial modes of exclusion,—their armaments, their prohibitive tariffs, their passport regulations, their national politics and diplomacies. These new obstructions, being artificial, are a burden that crush the people under the weight of their dead material and create deformities in their moral nature.

The mentality of the world has to be changed in order to meet the new environment of the modern age. Otherwise we shall never attain that peace which is the infinite atmosphere of Truth.

But to accept this truth of our own age demands a new education. Just as, hitherto, the collective egoism of the Nation has been cultivated in our schools, and has given rise to a nationalism which is vainglorious and exclusive, even so will it be necessary now to establish a new education on the basis, not of nationalism but of a wider relationship of humanity.

The aim of Visva-bharati is to acknowledge the best ideal of the present age in the centre of her educational mission. The question therefore arises, what is the immediate step that she should take in order to fulfil her object. The first thing which must occupy our attention is to concentrate in this institution the different cultures of the East and West, especially those that have taken their birth in India, or found shelter in her house. India must fully know herself in order to make herself known to others.

Love hungers for perfect knowledge. The first step, therefore, must be to secure a true understanding of all the real wealth that has been produced and cherished by every section of those who compose the varied life of India. With the realisation of the ancestral wealth of our own culture, comes our responsibility to offer to share it with the rest of the world.

We have educational establishments where we are brought up in the idea that we can only borrow, but not give. Have we absolutely settled down into this state of destitution? We must not say so. Our wealth is truly proved by our ability to give, and Visva-bharati is to prove this on behalf of India. Our mission is to show that we also have a place in the heart of the great world; that we fully acknowledge our obligation of offering it our hospitality.

It has been said in our scriptures "*atithi devo bhava*", asking us to realise that the Divine comes to us as our guest, claiming our homage. All that is great and true in humanity is ever waiting at our gate to be invited. It is not for us to question it about the country to which it belongs, but to receive it in our home and bring before it the best that we have. We are told in Kalidása's drama, how Sakuntala, absorbed in her passionate love for Dushyanta, sat dreaming only of that which was the immediate object of her desire. She allowed the Guest

to go away, unwelcomed and unattended. Therefore the curse fell on her that "she should not realise her desire for the sake of which she neglected her duty." When she forgot to pay her attention to him who was for her the representative of the large world of men, she lost her own little world of dreams.

Visva-bharati is India's invitation to the world, her offer of sacrifice to the highest truth of man.

My nest-weary wings fluttered in the hesitating dusk of dawn,
In answer to the first faint whispers of light in the East.

"Seek the dwelling by the sea," came the call,

"Where the earth's voices blend into music in the glad heart of the Silent."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

A VISION OF INDIA'S HISTORY

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

When individual communities, who come to dwell in the same neighbourhood, differ from each other in race and culture the first attempts at unity become too obviously mechanical in their classified compartments. Some system of adjustment is needed in all kinds of Society, but in order that a system should be successful it must completely submit itself to the principle of life and become the organ for the vital functions.

The history of India has been the history of the struggle between the constructive spirit of the machine, which seeks the cadence of order and conformity in social organisation, and the creative spirit of man, which seeks freedom and love for its self-expression. We have to watch and see if the latter is still living in India; and also whether the former offers its service and hospitality to life, through which its system can be vitalised.

We know not who were the heroes of the day when the racial strife between Aryan and Non-Aryan was at its height. The significant fact is, that the names of such conquering heroes have not been sung in Indian epic. It may be that an episode of that race war in India lies enshrouded in the mythical version of King Janamejaya's ruthless serpent sacrifice,—the attempted extermination of the entire Naga race. There is, however, no special glorification of that king on this account. But he who strove to bring about the reconciliation between Aryan and Non-Aryan is worshipped to this day as an Avatar.

As the leading figures of the grand movement of that age, which sought to embrace both Aryan and Non-Aryan in a larger synthesis, we find the names of three Kshatriyas standing out in the story of the Rámáyana. There Janaka, Visvámitra and Ráma-chandra are not merely related by bonds of kinship or affection, but through oneness of ideal. What if it be possible that Janaka, Visvámitra and Ráma may not have been contemporaries as a matter of historical fact? That does not take

away from their nearness to one another in the plane of idea. Viewed from the stand-point of intervening space, the distance between the earth and the moon may loom large, and tend to obscure the fact of their relationship. There are many double stars in the firmament of history, whose distance from each other does not affect the truth of their brotherhood. We know, from the suggestion thrown out by the poet of Rāmāyana, that Janaka, Visvāmitra and Rāma, even if actually separated by time, were nevertheless members of such a triple system.

In the history of idea, as distinguished from the history of fact, a hero often comes to mean, for his race, the *ideal*; and ceases to be an individual. In Aryan history, Janaka and Visvāmitra, as well as Rāma have become historical symbols. They are composite pictures of numerous personalities having a common purpose. Just as King Arthur, from the Christendom of the Dark ages, represents the Christian Knight, the valiant champion of the faith against all challengers, so in India we get glimpses of the Kshātra ideal gathering round its champions for a determined and prolonged crusade against its opponents. Proofs are not wanting that often these opponents were the Brahmins.

The idea, which was behind the Neo-Kshatriya movement of old, cannot be known to-day in its full meaning, but still it is possible to make out the lines along which the divergence of Brahmin and Kshatriya had occurred.

The four-headed god Brahmaa represents the four Vedas with all their hymns and regulations of sacrifice. The Brahmin Bhrigu, one of the most renowned priests of the ancient days, is said to have sprung from the heart of Brahmaa, thereby showing that he occupied a prominent part in the cult of Vedic ceremonialism. It is said in the Bhāgavata Purāna that the Kshatriya king, Kārtavīrya, stole a sacrificial cow from Yamadagni, a priest of the same Bhrigu clan which was the cause of the class-war led by Parasu-rāma, the son of Yamadagni, against the whole Kshatriya community. Unless the stealing of the sacrificial cow stands for an idea, such a crusade of the Brahmin against the entire Kshatriya class misses its meaning. It really indicates that among a great body of Kshatriyas there

arose a spirit of resistance against sacrificial rites, and this gave rise to a fierce conflict between the two communities.

It has to be noted that the series of battles, begun by Parasurāma, the descendant of Bhrigu, at last came to their end with his defeat at the hands of Rāma-chandra. This Kshatriya hero, as we all know, is accepted and adored as an incarnation of Vishnu, the deity of the monotheistic sect of Bhāgavatas. It certainly means that this fight was a fight of ideals, which terminated in the triumph of the religion in which, at a later date, Rāma-chandra occupied a central place.

It is well known that Rāma had an intimate relationship with the great king Janaka, which also we consider to be a relationship of ideals. Janaka has won from the people of India the title of Rājarshi, the kingly prophet. It has been said about him in the Bhagavad-Gītā:

Karmanalva hi samsiddhim āsthlā Janakādayah.

Janaka and others of his kind have attained their fulfilment through the performance of duty.

This means that Janaka, and others who had the same faith as he, followed the path of moral action for attaining spiritual perfection. This was specially mentioned because it was not the path of the orthodox religion, which laid stress on ceremonials performed for the sake of averting injuries or acquiring merit or wealth. It was evidently a revolutionary movement, one of whose leaders was Janaka, and Rāma-chandra obtained his inspiration from him. Therefore when we find that it was the Kshatriya Rāma-chandra who defeated the Brahmin Parasurāma, we feel certain that the battle which was fought was the battle of two differing ideals.

Those institutions which are static in their nature, raise their fixed walls of division. This is why, in the history of religions, priesthood has everywhere hindered the freedom of man and maintained dissensions. The moving principle of life unites. It deals with the varied, and seeks unity in order to be able to deal truly. The Brahmins, who had the static ideals of Society in their charge, spun into elaboration the different forms of ritualism and set up sectarian barriers between clans and classes. Of the two

original deities of the Indo-Aryan tribe, the Sun and the Fire, the latter specially represented the cult of Brahmins. Round it different forms of sacrifice gathered and grew in number, accompanied by strict rules of incantation; with it came to be intimately associated the pluralism of divinity, since the fire had always been made the vehicle of oblation to numerous gods.

The Kshatriyas, on the other hand, as they sallied forth in their endeavour against all obstacles, natural and human, developed in their life the principle which was for expansion and inclusion. Born and bred amidst the clash of forces, hostile and favourable, in the field of life's strenuous conflict, the super-fine complexities of the external forms of religious worship could have no special significance for them. With them the Sun-god seems to have a special connexion. From him, Manu, the law-giver who was a Kshatriya, and also the great kingly line of Raghu, to which belonged Rāma-chandra, are said to have sprung. This Sun-god, in course of time, developed into the personal god, Vishnu, the god of the Bhāgavata sect, the god who principally belonged to the Kshatriyas.

From Brahma's four mouths had issued the four Vedas, revealed for all time, jealously sealed against outsiders, as unchanging as the passive features of Brahma himself rapt in meditation. This was the symbol of Brāhmanism, placid and immutable, profoundly filled with the mystery of knowledge. But the four active arms of Vishnu were busy, proclaiming the sway of the Good; expanding the cycle of unity; maintaining the reign of law; supporting the spirit of beauty and plenitude. All the symbols carried by Vishnu have the different aspects of Kshatriya life for their significance.

Brahma-vidyā—the knowledge of Supreme Truth,—had its origin in the seclusion of the primaeval forest of India, where the human mind could intensely concentrate itself in the depth of things and the reality of spiritual existence. The world must acknowledge its debt to the contemplative Indo-Aryan for this profound vision of truth which he has revealed to man. This Brahma-vidyā in India has followed two different courses. In the one, the Supreme Soul is viewed as monistic, absolutely negating the phenomenal world; in the other as dualistic in creative imagi-

nation, yet one in essence. Unless duality is admitted there can be no worship; but, if at the same time, fundamental unity be not recognised, the worship cannot be intimate and loving.

The original gods of the Vedas were separate from man; they received worship which consisted only of external ceremony, not the homage of love. When the relationship between God and man came to be known as based on their spiritual unity, then only the worship of love became possible. That is how the mystic Brahma-vidyá brought in its train the Religion of Love, of which the god was Vishnu. There is no doubt, that the religion of love had its origin, or at least its principal support, among Kshatriyas, whose freedom of movement had the effect of liberating their minds from the coils of established forms of sacrifice.

That, naturally, there was a period of struggle between the cult of ritualism, supported by the Brahmins, and the religion of love, is evident. The mark of the Brahmin Bhṛigu's kick, which Vishnu carries on his breast, is a myth-relic of the original conflict. In the fact, that Krishna, a Kshatriya, was not only at the head of Vaiṣṇava cult, but the object of its worship; that in his teaching, as inculcated in the Bhagavad-Gítá, there are hints of detraction against Vedic verses; we find a proof that this cult was developed by the Kshatriyas. Another proof is found in the fact, that the two non-mythical human avatars of Vishnu,—Krishna and Rāma-chandra—were both Kshatriyas, and the Vaiṣṇava religion of love was spread by the teaching of the one and the life of the other.

The ideal which was supported by the Kshatriya opponents of the priesthood, is represented by the Bhagavad-Gítá. It was spoken to the Kshatriya hero, Arjuna, by the Kshatriya prophet, Krishna. The doctrine of Yoga which it advocates,—the doctrine of the disinterested concentration of life, with all its thoughts and deeds, in the Supreme Being,—had its tradition, according to Krishna, along the line of the Rájarshis, the kingly prophets. He says :

Evam parampará práptamimam rájarshayo viduh.

Sa káleneha mahatá yogo nashtah parantapa.

This, handed on down the line, the king sages knew. This

*Yoga, by great efflux of time, decayed in the world, O Parantapa.**

That this religion of Yoga, as revived by Krishna and inculcated in the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, was not in harmony with Vedic scriptures is directly affirmed by the Master in his teaching to his disciple Arjuna, when he says :

**Sruti-vipratipannâ te yadâ sthâsyati nischalâ
Samâdhâvachalâ buddhistadâ yogamavâpsyati.**

When thy mind, bewildered by the scriptures, shall stand immovable in contemplation, then shalt thou attain unto Yôga.

Krishna undoubtedly takes his stand against the traditional cult of sacrificial ceremonies, which according to him distract our minds from the unity of realisation when he speaks thus :

The flowery speech that the unwise utter, O Pârtha, clinging to the word of the Veda, saying there is nothing else, ensouled by desire and longing after heaven, the speech that offereth only rebirth as the ultimate fruit of action, that is full of recommendations to various rites for the sake of gaining enjoyments and sovereignty—the thoughts of those misled by that speech cleaving to pleasures and lordship, not being inspired with resolution, is not engaged in contemplation.

These words are evidently of him, who in his teachings has for his opponents the orthodox multitude, the believers in Vedic texts.

The Kurukshetra war, described in the Mahâbhârata, was the war between two parties, the one of whom had rejected Krishna, and the other of whom were his followers, guided by him in the war. The motive of this conflict, which had attracted all the great ruling powers of that age into one or other of the two opposing parties, could not have been a mere scramble for land between consins. In this latter version of the epic the fact is suppressed, that it was an unorthodox religious movement, acknowledging Krishna to be its prophet, that gave rise to the most desperate fight in the ancient ages in India. The very fact, that

* All the translations of the verses from the Bhagavad-Gîta are in the words of Annie Besant.

Krishna was the charioteer of Arjuna, is proof enough that it was a war of rival creeds; and for that very reason the battle ground of Kurukshetra has ever remained a sacred spot of pilgrimage.

It is significant to note that the lives of great Brahmins of the olden times, like that of Yájñavalkya, have the association of intellectual profundity and spiritual achievement, while those of great Kshatriyas represent ethical magnanimity which has love for its guiding principle. It is also significant, that the people of India, though entertaining deep veneration for the Brahmin sages, instinctively attribute divine inspiration to the Kshatriya heroes, who actively realised high moral ideals in their personalities. Parasu-ráma,—the only historical personage belonging to the Brahmin caste who has been given a place in the list of avatars,—has never found a seat in the hearts of the people. This shows that, according to India, the mission of divine power in this country is, to bring reconciliation, through moral influence, between races that are different,—never to acquire dominance over others through physical prowess and military skill.

The most important aspect of Ráma-chandra's life, which has made the Vaishnava accept him as the incarnation of divine love, has been missed by the current version of the Rámáyana. There he is depicted merely as an ideal son, brother and husband, a paragon of domestic virtues, a king who holds that the cultivation of popularity is a duty higher than doing justice in the teeth of clamorous disapprobation. I have no doubt that the real story of his life, which has become dim in the course of time and with the growth of conventionalism, is concerned with his sympathy for the despised races, his love for the lowly; and that this made him the ideal of the primitive people whose totem was *Hanúmán*.

The religion represented by the third human avatar of Vishnu, who is Buddha, has in it the same moral quality which we find in the life and teaching of Ráma and Krishna. It clearly shows the tendency of the Kshátra ideal, with its freedom and courage of intellect, and above all its heart, comprehensive in sympathy, generous in self-sacrifice.

Foreign critics are too often ready to misread the conservative spirit of India, putting it down as the trade artifice of an interested priestcraft. But they forget that there was no racial difference

between Brahmin and Kshatriya. These merely represented two different natural functions of the body politic, which, though from the outside presenting the appearance of antagonism, have as a matter of fact co-operated in the evolution of Indian history. Sowing seed in one's own land and reaping harvest for distant markets are apparently contradictory. The seed-sowers naturally cling to the soil which they cultivate, while the distributors of the harvest develop a different mentality, being always on the move. The Brahmins were the guardians of the seed of culture in ancient India and the Kshatriyas strove for putting into wide use the harvest of wisdom. The principle of stability and the principle of movement, though they depend upon each other for their truth, are, in human affairs, apt to lose their balance and come into fierce conflict. Yet these conflicts, as meteorology tells us in the physical plane, have the effect of purifying the atmosphere and restoring its equilibrium. In fact, perfect balance in these opposing forces would lead to deadlock in creation. Life moves in the cadence of constant adjustment of opposites,—it is a perpetual process of reconciliation of contradictions.

The divergence of ideals between the Brahmins, dwellers in the forest, and the Kshatriyas, founders of cities, often led to prolonged fights, a fact which is revealed by the story of the struggle between Vasishtha and Visvámitra. The Brahmins were not all on one side, nor the Kshatriyas all on the other. Many Kshatriyas espoused the Brahmin cause. We are told how the Brahmanic *Vidyás*, as personified in the form of three maidens, outraged by Visvámitra, were sore distressed, and how the chivalrous Kshatriya King, Harischandra, came to their rescue, losing his all for their sake. Then, again, Krishna in the course of his endeavour to liberate the Kshatriya victims from a dread ceremonial, slew king Jarásandha with the help of the Pándava braves. This Jarásandha, himself a Kshatriya, was on the other side and had defeated and imprisoned many Kshatriya kings. Krishna and the Pándavas had to disguise themselves as Brahmins in order to gain entrance within the walls of his stronghold. Many other legends bear this out. The spiritual movement started by Krishna had something in it, which went against the orthodox forms of worship. This is further hinted at by the

legend, belonging to a later period, of his taking the part of the Abhiras against their persecution by Indra, the king of the Vedic gods, and preventing the devastation of the pasture land, Govardhana, held by that tribe.

Anyhow, it is abundantly clear that the ideals represented by Krishna had divided the Aryan community into two rival camps. When king Yudhishtira, as overlord, summoned a Rájasúya Yajña in order to heal those dissensions, King Sisupála tried to wreck the proceedings by publicly insulting Krishna, the acknowledgment of whose precedence over all assembled Brahmins and Kshatriyas was the object of that great conclave. The main motive behind the devastating Kurukshetra war was this very internal strife within the community,—the party which opposed Krishna being generalised by Drona, the famous Brahmin warrior, with his kinsmen Kripa and Asvatthvámá. It is a notable fact that Drona himself was a disciple of Parasu-ráma; and Karna, one of the most important fighters who stood against Krishna's party, also had Parasu-ráma for his teacher.

There can be no doubt that the period of history, covered by the main incidents related in the Rámáyana, and that of the Kurukshetra war, are widely apart in time; and therefore we have no other alternative but to admit that Parasu-ráma, who takes part in both the narratives, represents a long continued Brahmin movement, anti-Kshatriya in character; and Ráma and Krishna, who come out victorious in this conflict, have some common ideal, which also had a long period of struggle for its manifestation and development.

Any number of such stories show that the two Epics of India were concerned with this same social revolution, that is to say, with the conflict of the new and the old within the Aryan community. We have its analogy in comparatively modern days, when the Bengali epic, *Kavikankan Chandí*, was written. In this poem is also described the conflict of religious ideals, with the god Siva on one side, and the goddess Chandí on the other. It represented the tragedy of the downfall of a higher principle of religion, which had its devotees in the cultured classes, and the usurpation of its altar by the vindictive deity Chandí, patron of

wild animals, who was worshipped by the aboriginal Vyádha tribes, as is described in the poem.

In the age of which the Rámáyana tells, Ráma-chandra was the champion of the new party. Ráma was born in the orthodox creed at the head of which was Vasishtha, the priest of the royal house. But from his boyhood he was won over by Visvámitra, the implacable antagonist of Vasishtha. From this Kshatriya sage, the Kshatriya prince received his initiation into a path of adventure, which evidently had behind it a mighty movement led by the great personalities of the age. It appears to me that Ráma's banishment had its cause in some conflict of ideals between Vasishtha, who stood as the symbol of the Brahmanic tradition, and Visvámitra, who had fought against it and had wrenched Ráma-chandra away from the clasp of the unwilling royal household.

When later, for sectarian reasons, the story of the great movement was retold as the Rámáyana,—a dynastic history,—the absurd reason was invented about the weak old king yielding to a favourite wife, who took advantage of a vague promise which could fit itself to any demand of hers, however preposterous. This story merely reveals the later degeneracy of mind, when form assumed a greater value than spirit, and some casual words uttered in a moment of infatuation could be deemed more sacred than the truth which is based upon justice and perfect knowledge.

Janaka is considered to be an embodiment of the kingly virtues of an ideal Kshatriya. In the history of the colonisation of India by the Aryans, his life must have served a great purpose. We can guess from his own position in the story of the Rámáyana, that he was the principal inspiration in an enterprise which had a large meaning, and that Ráma accepted his mission of life from Janaka. If we pierce through the mist which has gathered round the original narrative, we shall see that there is a general challenge to all Kshatriyas of that time in the story of Sítá's wedding.

Sítá is said to have been no ordinary mortal. She came out of the soil itself when King Janaka was employed in ploughing, as was his wont. "Furrow-line" is the meaning which the name

“Sítá” bears. This daughter of the soil he promised to give in marriage to him who could break the bow of Siva. Ráma was led to this trial by Visvámitra, and he succeeded first in bending the bow and then breaking it, thereupon being declared worthy of receiving Sítá from the hand of Janaka. A great fact of history, which very probably occupied a large expanse of time and was borne along by several generations of heroes, appears to have been condensed in this story. Janaka was one of those sublime figures who could focus in himself all the significance of an epoch-making endeavour, scattered through time and space.

The fact that Janaka's personality comprehended in its inner realisation the Brahma-vidyá, and in its outer activity the cultivation of the soil, indicates that the Kshatriya kings developed the art of agriculture, on which the civilisation of the Aryans of India was established. Originally the tending of flocks had been the main occupation of the Aryan tribes. This pastoral life likewise suited the forest tracts of India, and Brahmins in their forest retreats continued to regard the cow as their principal wealth. But though tending cattle was fit for the nomad life, or for that of small groups of individuals living in forests, the concentration of large bodies of men in cities required the organised production of food. Naturally the necessity of such organisation was more keenly felt by Kshatriyas, who were founders of cities, than by the others. Therefore, in the life of Janaka, the ideal king of ancient India, are seen, side by side, Brahma-vidyá,—the philosophy which, if truly accepted, could be the spiritual support of the unity of races,—and Agriculture, which could be the material support of the economic union effected by the large communities. And just as the European colonists in America, while cutting down its forests, had to contest every step with the aborigines, who depended on the chase for their living, so also in India the pioneers of agriculture encountered the opposition of the non-Aryans living in its wildernesses, whose fierce onslaughts made their task far from easy.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Zarathushtra, the great spiritual master of ancient Iran, had, like Janaka himself, an ideal which combined spiritual wisdom with a faith

in agricultural civilisation. And it also became his mission to save agriculture from the depredation of nomadic hordes.

Let me quote from "Zarathushtra in Gathas," translated from Dr. Geiger's book on the subject, a passage which bears strong analogy to the aspect of the old Aryan history in India as revealed by the legend of Janaka. "The Iranian people of the Gathic period," he says, "were, in fact, subdivided into husbandmen and nomads, and in the sharp opposition which obtained between the two, the prophet Zarathushtra played a prominent part. In a number of Gathic passages we see him standing as an advocate of the settled husbandmen. He admonishes them not to be tired of their good work, to cultivate diligently the fields, and to devote to their cattle that fostering care which they deserve. And far and wide spreads the dominion of husbandmen and 'the settlements of the pious people increase, in spite of all molestations, all persecutions, and violence, which they have to suffer from the nomads who attack their settlements in order to desolate their sown fields and to deprive them of their herds.'"

King Janaka reigned over Mithila, which shows that the Aryan colonies had extended along the North to the easternmost natural boundary of India. But the Vindhya hills were then inaccessible, and the forest regions to their South remained intact. Here the Dravidian culture had reached its height, proving a formidable rival to that of the Aryans, and here the puissant Ravana had established the Dravidian god, Siva, defeating Indra and other Vedic deities.

The question which then arose in the Aryan community as to who should be the champion of their civilisation, proving his competency to carry his standard forward by success in the preliminary trial of the breaking of *Hara-dhanu*, Siva's bow, is to be read in the same light. He who could break the strong resistance of the Siva-worshippers and carry into the South the civilisation which had Brahma-vidyá for its spirit, and for its body Agriculture, would verily win, for his spouse, Janaka's earth-born daughter Sítá.

When Ráma-chandra set out under his master, Visvámitra, on what became his life-mission, he started, even at that early age, by emerging triumphant through three severe tests. First,

he slew the foremost of the obstructive barbarians in the vicinity. Next, at his skilled touch, the desert soil, which had lain for long years bound in the hardness of stone,—becoming *ahalyá*, not fit for ploughing—resumed the bloom of life. It was the self-same soil, which Rishi Gautama, the foremost of the early Aryan pioneers who had striven to drive the plough southwards, had found treacherous, and had abandoned in despair. Thirdly, to the prowess and wisdom of this disciple of the Kshatriya sage was due the subduing of the virulence of the anti-Kshatriya movement, personified in the Brahmin, Parasu-râma.

Both in the Rámáyana and Mahábhârata, the wedding of the principal heroes is connected with the story of a preliminary trial. This is not a mere chance coincidence. It is the crystallisation, in the memory of the race, of a great fact which had an epoch-making character. In both cases, it was the acknowledgment of a difficult ideal, which involved the heroic responsibility of upholding it in the teeth of desperate opposition. In both cases the bride was not a mortal woman, but a great mission. The trial described in the Mahábhârata is the piercing of a disc in the sky, difficult to discern, fixed in the centre of a revolving wheel, which has to be reached by concentrating one's attention on its shadow reflected in a vessel of water. This trial is obviously of a spiritual nature. The fixed centre of Truth, in the heart of the revolving wheel of the World (*Samsâra*), is reflected in the depth of our own being, which can be reached by the one-pointed concentration of Yoga. Is not this the doctrine of the Gîtâ in a language of picture? The symbolism of the piercing of the target is well known to us, as it is used in the Upanishad :

Pranavo dhanuh saro hyâtmâ Brahma tat lakshyam uchhyate.

The bow is omkâra,—the utterance of the sound Om, which helps mental concentration,—the soul is the arrow, and the Infinite the target.

Though it was Arjuna who originally won the maiden whose name was *Krishnaa*, she was accepted in marriage by all the brothers. It is ridiculous to try to establish, on the strength

of this fact, that the Pándava clan came from the Himalayan regions, where polyandry is tolerated. As a matter of fact, it was a sacred rite of ideal polyandry which came to be shared by all the brothers. Krishnaa is the impersonation of the truth taught by Krishna himself, which had some association with the Sun-worship which was the original meaning of Vishnu-worship. It is related in the epic, that in the vessel carried by Krishnaa, food would become inexhaustible when she invoked the sun to help her. This must refer to the unlimited spiritual food ready for all guests who chose to come and enjoy it.

Evidently, the Páñchála kingdom was one of the great centres of this unorthodox religion led by the Kshatriyas. It was to be noted that it was in Páñchála that the Brahmin student, Svetaketu, went to the Kshatriya King, Praváhana Jaibáli, for instruction in the mystic philosophy consisting in the doctrine that the creative process, going on in the world of stars, in sky and earth, and in man himself, is a perpetual ceremony of sacrifice, for which the sacrificial fire appears in different aspects and forms. We know the story of how the Brahmin, Drona, had a grudge against the King of Páñchála owing to the latter not recognising the right of his Brahmin comrade to an equal share in his kingly wealth and power. It is not unlikely that in this legend lies hidden the history of the conflict between the power of the priesthood and that of the religious movement started by the Kshatriyas.

It can be surmised that it was from the province of Páñchála, in the close neighbourhood of Mathurá, that the Pándava brothers received the new creed preached by Krishna. It is significant that the Brahmin, Drona, who originated the quarrel, was the first general on the side of the Kurus. Krishnaa was insulted by the Kuru brothers, as was Sítá by Rávana, and she was rescued from her humiliation by Krishna. It was proved to those who tried to expose her to indignities, that her veil of honour was of unlimited length, just as the food in her vessel was inexhaustible. It was proved, in like manner, that Rávana had not the power to defile Sítá, though, for a time, she was under his dominance, for ideal truth is inviolable even though it may remain for a time in obscurity. That the hero of the Rámáyana, the rescuer of

Sítá, and the hero of the Mahábhárata, the friend of Krishnaa; both occupied the same exalted position in the later Vaishnava religion, is not a mere accident. This fact itself gives us the clue, that the original narration in the case of both the epics had for its motive the great fight for the ideal, which ushered in a new age with its new outlook upon life.

It is evident that the sun, which is the one source of light and life to us, had led the thoughts of the Indo-Aryan sages towards the monotheistic ideal of worship. The following prayer addressed to the sun, with which the Ishopanishat is concluded, is full of the mystic yearning of the soul :

O Sun, nourisher of the world, Truth's face lies hidden in thy golden vessel. Take away thy cover for his eyes, who is a devotee of Truth.

When according to the Chándogya Upanishad, the teacher Ghora, after having explained to his disciple Krishna, who had become *apipása*, free from desire, the consecration ceremony which leads to giving oneself a new spiritual birth,—in which *austerity, almsgiving, harmlessness, truthfulness*, these are one's gifts for the priests,—he winds up his teaching with these words : “In the final hour one should take refuge in these three thoughts : *You are the Indestructible; you are the Unshaken, you are the very Essence of Life.*” On this point there are these two Rig verses :—

Proceeding from primeval seed,
The early morning light they see,
That gleameth higher than the heaven,
From out of darkness all around,
We, gazing on the higher light—
Yea, gazing on the higher light—
To Surya, god among the gods,
We have attained the highest light !
—Yea, the highest light !*

We find a hint here of the teaching which was developed by Krishna into a great religious movement, which preached freedom

from desire and absolute devotion to God, and which spiritualised the meaning of ceremonies. That this religion had some association with the sun can be inferred from the legend of Krishnaa finding inexhaustible store of food in her vessel after her worship of the sun, and also the one about the piercing of the target of the disc by Arjuna, which very likely was the mystic disc of the sun, the golden vessel that holds Truth hidden in it, the Truth which has to be attained by piercing the cover.

It is interesting to see how, in the history of religion, the sun has also had a strong monotheistic suggestion in civilisations other than the Aryan. The great Egyptian King, Akheraten, belonging to the 14th century B. C., struggled against the congregated might of the priestly polytheistic ceremonials, substituting for them the purer form of worship of "the radiant energy of the sun". Here also we find the significant analogy of a religious revolution, initiated by one belonging to the kingly caste, against the opposition of the orthodox priestly sect of the land. This Egyptian King, like other prophets of his type, speaks of the truth coming to him as a personal revelation, when he sings :

Thou art in my heart, there is none
 Who knoweth thee excepting thy son;
 Thou causest that he should have understanding,
 In thy ways and in thy might.

"In ethics a great change also marks this age," says Prof. Flinders Petrie. "The motto 'Living in Truth' is constantly put forward as the keynote to the king's character, and to his changes in various lines."* Thus we find that History is a plagiarist that steals its own ideas over and over again.

In connection with this we have to note that the spiritual religion which Krishna preached must have ignored the exclusiveness of priestly creeds and extended its invitation to peoples of all classes, Aryans and non-Aryans alike. The legend of his intimate relationship with the shepherd tribes supports this view and we still find the religion, of which Krishna is the centre, to be the great refuge of the lower castes and outcastes of the present

* 'A History of Egypt', by W. M. Flinders Petrie, page 218.

Indian population. The most significant fact of Indian history is, that all the human *avatars* of Vishnu had, by their life and teaching, broken the barriers of priestcraft by acknowledging the relation of fellowship between the privileged classes and those that were despised.

There came the day when Rāma-chandra, the Kshatriya of royal descent, embraced as his friend and comrade the lowest of the low, the untouchable *chandāla*, Guhaka,—an incident in his career which to this day is cited as proof of the largeness of his soul. During the successive period of conservative reaction, an attempt was made to suppress this evidence of Rāma-chandra's liberality of heart in a supplemental canto of the epic, and in order to fit it with the later ideal, its votaries did not hesitate to insult his memory, by having it in their rendering of the episode, that Rāma beheaded with his own hands an ambitious Sudra for presuming to claim equal status in the attainment of spiritual excellence. It is like the ministers of Christian religion, in the late war, taking Christ's name for justifying the massacre of men.

However that may be, India has never forgotten that Rāma-chandra was the beloved comrade of a *chandāla*; that he appeared as divine to the primitive tribes, some of whom had the totem of monkey, some that of bear. His name is remembered with reverence because he won over his antagonists as his allies and built the bridge of love between Aryan and non-Aryan.

This is the picture we see of one swing of the pendulum in the Aryan time. We shall never know India truly unless we study the manner in which she re-acted to the pull of the two opposite principles, that of self-preservation represented by the Brahmin, and that of self-expansion represented by the Kshatriya.

When the first overtures towards social union were being made, it became necessary for the Aryans to come to an understanding with the non-Aryan religion as well. In the beginning, as we have seen, there was a state of war between the followers of Siva and the worshippers of the Vedic gods. The fortune of arms favoured sometimes one side, sometimes the other. Even Kṛishna's valiant comrade, Arjuna, had once to acknowledge

defeat at the hands of Siva of the *Királas*, a hunter tribe. Then there is the well known record of a refusal to give Siva place in a great Vedic sacrifice, which led to the breaking up of the ceremony by the non-Aryans. At last, by the identification of Siva with the Vedic Rudra, an attempt had to be made to bring this constant religious antagonism to an end. And yet in the *Mahábhárata* we find the later story of a battle between Rudra and Vishnu, which ended in the former acknowledging the latter's superiority. Even in Krishna worship we find the same struggle, and therefore in the popular recitation of Krishna legends we often hear of Brahmaa's attempt at ignoring Krishna, till at last the ancestor god of the Aryans is compelled to pay homage to the later divinity of the populace. These stories reveal the persisting self-consciousness of the new-comers, even after they had been admitted to the privileges of the old-established pantheon.

The advent of the two great Kshatriya founders of religion, Buddha and Mahávíra, in the same eastern part of India where once Janaka had his seat, brought into being a spirit of simplification. They exercised all their force against the confusing maze of religions and doctrines, which had beset the bewildered country and through which it could not find its goal. Amidst the ceremonial intricacies on the one hand, and the subtleties of metaphysical speculation on the other, the simple truth was overlooked that creeds and rites have no value in themselves; that human welfare is the one object towards which religious enthusiasm has to be directed. These two Kshatriya *sannyásins* refused to admit that any distinctions between man and man were inherent and perpetual; according to their teaching, man could only be saved by realising truth, and not by social conformity or non-ethical practice. It was wonderful how the triumph of these Kshatriya teachers rapidly overcame all obstacles of tradition and habit, and swept over the whole country.

Long before the full flood of the Buddhistic influence had subsided, most of the protecting walls had been broken down, and the banks of the discipline, through which the forces of unification had been flowing in a regulated stream, had been obliterated. In fact, in departing, Buddhism left all the

numerous aboriginal diversities of India to rear their heads unchecked, because one of the two guiding forces of Indian history had been enfeebled, which with its spirit of resistance had been helping the process of assimilation.

In the midst of the Buddhistic revolution only the Brahmins were able to keep themselves intact, because the maintaining of exclusiveness had all along been their function. But the Kshatriyas had become merged into the rest of the people, and so in the succeeding age we find that most of the kings had ceased to belong to Kshatriya dynasties. Then there were the Sákas and the Húnas, repeated hordes of whom flowed into India and got mixed with the elder inhabitants. The Aryan civilisation, thus stricken to the quick, put forth all its life force in a supreme attempt at recovery, and its first effort was directed to regain its race consciousness, which had been overwhelmed.

During the long period of this social and religious revolution, which had the effect of rubbing out the individual features of the traditional Aryan culture, the question "What am I?" came to the forefront. The rescue of the racial personality from beneath the prevailing chaos, became the chief endeavour. Aroused by the powerful shock of a destructive opposition, it was then, for the first time, that India sought to define her individuality. When she now tried to know and name herself, she called to mind the empire of Bharata, a legendary suzerian of by-gone days, and defining her boundaries accordingly, she called herself Bhárata-varsha. She tried to pick up the lost threads of her earlier achievements, in order to restore the fabric of her original civilisation. Thus collection and compilation, not new creation, were characteristics of this age. The great sage of this epoch, Vyása, who is reported to have performed this function, may not have been one real person, but he was, at any rate, the personification of the spirit of the time.

The movement began with the compilation of the Vedas. Now that it had become necessary to have some common unifying agent, the Vedas, as the oldest part of Aryan lore, had to be put on a pedestal for the purpose, in order to supply a fixed centre of reference round which the distracted community could rally.

Another task undertaken by this age was the gathering and

arranging of historical material. In this process, spread over a long period of time, all the scattered myths and legends were brought together, and not only these, but also the beliefs and discussions of every kind, which still lingered in the racial memory. And thus a great literary image of Aryan India of old was formed which was called the Mahābhārata—the great Bhārata. The very name shows the awakened consciousness of the unity of the people struggling to find its expression and permanent record.

The eager effort to gather all the drifting fragments from the wreck, resulted in the overloading with indiscriminate miscellanies of the central narrative of the epic. The natural desire of the artist to impart an aesthetic relevancy to the story, was swamped by the exigency of the time. The most important need of the age was for an immortal epic, a majestic ship fit to cross the sea of time, to serve the purpose of carrying various materials for the building of a permanent shelter for the race mind.

Therefore, though the Mahābhārata may not be history in the modern western definition of the term, it is, nevertheless, a receptacle of the historical records which had left their impress upon the living memory of the people for ages. Had any competent person attempted to sift and sort and analyse this material into an ordered array of facts, we should have lost the changing picture of Aryan society which they present,—a picture in which the lines are vivid or dim, connected or confusedly conflicting, according to the lapses of memory, changes of ideal, and variations of light and shade, incident to time's perspective. Self-recording annals of history, as they are imprinted on the living tablet of ages, are bared before our sight in this great work.

The genius of that extraordinary age did not stop short at the discovery of the thread of unity on which were strung the variegated materials scattered through its history; it also searched out the unity of a spiritual philosophy running through all contradictions that are to be found in the metaphysical speculations of the Vedas. The outline presentation of this philosophy was made by the same Vyāsa, who had not only the industry to gather and piece together details, but also the power to visualise the whole in its completeness. His compilation is a creative synthesis.

One thing, which remains significant, is the fact that this age of compilation has insisted upon the sacredness of the Brahmins and Brahminic lore by constant reiteration in exaggerated language. It proves that there was a militant spirit fighting against odds, and that a complete loss of faith in the freedom of intellect and conscience of the people had come about. Its analogy can be found in the occasional distrust of Democracy which we observe among some modern Intellectuals of Europe.

The main reason for this was that, during the period of alternating ascendancy of Bráhmín and Kshatriya, the resulting synthesis had its unity of Aryan character, but when during the Buddhist period, not only non-Aryans, but also non-Indians from outside, gained free access, it became difficult to maintain organic coherence. A strong under-current of race-mingling and religious compromise had set in, and as the mixed races and beliefs began to make themselves felt, the Aryan forces of self-preservation struggled to put up wall beyond wall in order to prevent successive further encroachments. Only those intrusions which could not be resisted found a place within extended barriers.

Let no one imagine, however, that the non-Aryan contributions were taken in by sheer force of circumstance only, and that they had no value of their own. As a matter of fact, the old Dravidian culture was by no means to be despised, and the result of its combination with the Aryan, which formed the Hindu civilisation, acquired both richness and depth under the influence of its Dravidian component. Dravidians might not be introspective, or metaphysical, but they were artists, and they could sing, design and construct. The transcendental thought of the Aryan by its marriage with the emotional and creative art of the Dravidian, gave birth to an offspring, which was neither fully Aryan, nor Dravidian, but Hindu.

With its Hindu civilisation, India attained the gift of being able to realise in the commonplaceness of life, the infinity of the Universal. But on the other hand, by reason of this dual strain in its blood, whenever Hinduism has failed to take its stand on the reconciliation of the opposites which is of its essence, it has fallen a prey to incongruous folly and blind superstition. This is the predicament in which Hindu India has been placed by its birth-

right. Where the harmony between the component differences has been organically effected, there beauty has blossomed; so long as it remains wanting, there is no end to deformities. Moreover, we must remember that, not only the Dravidian civilisation, but things appertaining to primitive non-Aryan tribes also, found entrance into the Aryan polity; and the torment of these unassimilable intrusions has been a darkly cruel legacy left to the succeeding Hindu society.

When the non-Aryan gods found place in the Aryan pantheon, their inclusion was symbolised by the trinity, Brahmaa, Vishnu and Siva,—Brahmaa standing for the ancient tradition, exclusive externalism; Vishnu for the transition when the original Vedic Sun-god became humanised and emerged from the rigid enclosure of scriptural texts into the world of the living human heart; and Siva for the period when the non-Aryan found entrance into the social organisation of the Aryan. But though the Aryan and non-Aryan thus met, they did not merge completely. Like the Ganges and the Jumna at their confluence, they flowed on together in two separately distinguishable streams.

In spite of Siva's entry amongst the Aryan gods, his Aryan and non-Aryan aspects remained different. In the former, he is the lord of ascetics, who, having conquered desire, is rapt in the bliss of *nirvāna*, as bare of raiment as of worldly ties. In the latter, he is terrible, clad in raw, bleeding elephant hide, intoxicated by the hemp decoction. In the former, he is the replica of Buddha, and as such has captured many a Buddhist shrine; in the latter, he is the overlord of demons, spirits and other dreadful beings, who haunt the places of the dead, and as such has appropriated to himself the worshippers of the phallus, and of snakes, trees and other totems. In the former, he is worshipped in the quietude of meditation; in the latter, in frenzied orgies of self-torture.

Similarly in the Vaishnava cult, Krishna, who became the mythological god of the non-Aryan religious legends, was not the same in character as the brave and sagacious ruler of Dwārka who acted as the guide, philosopher and friend of the valiant Arjuna. Alongside the heights of the Song Celestial are ranged the popular religious stories of the cowherd tribes.

But in spite of all that was achieved, it was quite impossible, even for the Aryan genius, to bring into harmony with itself and assimilate each and every one of the practices, beliefs and myths of innumerable non-Aryan tribes. More and more of what was non-Aryan came to be not merely tolerated, but welcomed in spite of incongruities, as the non-Aryan element became increasingly predominant in the race mixture. This led to the formulation of the principle, that any religion which should satisfy the capacity of a particular sect was enough for its salvation. But in consequence, the organising force was reduced to the mere compulsion of some common customs, some repetition of external practices, which barely served loosely to hold together these heterogeneous elements. For the mind which has lost its vigour, all external habits become tyrannical. The result for India is, that the tie of custom which is extraneous has become severely tight, hardly leaving any freedom of movement even in insignificant details of life. This has developed in the people an excessively strong sense of responsibility to the claims of the class tradition which divides, but not the conviction of that inner moral responsibility which unites.

We have seen how, after the decline of Buddhism, a path had to be cleared through the jungle of rank undergrowth which had been allowed to grow wild during the prolonged inaction of the Brahminic hierarchy. At the latter end of its career in India the mighty stream of Buddhism grew sluggish and lost itself in morasses of primitive superstitions and promiscuous creeds and practices, which had their root in non-Aryan crudities. It had lost its depth of philosophy and breadth of humanity, which had their origin in the Aryan mind.

Therefore the time came for the Brahmins to assert themselves and bring back into the heart of all this incongruity some unity of ideal, which it had always been their function to maintain. It was now a difficult task for them because of the varied racial strains which had become part of the constitution of the Indian people. And so, in order to save their ideals from the attack of this wild exuberance of heterogeneous life, they fixed them in a permanent rigidity. This had the reactionary effect of making their own ideals inert, and unfit for adaptation to changes

of time; while it left, to all the living elements of the different races included in the people, their freedom of growth, unguided by any dictates of reason. The result has been our huge medley of customs, ceremonials and creeds, some of which are the ruins of the old, and some merely the anomalies of the living outgrowths which continue clinging to them and smothering them out of shape.

And yet the genius of India went on working, albeit through the tremendous obstacle of the shackled mind of the people. In the Vedic times, as we have seen, it was mainly the Kshatriyas who repeatedly brought storms of fresh thought into the atmosphere of the people's life whenever it showed signs of stagnation. In later ages, when the Kshatriyas had lost their individuality, the message of the spiritual freedom and unity of man mainly sprang from the obscure strata of the community, where belonged the castes that were despised. Though it has to be admitted that, in the mediæval age, the Brahmin, Rámánanda, was the first to give voice to the cry of unity, which is India's own, and in consequence lost his honoured privileges as a Brahmin guru, yet it is none the less true that most of our great saints of that time, who took up this cry in their life and teaching and songs, came from the lower classes,—one of them being a Muhammadan weaver, one a cobbler, and several coming from ranks of society whose touch would pollute the drinking water of the respectable section of Hindus. And thus the living voice of India ever found its medium, even in the darkest days of our downfall,—the voice which proclaimed that he only knows truth who knows the unity of all beings in spirit.

The age in which we now live, we cannot see clearly in its true features, as from without. Yet we feel that the India of to-day has roused herself once more to search out her truth, her harmony, her oneness, not only among her own constituent elements, but with the great world. The current of her life, which had been dammed up in stagnation, has found some breach in the wall and can feel the pulse of the tidal waves of humanity outside. We shall learn that we can reach the great world of man, not through the effacement, but through the expansion of our own individuality. We shall know for certain that, just as it

is futile mendicancy to covet the wealth of others in place of our own, so also to keep ourselves segregated and starved by refusing the gift which is the common heritage of man, because it is brought to us by a foreign messenger, only makes for utter destitution.

Our western critics,—whose own people, whenever confronted with non-western races in a close contact, never know any other solution of the problem but extermination or expulsion by physical force; whose caste feeling against darker races is brutally aggressive and contemptuous,—are ready to judge us with a sneering sense of superiority when comparing India's history with their own. They never take into consideration the enormous burden of difficulty, which Indian civilisation has taken upon itself from its commencement. India is the one country in the world where the Aryan colonisers had to make constant social adjustments with peoples who vastly outnumbered them; who were physically and mentally alien to their own race; who were for the most part distinctly inferior to the invaders. Europe, on the other hand, is one in mind; her dress, custom, culture, and with small variations her habits, are one; yet her inhabitants, although only politically divided, are perpetually making preparations for deadly combats, wherein entire populations indulge in orgies of wholesale destruction unparalleled in ferocity in the history of the barbarian. It is not merely such periodic irruptions of bloody feuds that are the worst characteristic of the relationship between the countries of Europe, even after centuries of close contact and intellectual co-operation, but there is also the intense feeling of mutual suspicion generating diplomatic deceitfulness and shameless moral obliquities.

India's problem has been far more complex than that of the West, and I admit that our rigid system of social regulation has not solved it. For, to bring order and peace at the cost of life, is terribly wasteful, whether in the policy of government, or of society. But all the same, I believe that we have cause to be proud of the fact, that for a long series of centuries, beset with vicissitudes of stupendous proportion, crowded with things that are incongruous and facts that are irrelevant, India still keeps alive

the inner principle of her own civilisation against the cyclonic fury of contradictions and the gravitational pull of the dust.

This has been the great function of the Brahmins of this land, to keep the lamp lighted when the storm has been raging on all sides. It has been their endeavour gradually to permeate the tremendous mass of obstructive material with some quickening ideal of their own that would transmute it into the life-stuff of a composite civilisation; to discover some ultimate meaning in the inarticulate primitive forms struggling for expression, and to give it a voice. In a word, it was the mission of the Brahmin to comprehend by the light of his own mature understanding the undeveloped minds of the people.

It would be wrong for us, when we judge the historical career of India, to put all the stress upon the accumulated heap of refuse, gross and grotesque, that has not yet been assimilated in one consistent cultural body. Our great hope lies there, where we realise that something positively precious in our achievements still persists, in spite of circumstances that are inclement. The best of us still have our aspiration for the supreme end of life, which is so often mocked at by the prosperous people who hold their sway over the present-day world. We still believe that the world has a deeper meaning than what is apparent, and that therein the human soul finds its ultimate harmony and peace. We still know that only in this spiritual wealth and welfare does civilisation attain its end, not in a prolific production of materials, not in the competition of intemperate power with power.

It has certainly been unfortunate for us that we have neglected the cult of *Anna Brahma*,—the infinite as manifested in the material world of utility,—and we are dearly paying for it. We have set out our mind upon realising the eternal in the intensity of spiritual consciousness so long, that we have overlooked the importance of realising the infinite in the world of extension by ever pursuing a path which is endless. And in this great field of adventure the West has attained its success, for which humanity has to be immensely grateful to it.

But the true happiness and peace are awaiting the children of the West in that *tapasyā*, which is for realising Brahma in spirit, for acquiring the luminous inner vision before

which the sphere of immortality reveals itself. If ever that time comes,—if the western world does not meet its catastrophic end under the trampling tread of contending commerce and politics, of monstrous greed and hatred,—then the world will owe its gratitude to the Brahmins for the faith in the infinitude of the human spirit, which they have upheld in the face of facts that spurned it, exultingly counting the skulls of their victims.

I love India, not because I cultivate the idolatry of geography, not because I have had the chance to be born in her soil, but because she has saved through tumultuous ages the living words that have issued from the illuminated consciousness of her great sons—*Satyam, Jñānam, Anantam Brahma*, Brahma is truth, Brahma is wisdom, Brahma is infinite; *Sāntam, Śivam, Advaitam*, peace is in Brahma, goodness is in Brahma, and the unity of all beings.

Brahma-nishtho grhasthah syāt

tatvajñāna-parāyanah,

Yad yad karma prakurvīta

tad Brahmani samarpayet.

The householder shall have his life established in Brahma, shall pursue the deeper truth of all things and in all activities of life dedicate his works to the Eternal Being. Thus we have come to know that what India truly seeks is not a peace which is in negation, or in some mechanical adjustment, but that which is in Śivam, in goodness; which is in Advaitam, in the truth of perfect union; that India does not enjoin her children to cease from karma, but to perform their karma in the presence of the Eternal, with the pure knowledge of the spiritual meaning of existence; that this is the true prayer of Mother India :

Ya eko-varno bahudhā saktiyogāt

Varnān anekān nihitārtho dadhāti

Vichaiti chānte visvamādaṁ

Sa no buddhyā subhayā samyunaktu.

He who is one, who is above all colour distinctions, who dispenses the inherent needs of men of all colours, who comprehends all things from their beginning to the end, let Him unite us to one another with the wisdom which is the wisdom of goodness.

Tumultuous years bring their voice to your bosom,

Unfathomed Past!

In what dark silence do you keep it gathered, covering it

Under your brooding wings?

You move in secret like midnight hours realising dreams ;

**Often have I felt your muffled steps in my blood, have seen your
hushed countenance in the heart of the garrulous day.**

You come to write stories of our fathers in unseen scripts

On the pages of our destiny ;

You lead back to life the unremembered

For the shaping of new images.

Is not the restless Present itself your own visions

Flung up like planets that arise from the bottom of dumb night?

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE ETHICS OF ZOROASTRIANISM FROM A COMPARATIVE POINT OF VIEW

By DR. M. WINTERNITZ.

In his famous toleration edict the great Buddhist king Asoka (3rd cent. B.C.) has said that it was his, the king's, desire that there should be no depreciation of any sect. "Concord," he says, "is meritorious, to wit, hearkening and hearkening willingly, to the Law of Piety as accepted by other people. For this is the desire of His Sacred Majesty that all sects should hear much teaching and hold sound doctrine. Wherefore the adherents of all sects, whatever they may be, must be informed that His Sacred Majesty cares not so much for gifts and external reverence as that there should be growth in the essence of the matter and respect for all sects." (See V. A. Smith, *Asoka*, Oxford 1909, p. 170 f.)

What King Asoka calls "the essence of the matter" is what we should call the ethical kernel of a religion. And what he means to say is, that every sect and every religion has such an ethical kernel which ought to be made to grow and which ought to be respected by other sects and religions also. For—this is implied in the words of the king—"the essence of the matter," that is to say the *ethical kernel*, is the same in all the different religions.

What the great Buddhist king more than two thousand years ago preached to his subjects, is very similar to the ideas of the Mahomedan emperor, Akbar, who wished to found a new faith, in which the best teaching of all religions of the world should be combined. In Europe, too, there have been many philosophers who thought that at the bottom of all religions there was the same ethical teaching, or in other words, that the different faiths of the world need only to be cleansed and freed from rubbish, and the same moral truths will be found to shine out in all of them.

And again, in the India of our own days (1921), *Champat Rai Jain* has published a series of lectures in a little book called

"Confluence of Opposites" in which he believes to have discovered "that the Vedas, the Qurán, the Zend Avesta and, indeed, all other ancient mythological scriptures are composed in one single language notwithstanding the outward diversity of the alphabets and tongues in which they are couched."

Now let us ask what truth there is in this far-spread opinion. Is there really no essential difference in the moral teaching of the religions of the world? The answer to this question must be found by a comparative study of the ethics of all the great religions of the world. But let us remember that comparing things should not mean mixing up everything. It should not be the aim of any comparative science (whether it be Comparative Philology, or Comparative Religion, or the Comparative study of ethics), to hide away all differences or to make what is different appear alike. On the contrary, the aim of all comparative studies must be, both to find out what is *different*, and what is *common* in the subject of study, whether it be language, or religion, or ethics.

Following these principles I may be allowed to-day to compare the ethics of Zoroastrianism with the ethical teaching of the Indian religions, more especially of Brahmanism and of Buddhism. in order to see, as clearly as possible, what these religions have in common and how far they differ, as regards their ethical teaching.

You all know that Veda and Avesta are closely related both in language and in thought. Yet when we compare the two bodies of sacred books with one another, we are struck by a great difference in their general character just with regard to ethical teaching. The sacred books of Zoroastrianism are, as it were, permeated with ethical ideas. In the Avesta and in Zoroastrianism mythology, dogma, and ritual are inseparably connected with ethics. The very gods or angels—however we may call the Amesha-Spentas—are personifications of virtues. As every good Zoroastrian is considered to be an ally of the Great and Wise and Good God, Ahura Mazda, in his fight against Angra Mainyu and the powers of evil, it is only natural that religious and moral ideas should be closely interwoven in the sacred books of Zoroaster.

This is quite different in the Veda. It would be too much to say that in the Veda there is no moral teaching at all. But the passages treating of the moral conduct of men are very few in all the Vedic texts. In the hymns of the Rigveda and in the Bráhmaṇas all importance is attached to the worship of the gods. And these gods—with one notable exception which we shall have to mention presently—do not care much about the conduct of men towards one another, but are only interested in the sacrifices and praises which men offer to them. The mortal who offers sacrifices to a god is helped by him. The generous sacrificer is the friend of the gods, and so is the priestly poet who praises them in his songs. The niggard who is sparing in his offerings to the gods and in his gifts to the priests, is the enemy of the gods. Thus, sacrifice and ritual form nearly the only subject of the Vedic hymns and the Bráhmaṇas. These are the texts teaching the *Karma-mārga*, the way to salvation by sacrifice and rites. On the other hand, the *Jñāna-mārga*, the way to salvation by higher knowledge, is taught in the Upanishads. Here, too, there is little room left for enjoining moral lessons. In the Kaushitaki-Upanishad (iii, 1) we even find the dangerous saying "that the most evil deeds are annulled by the possession of true knowledge." This is quite different in the post-Vedic literature. In the great Epics, the Mahábhárata and the Rámáyana, in the Smritis, and in the sacred books of the Buddhists and of the Jains, ethical teaching forms a most essential part of the contents.

Yet even in the Veda the ethical element is by no means entirely absent. We find in the hymns of the Rigveda the remarkable idea of *Rta* which corresponds exactly to *Asha* or *Asha-Vahista* in the Avesta. The identity of *Rta* and *Asha* in word and thought is beyond any doubt. And this identity proves that at the time when Iranian and Aryan Indians were still one undivided people, they had already conceived the great idea of Right and Order. *Rta* (*Asha*) means every thing that is right and good and true, but not only in the conduct of man, but also in the Universe and in ritual. It must be understood that in those ancient times one and the same term (*Rta*, *Arta*, *Asha*) expressed the idea of cosmic, ritual and moral order.

The chief guardian of *Rta* in the Veda is the god *Varuna*,

as in the Avesta *Ahura Mazda* is intimately connected with *Asha Vahista*. And in the Veda, *Varuna* is almost the only deity that is concerned with the good or bad deeds of men. Let me read to you only one of the famous *Varuna* hymns :*

The great guardian among these gods sees as if from anear. He that thinketh he is moving stealthily—all this the gods know.

If a man stands, walks, or sneaks about, if he goes slinking away, if he goes into his hiding-place; if two persons sit together and scheme, King *Varuna* is there as a third, and knows it.

Both this earth here belongs to King *Varuna*, and also yonder broad sky whose boundaries are far away. Moreover these two oceans are the loins of *Varuna*; yea, he is hidden in this small drop of water.

He that should flee beyond the heaven far away would not be free from King *Varuna*. His spies come hither to the earth from heaven, with a thousand eyes do they watch over the earth.

King *Varuna* sees through all that is between heaven and earth, and all that is beyond. He has counted the winkings of men's eyes. As a winning gamester puts down his dice, thus does he establish these laws." (SBE 12, 88.)

Compare with this the words in the Dinkard (one of the Pehlevi texts) : "Let no one practise ill-perpetrated deeds, even though in the wilderness, when far from publicity, nor in distress, O Spitaman, because Auharmazd, the observer of everything, is aware of them. (SBE 37, 266.)

In later Brahmanic Indian texts we meet with the idea that not only the gods, but also the conscience in man's own breast, witness every wicked deed done by him. So *Mam* says : "If thou thinkest, O friend of virtue, with respect to thyself, 'I am alone,' know that that sage who witnesses all virtuous acts and all crimes, ever resides in thy heart." (SBE 25, 270). And in the *Mahābhārata* *Sakuntalā* says : "If you think I am alone, you know not the old sage residing in your heart and knowing of every deed. In his presence you commit your sin. Many a man who has acted wickedly thinks that nobody has seen him ;

* All quotations are taken from the Sacred Books of the East (SBE).

but the gods have seen him and the Spirit that dwelleth in his heart."

But even in the Varuna hymns no distinction is made between ritual and moral transgressions. The lowing of the victim at the sacrifice, for instance, is considered a sin that must be expiated. In the Avesta, too, and even more in the Zoroastrian Pehlevi texts, the ritual transgressions are enumerated amongst the most heinous sins. In one of the later Pehlevi texts we read: "The greatest good work is liberality and the second is truth and next-of-kin marriage. The third is keeping the season festivals, and the fourth is celebrating all the religious rites. The fifth is the ceremonial of the sacred beings, and the providing of lodging for traders. The sixth is the wishing of happiness for every one. And the seventh is a kind regard for the good." (SBE 24, 9ff, 26ff.) In the Avesta (Vendidad) we find amongst the heinous sins also such things as giving bones too hard or food too hot to a dog, striking, frightening, or kicking a bitch with young, burning or burying dead bodies, eating the carcass of a man or a dog, and so on. This making no distinction between moral and ritual transgressions, between moral and religious precepts, both in Zoroastrianism and in Brahmanism, is quite in accordance with the old idea of Rta-Asha which refers as much to ritual as to the conduct of man. It is only a later development, when the rules of morality begin to be valued higher than the ritual precepts. Thus we read in one of the Zoroastrian texts:

"With us the keeping of fast is this, that we keep fast from committing sin with our eyes and tongue and ears and hands and feet. Some people are striving about it, so that they may not eat anything all day, and they practise abstinence from eating anything. For us it is also necessary to make an effort, so that we may not think, or speak, or commit any sin, and it is necessary that no bad action should proceed from our hands, or tongue, or ears, or feet which would be a sin owing to them." (SBE 24, 348).

And in one of the Brahmanic law books we are told that good conduct is more important than study of the Veda and sacred rites. (SBE 14, 34f.). Again in another law book (SBE 14, 328) we read that, liberality, truthfulness and sympathy are better

than any penances. Already in one of the old Upanishads (Chândogya 3, 17, 4; SBE 1,51) it is said that penance, liberality, righteousness, kindness, truthfulness form the sacrificial gifts at a sacrifice performed in thought only. And in the sacred books of the Buddhists we are told over and over again that moral conduct is more important than all rites and ceremonies.

There is yet another very important ethical idea to be mentioned that Indian and Zoroastrian ethics have in common : the summing up of all morality in the triad of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. Though we meet with this triad, not in Vedic texts, but in the Smritis and in Buddhist and Jaina literature, we shall have to trace back this idea, too, to the Indo-Iranian period, when Indians and Iranians were not yet two separate peoples. Mr. G. K. Nariman (Ind. Ant. 40, 1911) has pointed out a good many Buddhist and some Jaina and other Indian parallels to the Avestic *humata-hukhta-hvarsta*. I will only quote two passages from the law book of Manu. We read there XI, 232 : "Having thus considered in his mind what results will arise from his deeds after death, let him always be good in thoughts, speech, and actions". And according to XII, 8, the soul obtains the result of a good or evil mental act in the mind, that of a verbal act in the speech, and that of a bodily act in the body.

But though this triad occurs in India scriptures, it must be stated that it is by no means so prominent there as in the Avesta. It was, no doubt, an ancient Indo-Iranian idea. But only Zoroaster has made it the very foundation of his whole ethical teaching. Therefore we meet with it in all the most sacred texts of Zoroastrianism. Thus in the famous passage on Purity (SBE 4, 141) :

"For purity is for man, next to life, the greatest good,—that purity, O Zarathustra, that is in the Religion of Mazda for him who cleanses his own self with good thoughts, words, and deeds.

Make thy ownself pure, O righteous man ! Any one in the world here below can win purity for his ownself, namely, when he cleanses his ownself with good thoughts, words, and deeds."

It is said in Yasna IV (SBE 31, 213f.) that all offerings and prayers prescribed in the ritual begin with the offering of good

thoughts, good words, and good deeds. And in the Mazdayasnian Confession (Yasna XI, SBE 31,247) we read: "With chanting praises I present all good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and with rejection I repudiate all evil thoughts and words and deeds." Ahura Mazda says (Dinkard, SBE 37,242): "Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds are my food, and I love those of them who are in that place through good thoughts, good words, and good deeds." Again in one of the fragments of the Nasks it is said (SBE 4,289): "Of the mind, good thoughts; of the tongue, good words; of the hand, good works, make the virtuous life." The most powerful prayer of the Zoroastrian is that recited "to renounce evil thoughts, evil words and evil deeds." (SBE 23, 313; 31, 361).

Nowhere in the Veda or in other Brahmanic texts do we find such emphatical statements about the triad of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. On the other hand, when the virtuous life of the Zoroastrian is described more in detail, we find that there is much less difference between the moral teaching of the Avesta and that of the Veda and other Brahmanic writings. I have said above that the Upanishads do not contain much ethical teaching, as they are chiefly concerned with higher knowledge as the only way to salvation. But there are remarkable exceptions to this rule. In a few passages of the Upanishads we find lessons of morality which are in perfect agreement with the morality taught in the sacred books of the Zoroastrians. In the Katha-Upanishad (1,2,24) it is distinctly said that "He who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil and subdued, or whose mind is not at rest, he can never obtain the Self even by knowledge." And the nearest approach to the moral teaching of the Avesta is to be found in the Taittiriya-Upanishad. Here it is said (1,10,9) that learning and practising the Veda do not suffice for the holy life, but the right, the true, penance, restraint, tranquillity, the fire worship, entertaining of guests, doing one's duty in life, marrying and begetting children, are also necessary. And in the same Upanishad (1,10,11) the teacher, after having taught him the Veda, instructs his pupil as follows:

*Say what is true! Do thy duty! Do not neglect the

study of the Veda! After having brought to thy teacher his proper reward, do not cut off the line of children! Do not swerve from the truth! Do not swerve from duty! Do not neglect what is useful! Do not neglect the sacrificial works due to the gods and fathers! Let thy mother be to thee like unto a god! Let thy father be to thee like unto a god! Let thy guest be to thee like unto a god! Whatever actions are blameless, those should be regarded, not others."

A famous Upanishad passage is the following in which the virtues of self-restraint, generosity and mercy are taught:

"The threefold descendants of Prajapati, gods, men, and asuras (demons), dwelt as brahmachárinus (students) with their father Prajapati. Having finished their studentship the gods said: 'Tell us something, Sir.' He told them the syllable Da. Then he asked: 'Did you understand?' They said: 'We did understand. You told us "Damyata," -be subdued.' 'Yes', he said, 'you have understood.'

Then the men said to him: 'Tell us something, Sir.' He told them the same syllable Da. Then he asked: 'Did you understand?' They said: 'We did understand. You told us, "Datta"—give'. 'Yes', he said, 'you have understood.'

Then the asuras said to him: 'Tell us something, Sir'. He told them the same syllable Da. Then he asked: 'Did you understand?' They said: 'We did understand. You told us, "Dayadhvam"—be merciful'. 'Yes', he said, 'you have understood.'

The divine voice of thunder repeats the same, Da Da Da, that is, Be subdued, Give, Be merciful. Therefore let that triad be taught: Subduing, Giving, and Mercy." (SBE 15, 189f.)

It would not be difficult to quote passages from the sacred books of *all* religions, in which the virtues of self-restraint, liberality, truthfulness, righteousness, and kindness are enjoined, often in the same terms.

In one of the Pehlevi texts of Zoroastrianism (SBE 24, 73ff.) we find in a list of 33 good works, liberality as the first, truth as the second, thankfulness as the third, contentment as the fifth, wanting to produce welfare for the good and becoming a friend to every one as the sixth. And in the same book (SBE 24, 81f.)

the question "Which man is the mightier?" is answered: "That man is the mightier who is able to struggle with his own fiends; and in particular, he who keeps these five fiends far from his person, which are such as greediness, wrath, lust, disgrace, and discontent." In the same text we read: "Indulge in no wrathfulness; for a man, when he indulges in wrath, becomes then forgetful of his duty and good works. (SBE 24, 10.)

Compare with this the following Buddhist and Jaina verses (SBE 10, 1, 31 f.; 45, 38 sq.):

"If one man conquer in battle a thousand times thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god, a gandharva, not Mara with Brahman could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself and always lives under restraint".

"Though a man should conquer thousands and thousands of valiant foes, greater will be his victory if he conquers nobody but himself.

Fight with yourself; why fight with external foes? He who conquers himself through himself, will obtain happiness.

The five senses, anger, pride, delusion, and greed—difficult to conquer is one's self; but when that is conquered, everything is conquered."

Righteousness and well-wishing are praised as the highest virtues of man in numerous passages of the Zoroastrian Scriptures. Thus we read (SBE 24, 113):

"The sage asked the spirit of wisdom thus: 'Which is that good work which is greater and better than all good works, and no trouble whatever is necessary for its performance?'

The spirit of wisdom answered thus: 'To be grateful in the world, and to wish happiness for every one. This is greater and better than every good work, and no commotion whatever is necessary for its performance.' "

"The body of every one is not of like will with the soul; food is the desire of the body, and also a store of wealth; righteous action is the desire of the soul, and also the gifts which they give away." (SBE 37, 193).

“Rectitude assists a man like a regiment a thousand strong.” (SBE 37, 409).

“*Righteousness is the best of religions.*” (SBE 37, 271.)

There are many passages in the sacred books of Brahmans and Buddhists which hardly differ from this. Thus we read in Manu (SBE 25, 416) :

“Abstention from injuring creatures, veracity, abstention from unlawfully appropriating the goods of others, purity, and control of the organs, Manu has declared to be the summary of the law for the four castes.”

In the Vasishtha-Smṛti we find the short and simple rule (SBE 14, 138) :

“Practise righteousness, not unrighteousness; speak truth, not untruth; look far, not near; look towards the Highest, not towards that which is not the Highest.”

The four chief virtues recommended in the Buddhist Dhammapada are : Truth, justice, firmness, and liberality.

“Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one’s mind, that is the teaching of all the Awakened.” (SBE 10, i, 50).

One of the most important ethical passages in the sacred books of the Zoroastrians is the following description of the Good Religion (SBE 24, 329 f.) :

“There are different things that it is necessary for those of the good religion to make pre-dominant over themselves. One is to exercise liberality in connection with the worthy; the second is to do justice; the third is to be friendly unto every one; and the fourth is to be sincere and true, and to keep falsehood far from themselves. And these four habits are the principles of the religion of Zaratusht, and it is necessary, when thou listenest to them thyself, that thou dost not listen to any one else. Because the creator Hormazd says, ‘O Zaratusht! if thou wilt that thou become pure and saved, and that thou arrive at the place of the pure, do thou accomplish these two duties— One is this, that thou prefer the friendship of the spiritual existence to that of the worldly one, and consider the things of the world as contemptible and those of the spirit precious; on this account escape is sought from the glory of the world with scorn. This second is

this, that thou speak truly with every one and act justly with me, that is, whatever thou dost not approve for thyself do not approve for any one else; when thou hast acted in this manner, thou art righteous."

These words "Whatever thou dost not approve for thyself do not approve for any one else" occur again in one of the Zoroastrian texts in a more positive form (SBE 37, 51) :

"When affliction has come upon a good man, the effort of every one, for removing that affliction, should continue just as though it happened to himself."

And it seems to me to be one of the most remarkable facts in the history of religion and ethics that this simple and yet so important rule "Do to others as you would be done by" occurs almost in the very same words in the sacred books of the Brahmans, the Buddhists, the Jainas, of Confucius and Lao-tsze, as well as of Jews and Christians.

In the Buddhist Dhammapada we read (SBE 10, i, 36f.) :

"All men tremble at punishment, all men fear death; remember that you are like unto them, and do not kill nor cause slaughter.

All men tremble at punishment, all men love life; remember that thou art like unto them, and do not kill, nor cause slaughter.

He who seeking his own happiness punishes or kills beings who also long for happiness, will not find happiness after death.

He who seeking his own happiness does not punish or kill beings who also long for happiness, will find happiness after death.

Do not speak harshly to any body; those who are spoken to will answer thee in the same way. Angry speech is painful, blows for blows will touch thee."

The same lesson is taught in one of the Jaina texts in these words (SBE 22, 50) :

"As it would be unto thee, so it is with him whom thou intendest to kill. As it would be unto thee, so it is with him whom thou intendest to tyrannise over. As it would be unto thee, so it is with him whom thou intendest to torment. In the

same way it is with him whom thou intendest to punish, and to drive away. The righteous man, who lives up to these sentiments, does therefore neither kill nor cause others to kill living beings."

And Confucius says (SBE 28, 305) :

"Fidelity to one's self and the corresponding reciprocity are not far from the path. What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others."

As it is said in the gospel of Mathew : "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them ; for this is the Law and the Prophets," so we read in the Talmud of the Jews the saying of the wise Rabbi Hillel : "What is hateful to thee, thou shalt not do to thy neighbour : this is the whole law, everything else is only interpretation."

It has often been mentioned as a characteristic of Zoroastrian ethics, that truthfulness was considered a paramount virtue from the earliest times. The Achaemenian kings, Darius and his successors (532-336 B.C.) in their inscriptions condemn no sin so much as that of lying. Says Darius : "O thou who shalt be king after me, keep thou from lying ! Should a man be found to be a liar, deal thou with him severely, if thou desirest to keep thy kingdom whole." And in the Avesta the worst of fiends is Druj, the Lie, and we read in Zoroastrian texts : "I say unto thee, O Spitaman ! that thou shouldst speak with the tongue just as thou thinkest with the mind, and thou shouldst accomplish work with both hands in complete mindfulness." (SBE 37, 283).

"It is necessary to take early to the speaking of truth and doing of justice, and to maintain oneself therein, for nothing whatever is better among mankind than truth." (SBE 24, 323.)

But numerous passages from the Upanishads, from Smritis and from Buddhist texts show that Brahmans as well as Buddhists have always considered truth a paramount virtue.

In the Aitareya-Aranyaka (II, 3, 6, 96.) it is said (SBE I, 230) :

"What is true is the flower and fruit of speech. He is able to become celebrated and of good report, for he speaks the true, the flower and fruit of speech.

Now the untrue is the root of speech, and as a tree whose root is exposed dries up and perishes, thus a man who says what is untrue exposes his root, dries up and perishes. Therefore one should not say what is untrue, but guard oneself from it."

Manu says (SBE 25, 150) :

"Let him say what is true, let him say what is pleasing, let him utter no disagreeable truth, and let him utter no agreeable falsehood; that is the eternal law."

In the Brahmanic law-books it is prescribed that the judge should admonish the witnesses in court to speak the truth by addressing them, for instance, in the following words (SBE 33, 93) :

"Truth is said to be the one unequalled means of purification of the soul. Truth is the ladder by which man ascends to heaven, as a ferry plies from one bank of a river to the other.

If truth and a thousand horse-sacrifices are balanced against one another it will be found that truth weighs more heavily than a thousand horse-sacrifices.

A tank is better than a hundred wells, an offering better than a hundred tanks, a son better than a hundred offerings, and truth better than a hundred sons

It is truth which makes the earth bear all beings, truth which makes the sun rise. It is through truth that winds blow, and that the waters flow.

Truth is the greatest gift, truth is the most efficacious kind of austerity, truth is the highest duty in the world, thus it has been revealed to us.

The gods are truth simply, the human race is falsehood. He whose mind is persistent in truth, obtains a divine state in this world even.

Speak truth and discard falsehood. It is through truth that thou shalt attain heaven."

A Buddhist text (Suttanipata 452) says :

"Truth verily is immortal speech, this is a true saying; in what is true, in what is good, and in what is right, the just stand firm, so they say." (SBE 10, ii, 73).

From all this we see that the list of virtues is on the whole

the same in the sacred books of Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism and Jainism. And it would not be difficult to show that regard for the life and property of fellowmen, helpfulness, kindness, justice and truth are considered as requirements of moral conduct also in Confucianism and Taoism, in Islam, and in Jewish and Christian religions.

A greater difference will be found with regard to the ethical teaching of the different religions, wherever this teaching is more closely connected with mythology and dogma.

Thus, the idea of retribution occurs in all religions. In one way or other they all teach that good or bad deeds performed by a human being in this life will bear good or bad fruits for him, whether in this life or in some future existence. But this idea takes very different forms in different religions.

In Zoroastrianism this idea appears in a mythological garb; the souls after death being met by their good works in the shape of a beautiful maiden, or by their bad works in the shape of an ugly old woman. (See e.g. SBE 4, 219; 23, 315ff, 343f.) We read also in the Avesta, that the soul leaves the body, but his virtue never parts from a man, or that a store of good deeds in full of salvation. (SBE 4, 378f, 383). But that man's fate is not entirely shaped by his own deeds, may be seen from Zoroaster's teaching that active merit can repel evil that is destined for him. (SBE 4, 267f.).

It is only in Indian religions where the principle of retribution takes the form of what we might almost call a law of nature in the doctrine of *Karman*. Already in one of the Upanishads we read (Brhadāranyaka 4, 4, 5: SBE 15, 176):

"Now a man is like this or like that, according as he acts and according as he believes, so will he be:—a man of good acts will become good, a man of bad acts, bad. He becomes pure by pure deeds, bad by bad deeds." This is the first reference in Indian literature to the doctrine of transmigration, with which the doctrine of *Karman* is inseparably connected. According to this doctrine which has been adopted in Bráhmaism as well as in Buddhism and Jainism man shapes his fate entirely by his own good or bad actions. In the Mahábhárata (SBE 8, 241) we read: "There is no destruction here of actions good or not

good. 'Coming to one body after another they become ripened in their respective ways.'

In the Vishnu-Smṛti it is said (SBE 7, 82): "Even as a calf finds his mother among a thousand cows, an act formerly done is sure to find the perpetrator."

Manu says that *Karman* alone follows a man to the next world. (SBE 25, 166f.) Buddhist texts say that as kinsmen receive a friend on his return, so his good works receive him who has done good in the other world (SBE 10, i, 57), and: "One's deeds are not lost, they will surely come back to you, their master will meet with them, the fool who commits sins will feel the pain in himself in the other world." (SBE 10, ii, 123). And again in sacred books of the Jainas it is repeatedly said that friends, relations, and possessions will not help those who suffer from their own deeds (SBE 45, 25, 236, 260, 306f.), and: "When he leaves this body and is only accompanied by his *Karman*, he, without a will of his own, goes forth from womb to womb, from birth to birth, from death to death, from hell to hell." (SBE 45, 361.)

You see, the *Karman* works as an independent power, without the interference of any god or gods. In the Qurán, for instance, we also read: "Whoso commits a crime, he only commits it against himself" (SBE 6, 88), or "Every man is pledged for what he earns" (SBE 9, 249): but it is God on whom this recompense depends, as it is said: "Wealth and children are an adornment of the life of this world; but enduring good works are better with thy Lord, as a recompense, and better as a hope." (SBE 9, 19, 33). In a Confucian text King Yu says: "Accordance with the right leads to good fortune; following what is opposed to it, to bad—the shadow and the echo," but in the same Confucian book we read: "Good and evil do not wrongly befall men, but *Heaven* sends down misery or happiness according to their conduct."

You see there is an essential difference between the Indian *Karman* theory and the doctrine of retribution as taught in other religions. Yet, it may fairly be doubted whether there is any great difference in the *practical effect* of the two different doctrines on the moral conduct of men.

When we read in the Avesta :

"Seek ye for a store of good deeds, O Zarathustra, men and women ! for a store of good deeds is full of salvation, O Zarathustra !" (SBE 4, 383)—this is not much different from the words of the Manu-Smṛti : "Giving no pain to any creature, let him slowly accumulate spiritual merit, for the sake of acquiring a companion to the next world, just as the white ant gradually raises its hill."

Is it, then, really true that all religions teach quite the same morality ? If any one is inclined to answer this question absolutely in the affirmative, I would invite him to compare some of the following passages from the Zoroastrian writings on the one hand and from the sacred books of the Brahmans and Buddhists on the other.

The dignity of labour, more especially the moral value of agricultural work is insisted upon in many passages of the Avesta :

"O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One ! What is the food that fills the Religion of Mazda ?

Ahura Mazda answered : "It is sowing corn again and again, O Spitama Zarathustra !

"He who sows corn, sows righteousness. (SBE 4, 30). And in the Vendidad (3, 23, SBE 4, 29) we read :

"O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One ! Who is the fourth that rejoices the Earth with greatest joy ?" Ahura Mazda answered : "It is he who sows most corn, grass, and fruit, O Spitama Zarathustra ! who waters ground that is dry, or drains ground that is too wet."

Now compare with this the following story from the Buddha-charita (V, i ff.) of the great Buddhist poet Asvaghosha :

One day the Sākya prince, the future Buddha, "went out with a desire to see the glades of the forest and longing for peace. Lured by love of the wood and of the beauties of the ground, he went to a spot near at hand on the forest-outskirts; and there he saw a piece of land being ploughed, with the path of the plough broken like waves on the water. Having beheld the ground in this condition, with its young grass scattered and torn by the plough, and covered with the eggs and young of little

insects which were killed, he was filled with deep sorrow as for the slaughter of his own kindred. And beholding the men as they were ploughing, their complexions spoiled by the dust, the sun's rays, and the wind, and their cattle bewildered with the burden of drawing, the most noble one felt extreme compassion. Having alighted from the back of his horse, he went over the ground slowly, overcome with sorrow;—pondering the birth and destruction of the world, he grieved, exclaimed: 'This is indeed pitiable'. Then he sat down meditating on the origin and destruction of the world, and attained the first stage of contemplation".

What a world of difference between this conception of agricultural work being nothing but toil and misery for men and animals and even for the earth, and the Zoroastrian conception of agricultural labour being a blessing to men, a fulfilment of religious duty, and a joy to the Earth herself! Compare also the horror of the Buddhist or Jaina of killing even the smallest insects with the Avestic teaching according to which it is one of the duties of the Mazdayasnian to kill obnoxious animals.

Or compare the Buddhist ideal life as described in the Suttanipata: "This is good, this is excellent, to wit the calming of all Karman activities, the renunciation of all the bases of rebirth, the destruction of craving, passionlessness, ceasing, *nibbana*" on the one hand, and the Zoroastrian ideal, as expressed in the words of Ahura Mazda, that the second place where the Earth feels most happy, "is the place whereon one of the faithful erects a house with a priest, with cattle, with a wife, with children, and good herds within."

There is hardly any difference between the ideal life as conceived by the Buddhist, or by the Jaina, or by the Vedantin, or by the Bhāgavata. To all of them happiness consists in resignation and tranquillity. Already in one of the Upanishads we read (SBE 15, 332 ff.) :

"As a fire without fuel becomes quiet in its place, thus do the thoughts, when all activity ceases, become quiet in their place.....that happiness which belongs to a mind which by deep meditation has been washed clean from all impurity

and has entered within the Self, cannot be described here by words; it can be felt by the inward power only."

In a famous passage of the Bhagavadgita the happy life of the devotee is thus described (XII, 19 f., SBE 8, 101): "That devotee of mine, who hates no being, who is friendly and compassionate, who is free from egoism.....to whom happiness and misery are alike. He who.....feels no joy and no aversion, who does not grieve, and does not desire, who abandons both what is agreeable and what is disagreeable, he is dear to me. He who is alike to friend and foe, as also in honour and dishonour,.....who is free from attachments, to whom praise and blame are alike,.....who is homeless, and of a steady mind, and full of devotion, that man is dear to me."

In a Brahmanic Smṛti we read (SBE 14, 139f.): "Happiness is the portion of that man who relinquishes all desires, which fools give up with difficulty, which does not diminish with age, and which is a life-long disease."

And again a saying ascribed to the Buddha himself describes happiness as follows:—"Happy is freedom from malice in this world, self-restraint towards all beings that have life. Happy is freedom from lust in this world, getting beyond all desires, the putting away of that pride which comes from the thought 'I am'. This truly is the highest happiness." SBE 13, 81).

It would be easy to multiply passages like these from the sacred books of all Indian religions. But you will look in vain for anything like this conception of a happy life in the Avesta or any other Zoroastrian texts. Let me quote some descriptions of happiness and the ideal life from the texts of Zoroastrianism, and you will see the great difference. According to the Avesta "the pleasures which are superior to all pleasures are health of body, freedom from fear, good repute, and righteousness." (SBE 24, 41).

Again it is said (SBE 24, 70): "These are the people it is necessary to consider as rich:—one is he who is perfect in wisdom; the second, whose body is healthy, and who lives fearlessly; the third, who is content with that which has come; the fourth, he whose destiny is a helper in virtue; the fifth, who is

well-faithed in the eyes of the sacred beings, and by the tongues of the good; the sixth, whose trust is on this one, pure, good religion of the Mazda worshippers; and the seventh, whose wealth is from honesty."

In the Dinkard there are enumerated "four things through which, when a man has amassed them in his youth, he becomes very pleased in old age; first, virtuous learning; second productive wealth; third a good wife; and fourth, a prosperous dwelling" and "the five store-holders of perfect excellence: industry, diligence, contentment, guileless understanding, and provision of means." (SBE 37, 179 f.).

You see, the Zoroastrian looks for happiness in this life, and the ethics of Zoroastrianism is the ethics of life in this world, on this earth of ours, while in the religions of India, salvation or highest beatitude is only to be found in the resignation of this earthly life and in some future existence. It is only natural that this difference in the conception of the ideal life must to a certain degree influence the moral teaching also.

Yet when we read in the Dinkard (SBE 37, 244 f.) that there are "three things, through which the renovation and happy progress of the creatures arise namely: *Seeking the true religion, Abstaining from injuring the creatures, and Striving for the benefit of mankind*," and when Ahura Mazda is made to say in the same book (SBE 37, 380): "*Happy is he from whom there is no mischief*," we must admit, again, that this teaching is also found in the sacred books of the Indian religions. It is neither more nor less than the teaching of 'Love thy neighbour as thyself' which, as we have seen, is practically the same in all religions.

I am at the end of my comparative sketch and may be allowed to sum up in a few words the results of our comparison of the ethics of Zoroastrianism with the ethics of Indian religions. Our comparison has shown both important points of agreement and remarkable differences. The *points of agreement* are of two kinds,—(1) such as may be accounted for by common Indo-Iranian origin, and (2) such as may be explained as belonging to the stock of general moral rules which are common to all mankind, to all human societies, and therefore also to all

religions. The *differences* we found are due to the influence which the different *religious Dogmas naturally* exercised on the moral teaching in the different faiths of the world.

It cannot, therefore, be said that all religions teach exactly the same morality. We were able to point out an essential difference between Zoroastrian ethics and the ethical ideal of the religions of India.

In India the ideal life has more and more come to be that of the *sannyasin*, of the ascetic, the monk, the saint who has given up all earthly desires. Only occasionally, in India also, attempts have been made to combine the life in God with the active life of the house-holder and the worker, and the ideal of the *sannyasin* has been refuted. Thus in the poetry of Kabir, and again in our own days, in the philosophical poetry of our great poet Rabindranath Tagore, who says in one of his most powerful songs in *Gitanjali* :

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see: thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like Him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our Master himself has joyfully taken upon Him the bonds of creation; He is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet Him and stand by Him in toil and in sweat of the brow."

Words like these will hardly ever be found in the ancient literature of India. Zoroaster, on the other hand, has from the very beginning taught an active morality for this life on earth and Zoroastrianism has always kept up a high standard of morality for the practical life of every man and woman,—a standard of morality of which it may be proud indeed.

Of all the great religions of the world none has met with such a tragic fate as Zoroastrianism. The greater part of the Zoroastrian Bible, the Avesta, has been destroyed and is lost for ever. The Zoroastrian religion itself has been banished from its native land, and the number of its followers is smaller than that of any other religion. And yet—the moral value of the Zoroastrian religion is at least equal to, if not higher than, that of other religions the followers of which are numbered by millions. It almost seems, as if the moral value of a creed were inversely proportioned to the number of its followers.

But our comparative study has also shown that *in a certain sense* it is true that all religions teach the same morality, and that King Asoka was right in admonishing his subjects to respect the ethical kernel contained in the teaching of all sects and religions.

For with all the variety of rites and dogmas and even ideals of life in the different religions of the world, there are certain fundamental principles of morality that are found to be essentially the same in all religions—principles which form a precious common fund of all mankind, precious in themselves, and the more precious for that very reason *that they are common* to so many different races and nations and faiths and thus prove the unity and hence the *brotherhood of mankind*.

The whole history of religion and ethics tends to impress upon us this plain and yet so important lesson that in spite of all diversity of races, nations, and religions we are all brothers and sisters, and that there is no higher truth, no higher wisdom and no higher moral lesson than that contained in the one word Love.

[Read at the Cama Institute, Bombay, Nov. 28th, 1922.]

POETRY AND WORLD-PROBLEMS

BY JAMES H. COUSINS.

"All high poetry is infinite", wrote Shelley in 'A Defence of Poetry'; "it is as the first acorn, which contains all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight."

To the ear of those to whom poetry is "only poetry" (a beauty-spot on the face of life, but a *spot* nevertheless), the claim of these resonant phrases by a poet may be no more than the bell of a peddler calling attention to certain wares in his pack, and indirectly to some few articles of his own devisal, to which, with the shyness of secret pride, he dare not point with an unequivocal finger. It is a fact of literary history, however, that, while empires have survived quite a large number of poets, there are certain poets who have managed to survive empires. As William Watson sang :

Princes and Captains leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign.
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust—
The poet doth remain.

But it depends on the poet. If, in the general subsidence of the past, a poem is to raise its head above the horizon when its companions have disappeared in the waters of oblivion, it must set less store on the expanse of its base than on the altitude of its summit. Take care of the summit, and the base will take care of itself, is a law of the poetical life; for while the base may cover a multitude of finitudes, the summit reaches towards the One Infinite from whence the finitudes descend. "All high

poetry is infinite''. Yes, and all infinite poetry is high; all poetry that has crossed the borders of a personality, a country, or an age, and stepped out towards the eternity of literature, has done so because its stature gave it a proportionate stride—even as the ancient graven image of the celestial patron of poetry, the colossal Apollo, let the traffic and pride of Rhodes flow between his feet.

But the living colossus of poetry is not satisfied with the repose of a graven image. It sets itself in perpetual adjustment to the understanding of the passing ages. We know more about Homer to-day than Homer did. That part of him (or them) that is incarnate in Homer of the printed book, responds to our deepening and expanding question because the height of his genius gave his vision a deeper depth and a wider horizon. His mouth utters more than words because his ears have heard the vast significances that whisper from star to star—significances that ultimately elaborate themselves into the codes and calendars of mortal life. The Word is made flesh; and the flesh is rumor of its parent. The *obiter dictum* of God is atomised into the *obiter dicta* of the poet. Shelley puts the matter thus :

A poem.....is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable terms of human nature, as existing in the mind of the Creator, which is itself the image of all other minds. A poem is universal, and contains within itself the germ of a relation to whatever motives or actions have place in the possible varieties of human nature. Time, which destroys the beauty and the use of the story of particular facts.....augments that of poetry, and for ever develops new and wonderful applications of the eternal truth which it contains.

This quality of potential significance (or involution) in poetry, and of consequent capacity of evolution into details in response to whatever can give the true evocative touch, is due, according to Shelley, to the fact that poetry "acts in a divine and unapprehended manner beyond and above consciousness; and it is reserved for future generations to contemplate and measure the mighty cause and effect in all the strength and splendour of their union."

This being so, it is the duty of literary criticism to render periodical service to the literature of the past by bringing it to the test of contemporary experience. Under such test, that which is of the finite will take its place in the archives of literary history, while that which is of the infinite will find (or retain) free course as a power in life.

But in order to perform this service to literature, criticism must submit itself to criticism, questioning itself as to whether it has qualified itself for its office by basing its judgments on the permanent things in humanity and nature, and on the deepest and loftiest findings of the inquisitive soul of man. Literary criticism which is merely literary is not criticism. Creative literature speaks out of life; and the criticism that would be worthy of the name must look at literature not out of literature but of life. And it must do so, not merely in service to individual poets, but in service to those groupings of poets in the eras and movements which take their place in classifications such as, 'metaphysical', 'classical', or 'romantic', assume an air of finality, and compel approach to them through certain fixed assumptions that paralyse real criticism by obscuring the eternal under the labels of the temporal.

Any student of English literature, for example, can tell us that Shelley was one of the poets of the third romantic era in English Poetry at the opening of the nineteenth century, and that the other poets were Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron and Keats. But the student who is not deceived by literary classifications and chronology must have moments of doubt as to whether Shelley has yet been born, so far does his vision appear to be beyond the eye-sight of even the most intelligent of modern critics. To Mathew Arnold he was "an ineffectual angle", to Stopford Brooke "the least comprehensible of all the poets in England." To W. J. Long his philosophy (as embodied in "Prometheus Unbound") is "a hopeless dream." Lafcadio Hearn calls him "a very great fool," and says "he has less solid matter in him than any other English poet who has reached the first rank." He was called "atheist" and "anarchist" a century ago, so loudly and persistently that the empty spaces of academical criticism still echo

"atheist", "anarchist"—notwithstanding the fact that for a century his statement has been before the world (in his preface to "The Revolt of Islam") that it was "the erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being," that he spoke against, "not the Supreme Being itself"; and that in his so-called anarchical poem, "Queen Mab", written about the age of eighteen, when youth is most revolutionary, he appeals to the human spirit bravely to hold its course, and to let virtue reach it firmly to pursue—

The *gradual* paths of an *aspiring* change;
For birth, and life, and death, and that strange state,
Before the naked soul has found its home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge,
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with finite life,
Bicker and burn, to gain their destined goal.

With so effective an impulse to drive life along the *gradual* paths of an *aspiring* change, anarchy in the vulgar sense would be a redundancy of which so perfect an artist would surely be incapable. Indeed, in a letter referring to public affairs in his day, he wrote: "The great thing to do is to hold the balance between popular impatience and tyrannical obtuseness: to inculcate with fervour the right of resistance and the right of forbearance.....I am one of those whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who are ready to be partially satisfied in all that is practicable." Swinburne has a more august classification for Shelley than that of a mere mood-driven railer against the universe. In the second of his two sonnets "For the Feast of Giordano Bruno," he sings:

Lift up thy light on us and on thine own,
O soul whose spirit on earth was as a rod
To scourge off priests, a sword to pierce their God
A staff for man's free thought to walk alone,
A lamp to lead him far from shrine and throne
On ways untrodden where his father trod
Ere earth's heart withered at a high priest's nod,
And all men's mouths that made not prayers, made moan.

From bonds and torments and the ravening flame,
 Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet
 Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,
 And walk with him apart till Shelley came
 To make the heaven of heaven more heavenly sweet,
 And mix with yours a third incorporate name.

Lucretius, the Roman philosopher-poet of the first century B.C. who lifted up the voice of reason in an age of wickedness and anarchy; Bruno, the philosopher of the Renaissance who perished at the stake for his attacks on falsehoods; Shelley the inspired apostle of Divine Love;—not “Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats.” We are moving away here from naturalistic movements and romantic eras in literary textbooks to something more vital; to the future true classification of artists in word or deed not according to medium or technique, but according to the impulse at the centre of life, whether it be of the earth earthly or of the spirit spiritual.

The association of Shelley with Bruno in Swinburne's sonnet brings us to the consideration of Shelley's attitude to the world-problem of religion. The lines to Bruno might as truly be written of Shelley. Priestcraft, dogmatism, and human caricatures of Divinity, provoked the lash of the poet. He was expelled from Oxford University for writing a pamphlet entitled, ‘The Necessity of Atheism’. The dog gave himself a bad name, and it has stuck to him. Yet an atheist, in the strict sense of denying a Supreme Being, Shelley most decidedly was not. Mr. Stopford Brooke very truly says: “If we have the right to call him anything, we may name him an ideal Pantheist, and say that at times, the Essence he conceived as the one Supreme Thought—a term interchangeable in his mind with infinite Love—he conceived also as active, and therefore as having conscious being”. His vision was constantly being crossed by shadowy indications of a Being too immense and resplendent to be seen by the eye and called by a single name. In his “Hymn to Intellectual Beauty” he sings:

The awful shadow of some unseen power
 Floats though unseen among us: visiting

•

This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.

In 'The Zucca' he sings :

•
Summer was dead and Autumn was expiring,
And infant Winter laughed upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold; when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty which, like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my poor heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering hours.

I loved—Oh no, I mean not one of ye;
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be:
I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere,
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
'Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere:
Dim object of my soul's idolatry.

This "awful shadow," this "I know not what," is not a taciturn Divinity seated on a throne far aloof from mortal concerns. No, it is Itself the impulse in mankind to knowledge of Itself. Its push is felt in all things, but the flash of recognition only comes with invitation from the human side. It flows from all the shapes of Heaven and Earth,

Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden,
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest
When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest.

We get perhaps the fullest expression of Shelley's idea of the Supreme Power of the Universe in the forty-second and forty-third stanzas of "Adonais", in which he speaks in connection with the death of Keats, of "that Power"

•

Which has withdrawn his being to its own.
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

Then, having thus set out the characteristic and operation of the Supreme Being, he proceeds to sing in detail of its activity in and through humanity and nature, and in doing so, epitomises and anticipates by almost half a century the enunciation of the doctrine of evolution, and gives us an example of the augmentation which, as he himself said, time makes to true poetry in the development of "new and wonderful applications of the eternal truth which it contains." He sings of "the One Spirit's plastic stress" which

Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear :
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

In order to realise fully all that is involved in these lines touching the world-problem of religion as regards its central point, a Supreme Being, we have to give close and intelligent attention to the words used by the poet. Shelley was a master of English, and being a master was capable of setting words at dizzying angles and in unfamiliar juxtapositions. There are English words capable of half a dozen meanings; there are meanings which can find half a dozen words for their expression. These in a mind of great learning, great intuition, and great expression, are not unlikely to be a danger to their user because of possible misinterpretation by the ignorant and the inattentive; an offence to the intellectually indolent—and a joy to the true student. Turning then to the passage quoted above, let us on Shelley's own authority seek for its full significance.

The poet speaks of a Power which "wields the world". At once we have in mind the idea of a power external to the world, for we are accustomed to using the word "wield" in associations that separate the wielder from the wielded. We speak of 'wielding the pen', and 'wielding the sceptre'; and an 'unwieldy' instrument is one which is not amenable to our control. But the word 'wield' means more than this; it means managing or conducting.

It is in this sense that Shelley uses it, and thus means a Power that is the source of all activity in the world. But, in addition to management, the poet attributes to the Power the function of sustaining the world from beneath and kindling it above, in which Shelley's vision ranges from the provision of the necessities of the lower nature of the world, to the illumination of the spirit that is, to those who know it, the highest human experience. These operations, however, may still be regarded as external; sustentation and illumination may come from without. Up to this point, Shelley may be regarded as saying nothing less external than what is conveyed in the phrase, "underneath and around are the everlasting arms," or the Christian prayers, "Give us this day our daily bread," and "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom". He is, in fact, stating in another form the theme of 'Prometheus unbound', that life is superior to its forms. Here he is transcendentalist as well as pantheist.

But when we pass into the next stanza, we get the full measure of Shelley's thought as to the field of the Divine operation. The "plastic stress" of the One Spirit is felt *within* all nature and humanity; it "sweeps through the dull dense world" of matter; bursts "in its beauty and its might from trees and beasts and men," and finds its culmination in 'the heaven's light.' Reading the stanza through, one is apt to be "blinded with excess of light"—a fine experience, but not so fine as being illuminated and set aflame by the same light when one opens out one's being towards it in full understanding. It is easy to be deceived by Shelley into the illusion that he is indulging in "a hopeless dream", a dream 'incomprehensible', a dream 'without substance', when he is, in fact, stating the clearest science,—but stating it gloriously, on the wing, in the language of dream, as he here states the doctrines of evolution not merely in its biological aspect as the scientist did half a century later, but also in its spiritual aspect as it was announced by the Masters of Wisdom in Asia thousands of years ago.

Mark that it is the "plastic stress" of the "One Spirit" that moves through the kingdoms of nature in the order of

science, entering the world of manifestation at the level of 'dross', and through a rhythm of succeeding forms (vegetable, animal and human), finding release in "the Heaven's light". The successions of external forms are not, according to Shelley, mere adaptations to external necessity; they are compulsions of the Spirit, with necessity as the sharp end of the goad. A fish may have taken wing in order to escape an enemy, and so inaugurated the kingdom of the air; but a wise Indian beetle, as reported in a poem, put the matter truly when he (or more likely she) buzzed—"God gave us wings to give Him flight." Whatever differences may be in outer expression, the animating Spirit is one and indivisible. The dross of the universe, acting according to its nature (which is itself a phrase of the Divine operation) is tortured out of its grossness and inertia into a state of fineness and responsiveness in which it can become the mobile and ultimately conscious expression of the beauty and power of the spirit. And note that the "plastic stress" which "tortures the unwilling dross" is not uniform, but adjusted to the bearing capacity of the instrument. That plastic stress is plastic because it has to adapt itself to the infinite gradations of response in the universe. Its work is to evolve its instruments according to their order, not to break them. "On earth the broken arc," sang Browning, but that is because we see brokenly. Shelley had the heavenly vision that saw "the perfect round", and he figures it for us in these stanzas packed with spiritual wisdom.

One other thought remains to be noticed to give us their full riches. That Power, says Shelley, which wields the world, wields it, "with never wearying love". These words are not hammered into a line to fill it out, or painted on for ornament. They carry the whole burden of Shelley's central concept of the nature of the Supreme Being. True, they may not yield the full fruitage of their meaning apart from the rest of the poet's work; but no literary artists can hang the whole of his thought on one branch of his tree. The instant flash that fell from the heaven of heavens burning with the secret of the universe, translates itself into reverberations from hill to hill and from cloud to cloud; and from the intensity, the length and the complexity of the sound, we judge the flame.

To know what Shelley meant in the phrase "never wearying love" we have to read 'Prometheus Unbound' from beginning to end; and at the end we shall know that to him, love is the very essence of the Divine Being, the eternal fact beyond the influence of chance and change, time and place. "In love" says Tagore, "we find a joy which is ultimate because it is the ultimate truth". But this truth, so clearly seen by the English Tagore and the Indian Shelley, is not a mere postulate of sentimentality; it is seen as the eternal necessity, the inevitable logical condition underlying any intelligent thought of the universe. And what applies to that Spirit as a self-existent Being, applies also to its operations within that restricted area of itself called the world. We cannot conceive of a world without an interfused, universal cohesive principle; else would it vanish into thin air; and since that cohesive principle is not an external acquirement, but the essential nature of the Universal Being, it cannot become weary or cease its operation. Destruction may assume the air of mastery, as in Europe to-day, but its end is the destruction of itself in a smile at its own futility.

"I feel most vain all hope but love," says Prometheus; and when Prometheus triumphs over Jupiter, all nature is suffused with the love that radiates from Asia, the wife of Prometheus. Her sister, Panthea, (the all-seeing) says that not she only, but the whole world, seeks the sympathy of Asia. There are "sounds in the air which speak the love of all articulate beings." To which Asia replies :

.....All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love.
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

And in one of the most exquisite songs, surely, in literature (that beginning "My soul is an enchanted boat"), she sings of

Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonising the earth with what we feel above.

Realising this love as universal, and its purpose as the bringing of all life—so full of hatred to-day—into harmony with itself, we have our finger on the secret of the world-problem of

pain. The unwilling dross is being tortured to the likeness of the spirit. The language is severe, but the sequel will justify and sweeten it. A youth once suffered from pains in his knees which made him moody; but when he learned that they were "growing pains" arising out of the stretchings of his body towards manhood, they did not feel half so bad. The young sportsman displays his wounds with pride, for they are part of the game.

Rabindranath restates Shelley thus :

Life's tragedies occur, not to demonstrate their own reality, but to reveal the eternal principle of joy in life, to which they give a rude shaking. It is the object of this Oneness to realise its infinity by perfect union of love with others. All obstacles to this union create misery, giving rise to the baser passions that are expressions of finitude, of that separateness which is negative and therefore *maya*.

By inference we have solved also the world-problem of peace, for peace is a necessary outcome of the exercise of love—not the peace of inactivity, but the joy of struggle in which, as Rabindranath puts it, "the miracle of creation is accomplished by bringing conflicting forces into the harmony of the One." In his early youth Shelley saw peace as the stable thing in life and as the outcome of Virtue. He sings in 'Queen Mab' :

O human spirit! spur thee to the goal
Where virtue fixes universal peace,
And midst the ebb and flow of human things
Show somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,
A lighthouse o'er the wild of dreary waves;

As part and parcel of the problem of world-peace is the problem of woman's place in public affairs. Shelley taught very clearly that human nature in the general sense would not realise peace until it was realised in mutual equality and freedom between man and woman. This was no matter of mere sentimentality or expediency with him: it was the expression of a clearly realised truth of the universe and life which it will be profitable to expand.

It has been said that a nation cannot rise above the level of its women. The statement carries its truth on its own head.

for there is an immediate response in the mind that realises the part played by womanhood in the creation, nutrition and direction of life in its most plastic stage.

But the attitude to womanhood is not only the measure of a nation's stature; it has applications of a more personal nature. It became "the acid test" of the metal that politicians were made of in England in the bitter, but ultimately victorious, struggle for woman suffrage. In the realm of literature it is the last-but-one of the questions that fix the place and endurance of poetry. Spiritual vision is the ultimate critical fire. On the step just below it is the white flame of the question: What is the poet's attitude to womanhood? It is not so easy to understand the woman-test in literature as it is to understand the woman-test of a nation's quality. They are rare birds, indeed, who are unfamiliar with the mother-wing. They are equally rare who are familiar with the pleasures and significances of the highest expressions of the human spirit in the form of literature. Yet between life in its every-day sense of domestic relationship in the home and the nation, and life at the level of artistic creation in literature or any of the arts, there is not merely an accidental parallel but an actual and inevitable identity. The Mother principle that is embodied in the Hindu Goddess Parvati, the wife and formulating power (*shakti*) of the creative God Siva, shares equally with Him the distant and exalted worship that sets them on the snowy Himalayan peaks. But the same Mother-principle is embodied in the twig of a tree that the lowly villager sets among his cooking vessels and working implements as the symbol of the Goddess Saraswati.

Through God the Father, the Divine energy found its impulse; through God the Mother it found its mould and hue and tone. Life and form (Being, and its conditions whereby it attains identity) this is the fundamental duality-in-equality of all existence, in its vastest generalisation, in its minutest detail, and in the work of the artist. Excess or defect on either side leads to distortion or impoverishment. Masculinity and effeminacy in literature are equally inartistic.

Shelley knew this truth; it arose spontaneously out of a soul rare among mortals in vision; and it sang itself with equal

spontaneity through his poetry. In 'Prometheus Unbound', the freed Titan speaks of his wife thus :

Asia ! who when my being overflowed,
Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine
Which else sad sunk into the thirsty dust.

These lines are a paraphrase in the symbolism of Western poetry of the same truth as is embodied in Eastern thought. The whole vast poem is built on the basic conception of Prometheus as the executive aspect of the Soul of Humanity operating in the external world ; and of Asia as the shaping, nourishing and conserving aspect. Without Asia the life of Prometheus could not have found expression. But Asia in turn recognises that, while life could not express itself without form, neither could form maintain itself without life, and she speaks of Prometheus as "that soul by which I live."

This was no new or passing notion in the vibrating brain of one of the most ecstatic poets in all literature. It is expressed in its fulness in 'Prometheus Unbound,' but it had expressed itself passionately and musically in his boyhood's protest against inequality in all its forms (the tyrannies of man over woman as well as of man over man or beast) in 'Queen Mab'. In that wonderful poem he visualises a state in which—

Woman and man, in confidence and love,
Equal and free, and pure, together trod,
The mountain-paths of virtue.

He repeats the words "free and equal" in his later poem, 'The Revolt of Islam', with such emphasis and detail that we are left in no doubt as to the full content of her mind when Cythna breaks into her rhapsody with the words :

Eldest of things, Divine Equality,
Wisdom and Love are but the slaves of thee.

In stanza 37 of the poem he says :

Never will peace and human nature meet
Till free and equal man and woman greet
Domestic peace: and ere this power can make
In human hearts its calm and holy seat,
This slavery must be broken.

The slavery to which he refers has been bluntly pilloried in

the preceding stanza as "the servitude"

In which the half of humankind were mewed,
Victims of lust and hate, the slaves of slaves.

He returns to the same charge in passages of hot scorn that speak his burning protest against the mutual degradation of man and woman that arises out of the age-long restriction of womanhood to little more than a single function, and to the lowering of the male side of that function to the level of mere ungoverned sensual gratification. His heroine, starting out on her mission of freedom and equality, says:

Yes, I will tread Pride's golden palaces,
Through Penury's roofless huts and squalid cells,
Will I descend, where'er in abjectness
Woman with some vile slave her tyrant dwells.

At first sight such phrases as 'slave of slaves' and 'some slave her tyrant' might sound as verbal conjuring, but for Shelley they held the plain truth that external action is but the expression of internal states, and that he who enslaves another is but placing on that other a chain that is on his own soul. This is what is meant in the question and answer of stanza 43:

Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Chain one who lives, and breathes the boundless air,
To the corruption of a closed grave!

Neither man as male individual, nor as humanity in general, can be free while any man or any woman is bound. This is the full humanist and feminist gospel of Shelley; but in the circumstances of his time he had to throw himself into criticism of the false standards of relationship that men had set up between man and woman. The knight-errant of his imagination, the woman crusader, Cythna, sets her lance first against masculine tyranny, and when she triumphs over the fundamental inequality, she proceeds to reconstruction on the only stable basis of equality and freedom.

Thus doth she equal laws and justice teach
To woman, outraged and polluted long;
Gathering the sweetest fruits in human reach
For those fair hands now free, while armed wrong
Trembles before her look, though it be strong.

She finds home and comfort for the orphan and the oppressed. She influences political thought so effectively that even those who had been her foes, and who had fallen into cynical pessimism over the futility of politics, are thrilled by the new spirit of compassion which she carries with her, "And cast the vote of love in hope's abandoned urn."

The centenary year (1922) of Shelley sees the translation of the dream of the poet into the actuality of the Statesman. The entrance of woman into public life has brought a new hope into the heart of the world. "Armed wrong" has trembled excellently into the reduction of masculine instruments and opportunities of destruction by the Disarmament Conference which was initiated and forced into effect by the newly emancipated women of America. So much of Shelley's vision has been fulfilled within the past few years that we may with confidence look forward to the rapid realisation of still more of it as sung in 'Prometheus Unbound' in his rapturous prophecy of a time when "Divine Equality" shall have fulfilled itself in perfect wisdom and perfect love of which it alone can be parent, when Man shall have achieved the liberty that is the truest linking of souls;

And women, too, frank, beautiful and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, passed—gentle radiant forms,
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven.

It was this vision of perfect equality and perfect freedom which, more perhaps than any other, gave substance and beauty to Shelley's thought; that touched his heart with profound and noble feeling; and gave life and form to the supremest song yet sung in English speech.

THE NEW ART IN EUROPE

By O. C. GANGOLI.

Under the auspices of the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta, Bengal has been given an opportunity to make a first-hand acquaintance with some of the latest developments of Modern Art in Europe. This is the first time that original works of Continental Artists representing the latest phases of Post-Impressionism, Post-Cubism and Expressionism have been exhibited in India. The section devoted to this class of Exhibits has been contributed by Russian, Swiss, and German artists.

As was anticipated, the section evoked a great deal of adverse comment and severe criticism from visitors. It is well known that very strong epithets have been used to denounce these new tendencies in modern European Art. But this so-called anarchism or bolshevism in art shows no inclination to languish under our anathemas dismissing them as barbaric, hideous, clumsy, perverse, idiotic, insane or pathological. The exponents of the new movements have come forward with an elaborate philosophy and a comprehensive theory of art, to defend their points of view and their methods. If their practice have not attracted popular appreciation, their ideas and ideals have been welcomed in many quarters as a valuable contribution to a new theory of aesthetics. It may be useful to recapitulate them here in order to help to a realisation of their point of view, if not an appreciation of their achievements.

Centuries of realistic, imitative, and illustrative forms of Art, somewhat exaggerated in their tendencies since the art of the Renaissance, have been creating a distrust in the validity of these forms of expression as absolute ideals of art, and have been creating a thirst for new forms, in artists who were getting weary of the traditions of the Greek, Græco-Roman and Italian Art. The importation of the works of Art of the Far East into Europe, and their appreciation, meant but another step towards the depreciation of art ideals of the old European traditions and

shook people's belief in the infallibility of the old standards. This called for reconsideration of old values and the framing of a scheme of aesthetics, in which all possible forms of art contributed by man at different periods and different places should have their appropriate place,—a scheme in which a Turner could not elbow out a Sung landscape, nor an Academy sculpture shut out a Negro or a Polynesian icon, a scheme in which a Brahminic image and a sculpture by Rodin will occupy pedestals of equal heights and Kangra *ragini* pictures will claim a place by the best Italian Primitives.

A revised study and a new comprehension of all periods of artistic thought and attainments of the past, has necessitated a shifting of the accidental fashions and modes of the environment of the various artistic periods and the inevitable grasping of those essential elements which are the realities and fundamentals of art, irrespective of "periods" and "continents". These fundamental and basic principles have been found sufficiently comprehensive to explain and be applicable to, not only individual artists or periods, but all "artists" and "periods". They can, it has been claimed, account alike for our appreciation of and joy in the art of the Byzantines and that of the present day Royal Academy, of the Orient and of the Occident, of the animal paintings of the Ming Dynasty and the works of the latest "ism". It was at once conceded that any theory of art which fails to be thus comprehensive is wrong somewhere; while any doctrine which will yield criteria comprehending all, will prove invaluable to our real appreciation of art.

The analysis of numerous art forms and the study of different "periods" and "schools", as well as an examination of the psychological bases of aesthetic appreciation from this new point of view, convinced many that much of what passes for appreciation of pictures or sculpture is a literary or sentimental interest in the subject matter, entirely dissociated from aesthetics, or at least allied to it only in its crudest features. Beyond that we receive the thrill of the power over technique which accounts for so much of the enjoyment of cultured people; and finally we have the true aesthetic value which will prove the ultimate test.

This final test is the abstract art value. By its power the Egyptian sphinx, delicate Hindu carvings, the crude gods of Polynesia, the statues of a Michael Angelo, of a Mestrovic, and the works of the Modernists, alike become art—works of sculpture. The same principle applies to the graphic arts and to painting. In all branches of art apart from any question of subject matter there are evident certain qualities of pattern, of rhythm, of the relationship of part to part and of part to whole, which constitute the evasive quality which is vaguely suggested by the word "Art". In other words, works of art can only be judged by their "Pure Art Values," as compositions of essentially aesthetic significance, absolutely independent of religious, sexual or social sentiments, or of representative, illustrative or narrative functions.

Once this is conceded, Art becomes released from the necessity of being confined to a subject matter or of representing or describing any known forms or features of nature. On the contrary, the forms of nature become a sort of impediment to the realisation of absolute aesthetic forms. The artist, according to this new point of view, should be at liberty to create new forms which may not have any reference or relation to familiar aspects of nature. Incidentally he is vested with absolute liberty to modify the forms of nature for the purpose of realising his aesthetic aims. He is not only free to create new forms but to transform existing and familiar forms. Judged by this new standard, many schools and periods of art, hitherto accepted as supreme manifestations of artistic expression, lose their pre-eminence; and those formerly regarded as of lower or inferior artistic merit immediately achieve a pre-eminent place. The Renaissance and the Post Renaissance Painting, as also the Hellenistic schools, yield place to the older Italian Primitives and archaic Greek sculpture, as evidencing superior aesthetic values notwithstanding their deficiencies in imitative or representational qualities. The Negro sculptures and children's drawings come forward with their claims and cannot be ruled out merely on the ground of their poor imitative or representative skill. The old Indian and the Chinese sculptures likewise deserve an honourable place in aesthetic appreciation. If their

"pure art values" are of sufficient aesthetic merit, it does not matter, we repeat, if they misrepresent or even mutilate familiar forms of nature, for a correspondence to natural forms is no longer a criterion of value.

Artists are no longer concerned with forms derived or deduced from nature but are free to play with forms devised in their own imagination and arranged in a new order, with new emotional stresses and juxtapositions. Art thus becomes non-representational and secular on the one hand, and synthetic or creative, and subjective or spiritual, on the other. Incidentally it approaches the condition of music which, as an art and a science, has scarcely devoted itself to the reproduction of natural phenomena, but rather to the expression of the artist's soul in musical sounds. As the most non-material and spiritual of all the arts, the methods of music have been adopted by the exponents of the New Art. From the lessons of music are derived the passion for rhythm in modern painting, for mathematical abstract constructions in modern sculpture, for repeated notes of colour, for setting colour in motion,—so well known in the practice of the Cubists and the Futurists.

It will be seen that the leading tendency of this new ideal in Art is to step back from objective nature and confine itself to the fundamental element or alphabet of Art,—the value of colour, forms, mass and rhythm of line,—to devise forms answering to the artist's own emotions, and to evoke emotions, feelings and that quickening of the human spirit which we call "aesthesia". The "Abstractionists" seek to create, from the pure language of Art, pictures and sculptures to this end. For the benefit of the average man the exponents of Abstract Art postulate certain principles which may shortly be enumerated as follows :—

- (1) Representational Art is nature seen through the lens of the eye; the new Art is nature seen through the lens of the mind.
- (2) All Art is the selection of symbolic essentials.
- (3) Great Art approximates to the condition of music.
- (4) Abstract form is the embodiment of an artist's ideas about a thing, freed from the reception of its

concrete appearance, thus revealing more clearly and intensely the dynamics which went to its creation.

- (5) The thing represented may have no concrete existence outside the artist's mind until he creates it.
- (6) Beneath the accidentals of individual surface lie the universals of basic forms.
- (7) Aesthetic pleasure is our joy in the realisation of a universe, harmonious beyond the accidents of forms, united in a rhythm which has an echo in our own inner self,—in our subconscious emotions. It is our appreciation of the thinness of the veil between the finite and the infinite.

It is not possible to illustrate all the phases and processes of the above exposition of their ideals and principles with reference to the actual examples of pictures exhibited in the present show, which consists mainly of contributions by Russian, Swiss, Austrian, German and a few English artists. Even if the principles enunciated above are conceded, it is apparent that much of the endeavours of the artists are by way of experiment,—a striving towards a realisation of their principles, rather than an absolute achievement of their ideals,—although the exponents themselves are not always prepared to admit this. Much of the present endeavours are in the way of destructive rather than actual constructive work.

Particularly, the works of the Cubists and Futurists, obviously appear to be a frank demolition of old ideals and traditions, a collection of debris out of which they are seeking "raw materials" for a new construction. Indeed their relation to the acknowledged old masters is somewhat anomalous and misunderstood. It is commonly asserted that they have no regard whatsoever for the ideas and ideals of the old Art and the forms of artistic beliefs which they represent. But that is not so. For, while they believe that the manners and ideals of the old masters have no authority or precedent for the "New Art," yet they concede that many valuable lessons may be extracted by subjecting the old masterpieces to a stringent analysis or rather a pitiless "dissection" of their essential art values. The

black and white sketches, for example, of M. Tery (No. 20—31) analyse the fundamental “form values” and “masses” of various well-known masterpieces such as those of Giotto, Tintoretto, Memling and El Greco, which, however, it must be confessed, are rather difficult to identify in the analysed skeletons exposed in these sketches. In these expositions of the anatomies of the compositions, thus laid bare, the religious, anecdotal or topical interest of the subject matter of the original pictures,—in one word, their intellectual appeal,—is absolutely eliminated; we are rather made to face the fundamental art value, independent of the irrelevant extraneous considerations which generally go to make up our appreciation of these pictures.

The somewhat similar studies of light,—for example “Passing through an open door” by Paul Klee (No. 67)—are in the nature of experiments to find out the essence of the volumes and forms of light. It is somewhat difficult for the average man to accept, as actual achievements in picture-making, these endeavours on the part of modern artists to find out the essence of appearances and the fundamental or basic principles of visible forms. They may be tolerated as, perhaps, a sincere endeavour, or a groping, towards a new language, the vocabulary of which is in process of formation.

But the works of the great Russian Artist, Wassily Kandinsky, and of Johannes Itten, a few of which are exhibited, stand on a somewhat different footing. Their works certainly throw out the challenge that they have actually evolved a new vocabulary of expression, capable of creating new forms and colour-harmonies absolutely independent of natural forms, and answering to their own emotional needs. Itten’s water colour (No. 36) has certainly captivating power in its curiously organised pattern of colour surfaces juxtaposed in forms which do not recall any objects familiar to our visual experience. It has no subject, but is a mere musical symphony, or a harmony of colour surfaces. We try in vain to relate the forms in the composition to any known or recognisable forms in nature, but they elude identification and stand supreme in their originally devised shapes. Similarly the “creation” in water colour by Kandinsky (No. 61) is tantalising in its evasion of any attempt to parallel or

identify the meaningless patterns with known forms of nature and reminds one of the somewhat similar creations of design in a class of oriental rugs and carpets where the motifs of natural forms of birds and trees are conventionalised beyond all recognition.

In the patterns thus created all memory of known forms have been carefully effaced, yet they combine to evoke an emotion which is unadulterated with any extraneous associations irrelevant to aesthetic enjoyment. Their appeal is not to the comparative of the conscious intellect, but to the superlative of the subconscious emotions.

THE CO-OPERATION OF EAST AND WEST

By PROF. F. BENOIT.

The following two letters may be of some interest to the readers of this Review, as illustrative of the reiterated appeal of the West to the East for help and enlightenment, and of the light in which one of the Europeans, recently settled in Bengal, views India's world-mission and her response to the call of the West.

Few Indians, I think, realise to what extent India is known, or rather unknown, in Europe and what the mere mention of its name implies for multitudes of even uneducated people on the Continent. Yes, India, living India, is amazingly unknown to the West. Our Sanskrit scholars are comparatively few. They generally know ancient India only; a very small number of them have ever seen the country. About modern India, the information given by the press is scanty, manipulated, second-hand; it issues from agencies whose chief object is not the spreading of truth. As for the descriptions given by tourists, novelists, missionaries, etc., they most often impart a very one-sided and prejudiced impression. And yet India is, for most continental Europeans, whether literate or illiterate, a kind of Realm of the Spirit, a Motherland of God, a Christ among the Nations. India is now-a-days, in the imagination of the Western peoples, what Palestine was for the Christians at the time of the crusades.

It was made peculiarly evident, during Rabindranath Tagore's last tour through Europe, that what the masses saw in him was not only the Poet, but the Seer, or more exactly the Indian Seer. He appeared to their eyes as the most representative heir of a country that fascinates them and from which they, more or less consciously, expect the remedy for their otherwise incurable distress.

About one year later, the Christian Sadhu, Sundar Singh, happened to visit the same places as the Poet. Again masses crowded round this Indian; and yet his message was very different from the Poet's,—being, to put it roughly, a Christian propaganda campaign. This was, as I think, because in spite of its professed character, they found here a different kind of Christianity. The Christianity of the European peoples having proved insufficient to save them from, rather having helped to plunge them into,

their past calamities, and being still unlikely to save them from the dangers or even the anxieties of the future, they expected from, and probably found in, Sundar Singh, a true, a more real and spiritual, in a word a more Indian interpretation of their own powerless Christianity. And I do not think they were altogether wrong.

Let me, as a continental European, state briefly my own experience. In spite of the appalling chaos which prevails in the Western world at the present day, I am quite optimistic as to the future of the human race and believe in the final reconciliation of man with himself, by a progressive realisation of love and common sense. When I heard that the Poet had opened an International University, the desire that I had since my boyhood to come to India became irresistible. I was at the time obsessed by what is commonly called the social question and might better be termed the human question, and I so vividly realised that the Visva-bharati ideal was a way out of the above-mentioned chaos, that I think I should have managed to join it had it appeared at the North Pole, or in the Moon!

But the Visva-bharati was bound to have its birth in India. It is not enough that such a University should be cosmopolitan and scientific: for, all the Universities of the West are scientific and cosmopolitan. It must be, as the Visva-bharati aims to be, spiritual and internationalistic, if it is to be an organ of human regeneration. Such an institution would be none the less, perhaps all the more, beneficial to the land of its birth. I am not the first to call India a Christ among the Nations. Let us not forget, to pursue the comparison further, that Jesus, while engaged in his far-reaching apostolate, often seemed to rebuke his own mother and brothers; and, though a citizen of an enslaved nation, nurtured in the midst of a then vehemently nationalistic race, he is not known to have uttered a word that might allow us to call him even patriotic. Presenting the whole world,—Jews, Romans, Gentiles,—with his message of love, he could not help providing at the same time for his own people. But his message would probably not have been so universal had he been a mere patriot.

The West, though badly informed, is by no means indifferent to India's present anguish. I may even venture to say that, in the conflict between the people of India and the foreign, or semi-indigenous, bureaucrats, European liberal opinion can and does make but one choice. Not only, however, is India in anguish to-day but practically all mankind; for, the world has of late been wildly engaged in mutilating and destroying

itself as, up till recently, only degenerate individuals had done. In many independent countries, multitudes of men are exploited, oppressed, abused, starved. Now, to avert a disaster embracing the whole of man, no solution geographically limited to one country can avail, even for that country itself, because of the present-day solidarity of mankind which requires a world-embracing solution. It is my earnest conviction that India is qualified and called upon to provide this solution. . . .

But I forget, I had to present to my readers two letters. The first is from a Swiss Clergyman, the Rev. Adolf Keller, Chaplain of St. Peter's at Zurich, who is Secretary of an International Organisation for the Reconciliation and Fusion of the Churches. The second is my answer to it.

Zurich, 27th September, 1922.

DEAR MR. B.,

Your letter interested me extremely and I shall be glad to hear more of your experiences in India. I would like more details,—something that might be published in one of our magazines. The interest with which the European public follows Tagore's work does not diminish in the least. The point in which I am personally most vividly interested is, in what way a synthesis could be attempted between the spirit of the East and that of the West.

So much criticism has accumulated here on the spirit and culture of the Occident that our people are looking round for new possibilities and solutions. It does not seem likely that the East could give us such solutions ready-made; but undoubtedly it is from there that a regeneration of our culture must come. I have been brought once more to that conclusion when lately Sadhu Sundar Singh, the Indian Christian ascetic, visited Europe. India came then nearer to us, and we would like to develop that intercourse. I belong to a religious community of people who strive for that end and for which Tagore has probably much sympathy . . .

Santiniketan, 3rd December, 1922.

DEAR MR. KELLER,

My best thanks for your letter. I am very happy here. I love India every day more, and find there, little by little, what I was in search of. To tell you the truth, I do not yet feel, after only a year's stay, in a position to give you, either on India or Santiniketan, accurate and complete information. The Country and the school itself are still in a period of crisis and growth which will give, I am convinced, far-reaching results. But it is not yet possible for me to judge things quite comprehensively.

Yet I believe I am able to give you some particulars on the point that interests you—the synthesis of the Oriental and Occidental cultures. An increasing number of people, you say, are discarding European culture which seems to have become bankrupt. That one should try merely to replace the one culture by the other seems, as you further say, neither possible nor desirable. But that one should borrow from India important, essential elements of her culture and attempt, by assimilating them, to get to a real human culture,—this seems to me, for the time being, the only means of regenerating our civilisation, which has become exhausted by its exclusive intellectualism, its aggressive utilitarianism, its narrow-mindedness,—in one word its selfishness. For, if Europe has ended in gaining the whole world, she does not seem to have been able to do it without paying the price referred to by Jesus. An egoist is always the first victim of his egoism, whether he knows it or not; and, as we all know, Europe is such a victim.

Indian culture, which is spiritual *par excellence*, is imbued with that spirit of love, humaneness, sacrifice, universality, which was also the essence of the Christianity of Jesus, but of which we Christians have preserved so little. It is not, of course, that we shall best find the elements for the resurrection, the synthesis, of our hopes, in Hinduism, or Buddhism, or any of the Indian religious sects. These have become, to some extent, dogmatic and orthodox in the course of the ages,—sometimes even formal and pharisaic. But we shall find such elements in the Indian

soul itself, in its spiritual idealism, in its pure teachings as expounded—why not say revealed—in the Upanishads, the Gita and other Indian scriptures. It is not the letter of these teachings that we shall utilize, but their spirit, incarnated, as it seems to me, in the whole of the Indian race and manifested in its tendencies, mentality and character.

Therefore such personalities as Tagore and Sundar Singh find so much response in the soul of the European masses, who have come to realise that their own culture has followed the wrong track, that their political institutions, their applied science, their religion, though bringing them power and comfort and securing for them wordly possessions, have overlooked the Spirit. Brought into contact with a race and culture which, by deliberately disdaining applied science and military or economic supremacy, have to a large extent realised the spirit, these crowds feel impelled to bow the head.

Of course the West will bring its contribution to the ultimate human harmony. India has, I think, disclaimed practical life, and the material things of the world, a little too much. Neither can I say that we are yet, in Santiniketan, fully realising all that we wish. We are still groping and stumbling,—making fruitful mistakes, as the Poet himself said one day. But the seed is sown and it depends upon us whether the crop will be plentiful or meagre.

One of the reasons of our perplexity is, that while a number of Indians have been to Europe or America in order to seek there for the things that they lack and have thus widened their outlook and learnt much of Western method, very few Westerners come to India to learn, to pray, to love, to complete what is wanting in themselves. Those who do come are imbued with the idea of their own superiority to the people of the country in all essential respects, while in fact they are perhaps only cleverer in regard to some points of secondary importance.

It is, therefore, mainly on the attitude of us Occidentals that the building up of the great human synthesis depends. Shall we go on priding our illusory superiority, or bring our pride down to the point of accepting the essentials we need so badly? India possesses an intellectual and artistic *elite* which would do

credit to any nation. The young generation is ardent, earnest, anxious to serve; the customs and ways of living are simple, informal; the race, though physically weak, is graceful, idealistic, pure-hearted and splendidly gifted.

If I give you these particulars, it is because I know you to be engaged in a task that appears to me to be parallel to that of Rabindranath Tagore. He works to remove the artificial barriers which, on the ground of culture, separate the peoples of the world, because they hamper all of them, without helping any, standing in the way of their free and fruitful intercourse. On your side you try to destroy the unreal barriers which separate, not only the churches, but also men, from each other. Both of you are advancing the time when the peoples, giving up the worship of matter, the pursuit of transitory futilities, shall adore one God in spirit and truth, and love instead of exploiting or throttling one another.

I remain, etc.,

FERNAND BENOIT.

"Humanity, for ages, has been busy with the one great creation of spiritual life. Its best wisdom, its discipline, its literature and art, all the teaching and self-sacrifice of its noblest teachers, have been for this. But the harmony of contrary forces, which give their rhythm to all creation, has not yet been perfected by man in his civilisation, and the Creator in him is baffled over and over again. He comes back to his work, however, and makes himself busy, building his world in the midst of desolation and ruins. His history is the history of his aspiration interrupted and renewed. And one truth of which he must be reminded, therefore, is that the power which accomplishes the miracle of creation, by bringing conflicting forces into the harmony of the One, is no passion, but a love which accepts the bonds of self-control from the joy of its own immensity—a love whose sacrifice is the manifestation of its endless wealth within itself."

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THE WAY TO UNITY

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Now that mutual intercourse has become easy, and the different peoples and nations of the world have come to know one another in various relations, one might have thought that the time had arrived to merge their differences in a common unity. But the significant thing is, that the more the doors are opening and the walls breaking down outwardly, the greater is the force which the consciousness of individual distinction is gaining within. There was a time when we believed that men were remaining separate, because of the obstacles between them; but the removal of these, to the largest possible extent, is not seen to have the effect of doing away with the differences between diverse sections of mankind.

The smaller nations, who had been content to remain attached to one or other of the greater powers, have become restlessly anxious to be established on their own separate bases. Norway and Sweden have become divided from each other. Ireland has been struggling unweariedly through many a long year, to achieve her separateness; her people, meanwhile, also being busy with the revival of their own literature. The Flemings have become enthusiastic about winning a distinct place for their original language and culture in Belgium, where so long French had reigned undisputed. The minor peoples who lived side by side within the Empire of Austria, have burst their bonds and are happy to have their separate existence. Russia in its frantic efforts to absorb Finland discovered that it was

easier to swallow than to assimilate. For all the blood which flowed in Turkey, in her day of undisputed Empire, the differences of her subject races could not be washed away. For England, the desire to consolidate her overseas dominions into integral parts of a truly imperial body, has become an obsession; but none of the proposals for facilitating centralised control has met with favour in her colonies, who protest vigorously whenever any specific freedom of theirs is at stake.

The shibboleths, that unification means strength, or that bulk means greatness, do not hold to-day. Where there is a true distinction, its truth does not admit of being blindly overlooked for the sake of expediency, or in the hope of greater solidarity. Suppressed distinctions are dangerously explosive, and if allowed to remain suppressed may burst out in a revolution at the slightest shock. The true way to maintain a harmonious unity is by according due respect to the true distinctness of the different parts.

When man realises his own individuality, it stimulates his desire to grow greater. This growth of greatness for an individual can only become real by establishing wide relationship with a large number of other individuals. He who has no conscious regard for his own personality, lets go the helm of self and becomes merged in the crowd. In this he does not attain greatness, because one's relation to a crowd is a superficial relation of mere propinquity, with no scope for that ever-active voluntary adjustment which is living and creative. The differences of sleeping men are hardly perceptible, but these loudly assert themselves in the waking state. In the bud, the petals are compressed into oneness; only when each petal attains its separate distinctness, does it find its perfect unity in a flower and can help to attain the common object, which is fruition. To-day the clash of the different parts of the world coming into contact, has brought about a general awakening, and under the law of manifestation each part is seeking its own self-unfoldment. No living thing, whose vital force is awake, can feel itself any the greater by merging into something else, however large; it stakes its very life to be saved from being assimilated into something bigger, however superior that may be to itself.

What then is to be the end of such sectional movements? Nothing more or less than this, that the consciousness of the dignity of separate individuality will impel man to accept suffering for the sake of becoming greater; and true greatness can only be achieved by each section of mankind finding its field of self-realisation in the great world of man. Only then can be attained real Unity, harmonious in structure, and therefore permanent. The artificial consolidation of the mangled in spirit, the crippled in life, the dependent and the hard-pressed, can only remain a jumble of incongruent parts.

At the period of the Swadeshi movement in Bengal, we experienced a desire to make the Moslems one with ourselves, but we did not succeed in doing so. Doubtless a coalition with them would have been very convenient for us, but it is not enough that a thing should be convenient for it to be feasible. If there are differences between Hindu and Moslem which are real, they cannot be spirited away by any jugglery. If, in our anxiety to secure some convenience, we ignore the facts, the facts will ignore our convenience. We failed because the invitation which we extended to the Moslems was for serving a purpose, not because it was inevitable, as is the invitation of mutual good feeling in common service.

True, in the immediate past, the consciousness of differences in the two communities was not obtrusively strong. Both of us then lived as neighbours under conditions which did not tend to bring out our divergence so acutely as to make us aware of it to the degree of active opposition. But, after all, the lack of consciousness, whether of differences or anything else, does not point to any superiority in our former circumstances; it merely shows that something then was wanting in ourselves, namely, vigour of life. Along with the arousing of our political aspiration, the movement of Hindu revivalism was started as a protest against the western influence on our life and mind. When, with the new age, the Hindu rose to a sense of the dignity of his Hinduism, if the Moslem had simply acquiesced therein, that would doubtless have suited us admirably; but the same causes likewise roused the Moslem to a sense of the dignity of Islam.

What is disconcerting in this circumstance is the fact that,

while it lasts, peace between the two sections of the population can only be had either through apathy and forgetfulness, or through fear of foreign rule and common hatred against it. They may form an alliance for some such immediate object of mutual self-interest; but these alliances, like political alliances between countries which have traditions of antagonism, are not only transitory, but in constant danger of ending in violent re-action. For, the bond which depends upon some special expectation, either becomes a menace at the slightest sign of disappointment, or ceases to exist when that expectation is fulfilled. The most difficult problem for India is, that both Hindus and Mahomedans, when they reach the full consciousness of their individuality, become, in the natural course of things as they exist to-day, mutually exclusive and antagonistic.

There must be something radically wrong in our mental and social life when such can be the case. It must be the result of some narrowness of vision, some distrust of human nature in its universal aspect, which distracts our sympathy from the great course of its development that is to comprehend all humanity.

Individuality is precious, because only through it we can realise the universal. If it were a prison-house to shut us in for ever within a strictly circumscribed range of truth, devoid of movement or growth, then our existence itself would become an insult to us who have a living soul, just as a cage is to winged creatures. Unfortunately there are people who take enormous pride in magnifying their speciality and proclaiming to the world that they are fixed for ever on their pedestal of uniqueness. They forget that only discords are unique and therefore can claim their own separate place outside the universal world of music.

It should be the function of religion to provide us with this universal ideal of truth and maintain it in its purity. But men have often made perverse use of their religion, building with it permanent walls to ensure their own separateness. In the region of worldly interest, our individual boundaries, in spite of their strength, are adjustable; they are ever changing their lines of demarcation. A man who, in the natural course of things, is a stranger to me may establish intimate kinship with me to-morrow; one who has been my enemy may become my best

friend in time. But if we use religion itself for the delimitation of our mutual relationships, then these boundaries become rigidly unalterable.

Religion must only deal with things that belong to the spiritual realm of the eternal, and with sentiments that are self-luminous, carrying their ultimate value in themselves. It should allow a great part of human existence to lie outside its direct interference, so that life may enjoy its freedom of growth guided by laws of reason, or rhythm of beauty. The guidance of reason constantly varies its course, in its perpetual process of adjustment with unforeseen circumstances; its scope is ever being widened by contact with new data. But if religion, which is to give us emancipation in the realm of the infinite, tries also to usurp the place of reason in the world of the finite, then it brings about utter stagnation and sterility.

There was a time in the middle age in Europe when religion acted like a wall surrounding the whole life of the people. We know how it tried to keep its sway over the western world through persecution, excommunication and even suppression of science. By the sheer vigour of their intellect the western people have broken through this imprisonment of their mind and have achieved in their life a freedom which makes it possible for them to approach and receive truth in its various phases and forms.

Intercourse between men is not merely external, its deepest channel is through the freedom of mind. When religion, instead of emancipating mind, fetters it within the narrow confinement of creeds and conventions, then it becomes the greatest barrier against a true meeting of races. Christianity, when it minimises its spiritual truth, which is universal, and emphasises its dogmatic side, which is a mere accretion of time, has the same effect of creating a mental obstruction which leads to the misunderstanding of people who are outside its pale. A great deal of the unmerited contempt and cruelty, which the non-western peoples have suffered in their political, commercial or other relations at the hands of the West, is owing to sectarian calumnies with which even the western children's text books are contaminated. Nevertheless this sectarian religion does not occupy the greater part of the western life and therefore in its heart still

remains the possibility of a better human relationship than what prevails now between the races.

We have seen Europe cruelly unscrupulous in its politics and commerce, widely spreading slavery over the face of the earth in various names and forms. And yet, in this very same Europe, protest is always alive against its own iniquities. Martyrs are never absent whose lives of sacrifice are the penance for the wrongs done by their own kindred. The individuality which is western is not to be designated by any sect-name of a particular religion, but is distinguished by its eager attitude towards truth, in two of its aspects, scientific and humanistic. This openness of mind to Truth has also its moral value and so in the West it has often been noticed that, while those who are professedly pious have sided with tyrannical power, encouraging repression of freedom, the men of intellect, the sceptics, have bravely stood for justice and the rights of man.

I do not mean to say that those who seek truth always find truth, and we know that men in the West are apt to borrow the sanction of science under false pretences to give expression to their passions and prejudices. To many thinkers there has appeared a clear connection between Darwin's theories and the 'imperialism', Teutonic and other, which was so marked a feature during the 'sixties. We have also read western authors who, admirably mimicking scientific mannerism, assert that only the so-called Nordic race has the proper quality and therefore the right to rule the world, extolling its characteristic ruthlessness as giving it the claim to universal dominance. But we must not forget that such aberrations of science, padded with wrong or imperfect data, will be knocked down by science itself. The stream of water in a river does carry sand, but so long as the stream is fluent it will push away that sand from its own path. If the mental attitude is right we need not be afraid of mistakes. That is why the individual in the West has no unsurpassable barrier between himself and the rest of humanity. He may have his prejudices, but no irrational injunctions to keep him in internment away from the wide world of men.

A Mahomedan is defined by his religion. But a religion does not consist merely in its spiritual essence; a great deal of

it is formal, the outcome of special historical circumstances. All things that constitute mere forms of religion are exclusive,—no man belonging to a different creed can claim them as his own. These are, therefore, fences that separate; and are, moreover, constant causes of conflict so long as they are more valued than the essential truths of religion. Therefore the people who are chiefly recognised by their religion, whose behaviour and intellect itself is dominated by the externals of that religion, must find it difficult to establish channels of intimate relationship with neighbours belonging to a different religion.

Men often are unreasonable, but their unreason is as fluid in character as life itself; it is constantly mitigated by experience and education. But when religion stands against reason in the region which by right belongs to the latter, then it becomes a fixed screen of darkness against all communication of light. Truth finds no permanent antagonism in our passion or stupidity, just as sunshine is not perpetually obstructed by mist. But when religion, with its own material and authority, builds a barricade against truth, then woe to the men who bend their knees to such a power, terrible because it is the power of light that has blinded itself.

On the other side, a Hindu also is known by his speciality, which is not so much his religion as his social conventions. A Mahomedan is comparatively free in matters of his personal life, as to his food, companionship or occupation. Therefore he has more freedom of opportunity in the choice of his vocation than an orthodox Hindu. A narrow range of vocation not only curtails for men their field of livelihood, but also limits their chance of coming into close touch with others in the active pursuit of common objects. Surrounded in his personal life by prohibitions of all kinds about the most insignificant details of his daily career, an orthodox Hindu lives insulated in the confinement of his conventional solitary cell. His is a world which has its one gate of entrance, the gate of birth, though those of departure are innumerable. The strict code of Hinduism is, in every way, inhospitable to the world at large, which cannot but re-act upon the mind of the orthodox Hindu by narrowing and deadening his

human interest, detracting from his power of forming great combinations.

We have to realise this in India, and know that the religion, chiefly based upon a fixed code of custom, which we have allowed to fasten upon the entire region of our life, has been the one radical cause of the separateness of our races, and has made the cracks from which comes out the poisonous gas of degeneracy. The problem of untouchability is merely one of the numerous symptoms of this fatal malady. By suppressing these through external means we do not cure the disease. The thorny bushes of evil are overspreading our social soil, made barren by the obsession of a religion that insults reason. Uprooting a few of these will not help us in improving the soil, the impoverishment of which is the real origin of our futility.

Civilisation is that which gives individuals the best facility to deal with the greatest number of human beings in the noblest spirit of truth. Unfortunately for India, the latter development of Hinduism has been the product of a history of re-action. It represents the most powerfully organised effort of a people, not only to withdraw itself from contact with the larger world, but also to separate its own component parts so that they become out of touch with each other. The greater portion of the world is branded by it with impurity. Defilement is waiting for it at every turn, against which its only security is the strict system of segregation built up by itself. In order to build this effectively, it has not been content with forbidding its members to cross the sea, but has nearly obliterated from its annals and literature all mention of foreign contact. For, though from Greek, Tibetan, Chinese and other sources we find materials for that great period of India's history when her influence transcended her geographical limits and spread civilisation over peoples completely alien to her own children, we find no mention in the Indian scriptures about what those outside countries were to her. So much so, that all the records of the greatest of India's sons were banished for centuries from her memory, till they were brought back to her by foreigners. The mentality produced by such a contemptuous ignoring of the world outside her own immediate

surroundings, still persists in the life and culture of India's people.

No doubt, in all parts of the world we have such restrictions of narrowness, under different names. Societies in all countries have their irrational conventions and traditions that have outlived their original meaning, clogging the path of human intercourse with incongruities. Everywhere such social holes and ditches are the breeding places of moral disease and callousness of heart. The spirit of nationalism itself in the West is another such confinement, which raises a barrier against the large human world and gives rise to degeneracy of soul. How, in the end, it becomes disastrous to its own cause, has been proved in the frank brutality of the late War, and perhaps more so in the sinister manœuvres of the Peace conferences.

I know how reluctant it makes us feel to give any credit for humanity to the western civilisation when we observe the brutalities into which this nationalism of theirs breaks out, instances of which are so numerous all the world over,—in the late war, in the lynching of negroes, in cowardly outrages allowed to be committed by European soldiers upon helpless Indians, in the rapacity and vandalism practised in Peking during the Boxer war by the very people who are never tired of vulgarly applying the epithet of Hun to one section of their own confederates. But while I have never sought to gloss over or keep out of mind any of these ugly phenomena, I still aver that in the life of the West they have a large tract where their mind is free; whence the circulation of their thought currents can surround the world. This freedom of the mind's ventilation constantly bears in it the promise of righting the wrong and purifying the noxious accumulation within.

The latter-day orthodox Hinduism of our country, on the other hand, though free from militant aggressiveness, is even more fatal in its effects on its own votaries, for it has to kill the mind first in order to make it possible for human beings to accept such deprivation of freedom and outrage on dignity as are entailed by its prohibitions and exactions. Accustomed as we are to it, we may not feel the humiliation of such restriction of life and mind, or may even glorify it in our blind pride; but in

these days, when we are talking about nation-building and the uniting of the different Indian races, we must know that Hindus and Mahomedans can never effect any real union until we can cast off the shackles of our non-essentials, and free our mind from the grip of unmeaning dead tradition.

To me the mere political necessity is unimportant; it is for the sake of our humanity, for the full growth of our soul, that we must turn our mind towards the ideal of the spiritual unity of man. We must use our social strength, not to guard ourselves against the touch of others, considering it as contamination, but generously to extend hospitality to the world, taking all its risks however numerous and grave. We must manfully accept the responsibility of moral freedom, which disdains to barricade itself within dead formulæ of external regulation, timidly seeking its security in utter stagnation. For, men who live in dread of the spirit of enquiry and lack courage to launch out in the adventure of truth, can never achieve freedom in any department of life. Freedom is not for those who are not lovers of freedom and who only allow it standing space in the porter's vestibule for the sake of some temporary purpose, while worshipping, in the inner shrine of their life, the spirit of blind obedience.

In India what is needed more than anything else, is the broad mind which, only because it is conscious of its own vigorous individuality, is not afraid of accepting truth from all sources. Fortunately for us we know what such a mind has meant in an individual who belongs to modern India. I speak of Rammohan Roy. He was thoroughly oriental in his early training and did not study English till he was of mature age. He was a profound scholar of Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic and he learnt Hebrew in order to study the Old Testament in its original oriental setting. He knew more of Sanskrit scriptures and Indian philosophy than any contemporary pandit. His learning, because of its depth and comprehensiveness, did not merely furnish him with materials for scholarship, but trained his mind for the free acceptance of truth. Rammohan Roy developed the courage and capacity to discriminate between things that are essential and those that are non-essential in the culture which was his by inheritance. This helped him to realise that, truth can never be

foreign, that money and material may exclusively belong to the particular country which produces them, but not knowledge, or ideas, or immortal forms of art.

The spirit of orthodox Hinduism is not modern, because it is fixed in the past,—the present age does not exist for it, and therefore it goes on missing its future. Rammohan Roy received from the storehouse of his country's past, things that were living. Therefore the future for him had its reality. For, life has its growth, which means that it perpetually carries its future in its own past and present; in other words, its present is a bridge between its past and its future. Rammohan was typically modern, because in his life and work he not only built such a bridge between the past and the future of his own country, but between India and the rest of the world.

The very magnitude of mind of such men becomes almost a grievance for smaller personalities, and Rammohan has been misunderstood by his own countrymen because he had in him this modern spirit of freedom and comprehensive grasp of truth. We must, however, never make the mistake that those great men who are belittled by their contemporary compatriots do not represent their countries; for, countries are not always true to themselves.

Giordano Bruno more truly represented the spirit of the intellectual probity of Europe than the Europe herself of that period which killed him. The Judea which held her god to be the god of a chosen people did not clearly know her own ideal; her truth was represented by the prophets who realised the Kingdom of God in the unbounded realm of humanity. The true life of India has been obscured by the night which overtook her and the slightest glimmer of light on her eastern horizon is more her own than the vast darkness which contradicts it. The India which keeps her religion shackled in chains of dead custom that refuse to be responsible to reason or to conscience, is *maya*,—she reveals her soul only there, where her seers have declared that religion recognises no external bond.

We have often seen in human history that at the very time and place where facts appear overwhelming in their congregated attack against the dignity of man, there appears the prophet who

discovers some sovereign truth which raises its head above the rebellious turmoil. And because in India the heterogeneity of races is a most overbearing fact that has produced such incoherence of mind, such division in life, making our present problems seem well-nigh insoluble, there is a strong hope that in the India of to-day will be evolved some great spiritual guidance which will lead her to an enlightened future across irrational dogmas, or nationalistic cults. For, obstacles are like blocks of marble with which those who are artists amongst men fashion the best living images of truth.

In Rammohan Roy's life we find a concrete illustration of what India seeks, the true indication of her goal. Thoroughly steeped in the best culture of his country, he was capable of finding himself at home in the larger world. His culture was not for rejection of those cultures which came from foreign sources, on the contrary, it had an uncommon power of sympathy which could adjust itself to them with respectful receptiveness. His mind had a natural reverence for Saraswati, the goddess of knowledge,—for the Truth, whose dwelling is in the hundred-petalled lotus-heart of humanity. It is an utter lack of reverence for truth which, in the name of Patriotism, can ignore the grand quest of man for knowledge because, for the time being, its field of activity happens to be in the West. And I must strenuously maintain that such irreverence is not in harmony with the spirit of our land.

The ideal I have formed of the culture which should be universal in India, has become clear to me from the life of Rammohan Roy. I have come to feel that the mind, which has been matured in the atmosphere of a profound knowledge of its own country and of the perfect thoughts that have been produced in that land, is ready to accept and assimilate the cultures that come from foreign countries. He who has no wealth of his own can only beg, and those who are compelled to follow the profession of beggary at the gate of the intellectually rich may gain occasional scraps of mental food, but they are sure to lose the strength of their intellectual character and their minds are doomed to become timid in thought and in creative endeavour.

All this time we have been receiving education on purely

western lines. When this first began, western culture was imbued with a supreme contempt for that of the East. And to this day, consequently, we have been brought up in this contempt. This speaks of internal dissensions within the temple of Mother Saraswati. Her eastern sons kept closed the door leading to the western side for fear of adulteration, and her western sons barred their eastern windows through want of respect. Meanwhile the system of education in India remained, and still remains, absurdly un-Indian, making no adequate provision for our own culture. We have, here, not even anything like the facility which the German student enjoys in Germany, for the study of the lore of Hindu and Moslem. And if we have become conscious of this vital deficiency in our education, that is because of the spirit of the times.

A certain number of us do not admit that our culture has any special features of value. These good people I leave out of account. But the number of those others is not few, who while admitting this value in theory, ignore it more or less in practice. Very often, the flourishing of the banner of this culture is not for the sake of the love of truth but for that of national vain-gloriousness,—like brandishing a musical instrument in athletic display before one's own admiring family, instead of using it to make music.

This section of our people while never neglecting to make proud boast of their country's glory, have an absurdly narrow conception of the ideal in which that glory consists. Their indiscriminate reverence is for the actual, not for the eternal. The habits and customs of our decadence which have set up barriers between us and the world, splitting us into mutually exclusive sections, making us weak and bowing our heads in shame at every turn of our later history,—these are the idols of their special worship, which they endow with endless virtues of their own imagining. They consider it to be their sacred mission to retain in perpetuity the waste matter sloughed off by age, as the true insignia of our Hindu civilisation; to extol the gleam of the will-o-the-wisp, born of the noxious miasma of decay, as more time-hallowed than the light of sun, moon and stars.

Up to now we have not been submitting our own scriptures

to the same critical, historical and scientific tests to which we are accustomed in the case of western lore. As if, everywhere else in the world, the normality of universal law prevails, but the door is barred to it in India, whose history, forsooth, has no beginning and is altogether beyond the province of science! Some god is responsible for its grammar, another for its chemistry, a third for its science of medicine. Everything in this wonderland has been set going, once for all, by the co-operation of gods and sages. What critic can be allowed to pry too curiously into an arrangement of such perfection? That is why even our educated men do not feel any qualms in counting our miraculous myths as integral parts of our history.

Therefore it is reckoned as a sin to enquire into the why and wherefore of what we do as Hindus. The ordinary laws of cause and effect cannot be taken into consideration in the India of the Infallibles, where the injunctions of the *śāstras* are the one cause of all action. So when we debate whether sea-voyage is good or bad, we have to look into our scriptures to find the reply; and if we want to know whether the presence of a particular person in the room will contaminate the water in our vessels, we must go to a pandit for the solution. If we dare to question why the caste, which may handle our milk or our molasses, may not come near our water, or why foreign food should destroy our caste while foreign strong drink apparently does not, our mouths may be stopped, in more senses than one, by a stoppage of all supplies.

It seems to me that one reason for the persistence of these absurdities, even in our educated circles, is, that we reserve western science and method only for our school hours, while the current traditions and beliefs are imbibed at other times when, with our school dress, we have likewise doffed the school habit of precise thinking. They are kept in separate compartments and so never come to a mutual understanding. Thus it is no matter of difficulty for us to believe that only in our class lessons we need to be rational; for the rest, if we be but grammatical, that is enough.

In our greed for immediate political result, we are apt to ascribe the fact of our tendency towards separateness to accidental

circumstances, refusing to see that a code of behaviour, which has not the sanction of reason, and yet has the support of religion, must result in the creation of irreconcilable divisions between men. In reason alone can we have our common meeting ground ; for that which is against reason needs must be peculiar and exclusive, offering constant friction until worn away by the ever-active, rational mind of man. So when, for a body of men, popular custom is artificially protected by a religion which is allowed to usurp the entire range of human knowledge and conduct, it becomes a potent factor in maintaining an immense gap of aloofness and antagonism between closest neighbours.

The evolving Hindu social ideal has never been present to us as a whole, so that we have only a vague conception of what the Hindu has achieved in the past, or can attempt in the future. The partial view, before us at any moment, appears at the time to be the most important, so we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that it is this very aspect which, not only hides from us the true ideal, but tends to destroy it. And we have thus come to imagine a picture of the Hindu Samaj continually bathing, fasting and telling beads, emaciated with doing penance, shrinking into a corner away from the rest of the world.

We forget that Hindu civilisation was once very much alive, crossing the seas, planting colonies, giving to and taking from all the world. It had its arts, its commerce, its vast and strenuous field of work. In its history, new ideas had their scope, social and religious revolutions their opportunity. Its women also, had their learning, their bravery, their place in the civic life. In every page of the Mahábhárata we shall find proofs that it was no rigid, cast-iron type of civilisation. The men of those days did not, like marionettes, play the same set piece over and over again. They progressed through mistakes, made discoveries through experiment, and gained truth through striving. They belonged to a free and varied *samáj*, quick with life, driven into ever new enterprise by its active vigour.

This, however, was a society which orthodoxy to-day would hardly recognise as Hindu, because it was living and had a growth which was revealing its inner unity through outer changes. So the *dharma* of life which thinks and doubts, ac-

cepts and rejects, progresses, changes and evolves, cannot, according to orthodoxy, be a part of the Hindu Dharma. Man shows his mental feebleness when he loses his faith in life because it is difficult to govern, and is only willing to take the responsibility of the dead because they are content to lie still under an elaborately decorated tomb-stone of his own make. We must know that life carries its own weight, while the burden of the dead is heavy to bear,—an intolerable burden which has been pressing upon our country for ages. Can we really believe that with this incubus of social inertness on our bowed back we can cross the pathless wilderness and succeed in reaching the hill-top of political independence?

The fact stands out clearly to-day that the Divinity dwelling within the heart of man cannot be kept immured any longer in the darkness of particular temples. The day of the *Ratha-yātrā*, the Car Festival, has arrived when He shall come out on the highway of the world, into the thick of the joys and sorrows, the mutual commerce, of the throng of men. Each of us must set to work to build such car as we can, to take its place in the grand procession. The material of some may be of value, of others cheap. Some may break down on the way, others last till the end. But the day has come at last when all the cars must set out.

I feel proud that I have been born in this great age. I know that it must take time before we can adjust our minds to a condition which is not only new, but almost exactly the opposite of the old. Let us not imagine the death struggle of the doomed to be a sign of life. Let us announce to the world that the light of the morning has come, not for entrenching ourselves behind barriers, but for meeting in mutual understanding and trust on the common field of co-operation; never for nourishing a spirit of rejection, but for that glad acceptance which constantly carries in itself the giving out of the best that we have.

[Part of this paper was published in "Welfare"]

THIS BEGGAR'S HEART I CANNOT BEAR!

(From the Original of Rabindranath)

That thou shouldst give, shouldst give away,
Has been my thought and prayer every day.
In sorrow's depth, on pleasure's height,
My hands I've stretch'd forth at thy door
 All day and night ;
I've ever thought thou'dst give me more and more,
 For ever more !

And thou hast given, hast given me hour by hour,
Sometimes in constant stream, sometimes a stinted dower,
Sometimes in sudden inundation swift,
 In rain'd shower of gift.
And some I've kept, some flung away, some scatter'd round,
 Some like a net I've wound
 About my hands and feet ;
 In utter heedlessness
I've used in dusty play unmeet
 Thy rich largesse ;
 And some I've left in idleness
 Behind my playroom's door.
Yet thou hast given, hast given me more and more ;—
Thy bounty's chal'ce daily brimmeth o'er.

Thy ceaseless gifts, to-day,
 Too heavy weigh
Upon my aching back.
 Alack,
This beggar's heart that thirsts for evermore,
This endless supplication at thy door,
 I cannot bear !
Despite thy heap'd gifts, how great soc'er,
 For more I hunger :till ;
Thi's restless fever, that hath no reprieve,
 I cannot bear, nor bear to fill
With beggar's alms life's morning and its eve.

Ah, take me, take me utterly, and make me thine, -
 Fulfil this prayer of mine !
Yea, dash my cup of hollow lust
 Upon the dust,
And with the sudden breeze of night
Put out my expectation's trembling light
 That on thy pathway lies ;
Ah, take me, lift me, sweep
 Me from thy bounty's heap
Into the simple blue of thine inornate skies !

Translated by KURUSH CH. SEN

MUSINGS OF A VEDANTIST

By DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE.

Our individual soul has two aspects, subjective and objective. Our subjective soul always remains behind the scenes and only our objective soul appears before us as something which is capable of being grasped by our subjective soul. But although our individual soul presents itself under these two aspects it is absolutely one, not two.

The real subjective soul of the Kaiser appears to him as the Emperor, fighting for the aggrandisement of his country. The real subjective soul of a peasant appears to him as a poor toiler, trying head and heart to acquire sufficient means for the maintenance of himself and his family. The real subjective soul of a so-called mortal man appears to him as confined within his mortal body, as water within a vessel.

No doubt these objective selves are all mere appearances, but they assume the garb of reality to the unawakened subjective self. Hence these appearances come to be erroneously regarded as identical with what the subjective self is in reality. The only purpose, however, which these objective appearances can actually serve, is to provide the only means, available to the subjective self, whereby it can obtain a vision of itself by objectifying itself therein.

My subjective self may thus realise itself in any of such objective appearances. But if it tries to realise itself as Kaiser it can do so only for a short time, and at last meets with a check when the Kaiser is no longer Kaiser but an ordinary man, bemoaning his fate in the land of his exile. If, on the other hand, my subjective self tries to gain an objective vision of itself in such superior personalities as Christ or Buddha, it can go on doing so with perfect freedom, pursuing its course, open-eyed, unhindered by obstacles.

In the language of the Vedānta philosophy, the subjective self is called *jīva*, that is, the individual self, and its highest objective counterpart is called *Brahma*, the self of the universe; and the one great teaching of the Vedānta is that these two selves are one.

Our individual self, in order to see itself truly, has to proceed through the universe of apparent selves to the one absolute real self, *Brahma*—which underlies all and which is the only reality—and thereby grasp itself, gain itself, love itself,—not lose itself, as some imagine,—in this highest Self of the Universe.

Max Muller has come to the conclusion, in the course of his researches into the Vedas, that the word *Brahma* originally meant prayer.

The Rishis, being dissatisfied with the multitude of gods to whom they had to direct their prayers, tried to substitute for these the one and only true God. But they found no god who answered to their expectation so well as did the prayer itself which issued from their very soul.

As this prayer was evoked by the God to whom it was directed, they came to the natural conclusion that their prayer itself was instinct with the God whom it sought and, therefore, they gradually came to identify their prayer, *Brahma*, with the one and only true God to whom it was addressed.

This may well be the history of the Indo-Aryan realisation of the identity of the individual soul with the Supreme Soul of its aspiration.

DADU'S PATH OF SERVICE

By PROF. KSHITI-MOHAN SEN.

Dádú belongs to the series of Indian poet-seers,—which includes Nának, Kavír, Ravidás, Mírá Báí,—who were the outcome of the impact of Islam on Hinduism, and are revered by both Hindu and Moslem to this day. He was born in 1544, and died in 1603, of the Christian era. He made his living by sewing skins into bags for raising water from wells, until eventually he was initiated into the religious life by the *sádhū*, Sundardás. His original name, given to him by his parents, has been lost sight of; nor is there any record of the customary religious name bestowed on him by his *guru*. He used to call everyone "brother" and they in turn affectionately called him *Dádú* (pet name for elder brother) and this name of *Dádú dayál*, the good Dádú, is the one which has come down to us.

Dádú had no book-learning, but his natural genius and the vision gained by his devotion, made him a lover of beauty and a poet. Service has its social and ethical side, expressed in the performance of civic duties and of good works. Religious life takes the form of rigorous discipline, or sacrifice, or penance, for their own sake. But the Path of Service which Dádú pursued was spiritual, that is to say, it was the outward manifestation of the Love of God which filled his heart.

Spiritual emotion finds its expression in works of art, in forms of ceremonial; the urgency of spiritual service finds its outlet in action, the motive force behind which is, not sense of duty, nor self-immolation, but love of God. And so its expression has all the beauty of Art, or Poetry, and is as spontaneous. Man's indwelling Spirit finds at least as good a medium for artistic self-expression in the life he lives, as in the paint or stone with which he works. And the spiritual devotee, like the poet or artist, finds inspiration, not in material wants seeking their satisfaction, but in his hunger after Perfection itself.

The Supreme Spirit takes form in the universe because of its joy in it. There is no compulsion of any necessity. Man attains kindred nature with God—he also is able to create artistically—when he gives expression to his spiritual emotion in service, without reference to any utility, whether for himself or for others. Whenever such expression is narrowed to any purpose, Beauty does not come into being. Dādū views creation as still going on—he has no apprehension of its ever coming to an end—and for him, in the field of service, man's own creation finds eternal scope in love and joy unfathomable.

The devotees of our middle ages were none of them learned men, and they gave novel meanings of their own to the technical terms in use in our philosophy, either because they did not know their technical application, or else because they found that such application did not cover the significance of their own direct experiences.

The terms *Dvaita* and *Advaita* technically signify the duality and identity of Brahma and Creation. But Dādū uses these words to denote the two kinds of communion which man's self holds with the Supreme Self, the differences between which were brought out by the devotee, Ravidās, before him.

Man holds communion with his Divinity in two different ways. In the *dvaita*, he is a suppliant, with nothing to offer, or to create for himself. Such communion is one of necessity or want, not of spiritual expansion. There the worshipper and the worshipped are at best complementary to each other, their essential spiritual unity is not recognised. Nor is such communion permanent; for, his want being satisfied, the worshipper has to come down again to his own material plane, and separation from the Divine is thus inherent in the very act of answer to prayer. In the other, the *advaita*, man surrenders his *self* and has nothing to ask for. In the joy of mutual service the spiritual one-ness of worshipper and worshipped becomes patent. Both are creators and mingle permanently in their creation.

When woman asks for the price of her ministration, she becomes merely handmaid, losing her function of assisting in man's creation; and so in *dvaita*-communion man may obtain grace as the reward of service, but not the thrill of mutual

surrender. When woman knows herself as the companion of her mate, then is she mistress of her lord's heart. Then she gives, but asks not for return; and as mistress she is creator, her love fashioning her home as well as her life in its own beauty. So, likewise, in *adwaita*-communion, the Infinite is made manifest in the service of the worshipper; for, his service is nothing less than the realisation of the identity of his nature with the Divine. On this plane, love and joy gush forth in superabundance, surpassing all need.

And it follows that if, in man's worship, there be any narrowness, or feeling of separateness, or sectarianism,—any element of finitude, then such supreme realisation of service is obstructed. "O Dádú," deploras our Poet, "The *Brahm* in whom all separate things are to find unity,—even Him they have divided amongst their separate sects. Casting aside the living God, they have tied into bundles their own ignorance."¹ Then again: "Each of them are ensconced in their enclosures of sect or caste, but the heart of Dádú, the servant of the Almighty, is not filled within these narrow bounds."²

When they ask him: "Is it then so easy to comprehend the All in its vastness?" Dádú replies: "It rather requires overmuch intellect to maintain so many distinctions,—they are beyond my simple mind." And he adds: "Look on the Supreme Soul and you will find all souls to be one; they are different only if you cannot look beyond their differently coloured bodies."³ We have no eyes until we catch sight of the supreme Truth; only till then are we kept bound to sects, unable to attain the Bondless."⁴

"But," they object, "each one follows some particular path or other; where is the example of salvation being gained by this universal path of yours, devoid of all distinctions?" Whereupon

¹ Khanda khanda kari Brahmakó paccha paccha liyá kánta,
Dádú jivata Brahma téji bharamaki gánta.

² Apani apani jātisón saba kói baisai pānti,
Dádú sēwaka Rāmaká tákó nāhi bharānti.

³ Pūrana Brahma bichāriye sakala ātmā ēka,
Kāyāké guna dēkhiyē nānā barana anēka.

⁴ Sāucha na sūjhai jaba lagá tābalaga lōchana nāhin,
Dádú nihabandha chādi kari bandhā hōi pakha māhin.

Dádú answers them : "Great nature itself, and all great men are on my side. What cult do they pursue—earth and sky, water and wind, day and night, sun and moon? What creed was followed by Mahomed, tell me, or by Gabriel? To what sect did they belong? Who but Allah himself was their Guru or Saint? The invisible God alone is the World Teacher, there is none else."5

Self, according to Dádú, melts away when immersed in the depths of true Service. The good housewife lurks in the background, while the household is alive and fulfilled with her loving activity. God keeps hidden away behind the veil, even in the tiniest dew-drop, but is manifest throughout the Universe in the vastness of his service. "O God," cries Dádú. "Teach me to be like thee, mindful of service, forgetful of self.6 Teach me to rejoice in thee as thou rejoicest in me, in the grand *durbar* of our communion, for ever and ever."7

The worshipper he exhorts thus : "Do you hesitate, O servant, fearing that you have nothing of value to offer? Offer up yourself, in reverence, as you are; no other thought need trouble you, for *that* is to be like the Master. Let your striving be as is the striving of the Master, for then will your song be attuned to His. Let your service be as the service of the Master, for then will you taste of the true joy of mutual service;8—not the reward of a servant, but the eternal bliss of fellowship in creation."

Yé saba hói kisa panthamén dharati aru asamána,
 Páni pawana diu rataká chanda súra Rahimána.
 Mahammada thé kisa panthamén Gibraila kisa ráha,
 Inaké murasida práko kahivé éka Aláha.
 Yé saba kisaké hói rahé vaha méré mana máhuu,
 Alakha Iláhi jagataguru dúja kói náliu.

6 Séwaka bisarai ápakó séwá bisari na jái,
 Dádú páchhi Rámaké só tatwa kahó samujhái.

7 Dádú jabalaga kóna hai tabalaga séwaka hói,
 Akhamlita séwa éka rasa Dádú séwaka sói.
 Séwaka Sami ba a kiyá saunpá saba paribára,
 Tabá Sálíba séwá karai séwakaké darabára.

8 Séwaka séwá kari darai hamaté kachu na hói,
 Tú hao taif bandagi kari auro na jánai kói.
 Sami sarikhá sumirana kījai Sami sarikhá gáwai,
 Sami sarikhá séwa kījai taba séwaka-sukha páwai.

THE SACRED THREAD OF THE HINDUS

By PANDIT VIDHUSHEKHARA BHATTACHARYA.

One of the several sanctifying ceremonies (*samskāras*) through which a member of the upper three classes of the Indo-Aryan community should pass, is *Upanayana*—‘leading near’—i.e., leading the pupil to the teacher (for education). Apastamba says in his *Dharmasūtra* (I. I. 9)—“*Upanayana* is the Vedic sanctifying ceremony for one who would have education.” In performing it, the young student is invested with an *Uṇṇvīta* or *Yajñōṇṇvīta* which has, from a remote past, acquired the sense of a thread, better known as ‘the sacred thread’.

But does the word *uṇṇvīta* really mean a thread? Judged by its derivation, the answer would be in the negative. For, the word (which we come across first in the *Vājasaneyi-Samhitā*, XVI, 17) is derived from the root *vyé* or *vyá*, ‘to cover’ or ‘to wrap’, with prefix *upa* and suffix *ta* (past participle).¹ Thus, as it is derived from a root which means ‘to cover’ or ‘to wrap’, it should signify a thing which covers or wraps. Hence it is quite clear that the original meaning of the word cannot be a cord or thread, which cannot cover or wrap anything.

Then what does it denote? Let us refer here to the following from the *Taittirīya Aranyaka* (II. 1. 1):

Successfully fulfilled is the sacrifice of him who puts on a *yajñōṇṇvīta*.

Unsuccessfully fulfilled is (the sacrifice) of him who does not put on an *uṇṇvīta*.

Whatever a Bráhmāna reads, wearing a *yajñōṇṇvīta*, it verily amounts to sacrifice.

Hence for the successful fulfilment of a sacrifice one should read, sacrifice, or assist at a sacrifice, only whilst clad in a *yajñōṇṇvīta*.²

1. Mr. Tilak in *The Orion* (1st ed. 1893, 2nd impression 1916, p. 126) in which this subject has been scholarly dealt with, wrongly derives it from root *vé* ‘to weave’. Mr. T. R. Amalnerkar (*Note on the yajñōṇṇvīta*, 1910, p. 7. 23) made the same mistake, at once following in the footsteps of and misunderstanding his predecessor.

2. Mark here that there is actually no difference between *uṇṇvīta* and *yajñōṇṇvīta* (see the words *anupavītin* and *yajñōṇṇvītin* in the text). By the addition of *yajña* is simply meant an *Uṇṇvīta* for *Yajña*. The word *yajña* denotes here a sacrifice or other such sacred rite. For a different meaning of *yajñōṇṇvīta* (viz., ‘the *Uṇṇvīta* of *Yajña*’) see *The Orion*, p. 145.

Originally this *upavīta* or *yajñōpavīta* was evidently nothing but a skin or piece of cloth, put on in a particular manner as an upper garment, and worn as a ceremonial robe. For, the same text proceeds to say :

Lifting the right arm and keeping down the left, (if) one puts on a skin or piece of cloth from the right side of the body (over the left shoulder), then this (skin or cloth so worn) is (called) *yajñōpavīta*.³

Garments are classified as : *antariya* or lower, and *uttariya* or upper. For the purposes of the *Upanayana* ceremony, the lower garment of the pupil is the usual piece of cloth, while the upper garment may be made either of cloth, or skin, or blanket (*Āpastamba-Dharmasūtra* I. 3. 8).⁴ Any of these three kinds of upper robe, worn in the manner prescribed, as above, is *upavīta*; and as such robe is used in performing *yajña*, 'sacrifice' or other like solemn functions, it is also called *yajñōpavīta*.

There were, naturally, different ways in which the upper garment might be put on, according to which it was differently termed :

(i) As already noted, when the garment passes underneath the right arm and rests on the left shoulder,

3. Text *Upavītya*; the root *vyē* means the wearing of a garment in such a way that it wraps the body or a particular part of it. The prefix *upa*, 'near' when used with this verb gives the significance of 'nearly wrapping' as opposed to 'completely wrapping.' So a piece of cloth can be called *Upavīta* only when it partially covers the body. Compare here the use of another verb in Sanskrit generally meaning 'to wear' from root *vas*;—"*charmāni vāstrān*" (Manu II. 41). It literally means to *wrap*, but secondarily to *wear*. It is not the skins which are to be wrapped, but the body; the wrapping being done by the skins. Similarly, *Upavīta* literally means 'something nearly wrapped,' but in the Sanskrit idiom it means a thing like cloth with which something is nearly wrapped.

For illustrations, see *Buddhist Art in India* P. 173, plate 121.

Also, *Indische Plastik* P. 137.

4. The upper garment was made of hemp, linen or wool according as it was meant for Brāhmana, Kshatriya or Vaisya. Brown-red, red, and yellow were the respective colours for these three classes. The skin for the upper garment could be that of black antelope, or of spotted deer, or of goat, in accordance with the class order. Sometimes cow-hide was also used by Vaisyas (*Varishtha* XI 63; *Pāraskara* 11. 5. 19) and by other classes too (*Ibid*, 20). Or, again, all could use blanket (*Āpastamba-Dharmasūtra* 1. 3. 7-8) or woollen cloth. In the school of *Āpastamba* the custom was to wear skin only (*Ibid*, 1-3-10). In order to avoid prolixity the minor and immaterial differences are not given here.

For details and other authorities the reader is referred to *Manu* (SBE. 11. 41) *Vṛamitrōdaya*, Chankhamba Sanskrit Series (*Samskāra-prakāśa*, part II) pp. 410 ff.; *Smṛticandrikā*, Mysore Government Oriental Library Series, 1914. part I, pp. 74-76; *Pārāsara-Samhitā*, Bombay S. Series, 1893, Vol. I part II, pp. 31 ff.; *The Gṛhyasūtras* (SBE., Vols. XXIX, XXX).

thus covering all the upper part of the body except the right shoulder and the right arm, it is called *upavīta*.

- (ii) But when it is worn in the opposite manner, *i.e.*, when it passes underneath the left arm and rests upon the right shoulder, covering the upper part of the body with the exception of the left shoulder and the left arm, it is *prāchīnavīta*.
- (iii) When it hangs round the neck,⁵ falling over both the shoulders, it is called *nivīta*.⁶
- (iv) When it is suspended down the navel, it is termed *adhōvītam*.⁷
- (v) When suspended from both the shoulders under both the arms, it is *samvīta*.

Among these, reference is more usually made to the first three: *Upavīta* being used on auspicious occasions, such as the *Upanayana* ceremony, and all kinds of divine service; *prāchīnavīta* in rites relating to *pitris* or ancestors; and *nivīta* in the performance of ordinary domestic duties. (*Taittirīya Samhitā* II. 5. 11. 1). We are, however, concerned here only with the *upavīta*.

Now the first explanation of the word *upavīta*, as found in the *Aranyaka* alluded to, clearly shows that, in the beginning skin was used for this upper robe. Then cloth was gradually introduced. This use of cloth or of leather for the *upavīta* is found also in the Parsi community, though in a slightly different form. The *sudara* (Gujrati *sadare*, Persian *sudarah*, and Pehlevi *shapik*) is nothing but the Brahmanic *upavīta*. It was made of cloth, of hide from which the fur was stripped, of wool, of hair, of cotton, of dyed silk, of bark, of hemp, or of wood-fibre. (*Shāyast and La-Shyast*, IV. 2—9, SBE Vol. V. p. 286).

5. According to some, it is *Uchikābandha* (the two ends being twisted), while others say it is *parikara-bandha* (girding up the loins or tying round the waist). See Śāyana on the *Taittirīya Samhitā* II. 5. 11. 1, and *The Orion* pp. 147 ff. and the passages quoted therein from Kumārila's *Tantravartikā* III. 4. 2, Mādhava's *Jaiminīyā-nyāyamāda-vivāda* III. 4. 1.

6. *Taittirīya Aranyaka* II. 1. *Manu* II. 63; *Gōbhila-Gṛhyasūtra* I. 8. 5-9.

7. *Baudhāyana-Dharmasūtra* I. 8. 5. 8. The commentator, Gōvinda-svāmin, identifies it with the *Samvīta* of the *Taittirīya Aranyaka*, II. 1.

As worn at present, the *sadara* is a muslin shirt with short sleeves and a very small pocket at the opening in front of it, called *girībān* or *kissai karfa*, 'the pocket for good deeds.' A faithful Parsi must look at the *girībān* while putting on the *sadara*, and ask himself if it is full of good deeds. The shirt does not reach lower than the hips. This size corresponds to that of the *upavīta* which, according to the authors of the *Grihyasūtras*, should not reach lower than the navel.

It may be noted here, in passing, that the *upavīta* of the Hindus is sometimes wrongly identified with the *kósti* (Avestic *aixyaonhana*) the sacred girdle of the Parsis. But truly speaking, this *kósti* corresponds to the *mékhalá*, girdle, of the Hindus, which seems to be more important than the *upavīta* in the *Upanayana* ceremony, and of which we shall have occasion to speak again.

So we see that the *upavīta*, in former days, was nothing but an upper garment, in which it was considered proper to robe oneself on auspicious occasions. Thus, when a boy is going through his *Upanayana* (or initiation) ceremony, he is enjoined to be thus properly clad. Wearing the *yajñōpavīta*, he should sit to the south of the teacher (*Īriranyakēsi-Grihyasūtra* 1. 1. 2. 6). Not only on occasion of the *Upanayana*, but also during other auspicious, sacred, or solemn functions, such as, says Apastamba in his *Dharmasūtra* (1. 5. 15. 1), "when one formally presents oneself before superiors, or elders, or guests, or has to recite *mantras*, or to read the sacred texts, or to take food, or to sip water", one should put on *yajñōpavīta*. To perform any of such acts without being in proper costume, is naturally looked upon as indecorous. Góbhila has enjoyed ceremonial robing as compulsory, in the very beginning of his *Grihyasūtra* (I. 1. 2) saying that the ceremonies prescribed by him should be performed by one wearing a *yajñōpavīta*.

It was not, as is sometimes supposed, that the *upavīta* conferred on the wearer any particular status, for its use was enjoined even on those whose fitness or status cannot be questioned. For example, in the *Īriranyakēsi Grihyasūtra* (I. 1. 22) the priest Brahman is required to make (*i.e.*, wear) a *yajñōpavīta*.

But with the lapse of time the object of wearing this *upavīta*, of skin cloth or blanket, was lost sight of, and a thread, better known to us as 'the sacred thread', came into use in place of the ceremonial robe. This was in the days of the *Sūtras*.⁸ Gradually other substitutes were also introduced. Says Góbhila (*Grihyasūtra* I. 2. 1): "One takes as *yajñōpavīta* a string (*sūtra*), or cloth (*vastra*), or simply a cord made of *kusa* grass." The cord could be made, not only of *kusa* grass, but also of hemp, the hair of a cow's tail (*góbāla*), the bark of a tree, or *muñja* or other grass.

But though, in course of time, the thread took the place, as *upavīta*, of the skin or cloth robe, yet the latter could not be discarded all at once, and consequently they all (skin, cloth, and thread) came into use, apparently under a confusion. As regards importance, however, according to present custom, the thread now reigns supreme as *upavīta*.

There is one thing which should be of interest in this connexion. The sacred thread, which now plays such an important part in the Hindu community, has a very insignificant place in the ritual of the *Upanayana*. For, in the majority of the *Grihyasūtras* there is nothing laid down about it in the rites. Nor is there any mention of it in the *Satapatha Brāhmaṇa* (XI 5. 3. 11. ff) where the rites of *Upanayana* are first described. The only mention of it, in connexion with the rituals, is in the *Grihyasūtras* of *Sāṅkhāyana* (II. 2. 3.) and *Baudhāyana* (II. 5. 7). Mr. Tilak (*The Orion*, p. 145) appears to add to the above *Pāraskara-Grihyasūtra*, II. 2. 11. But on the authority of the commentators themselves,—Karka, Jayarāma, Harihara and Gadādhara,—this *sūtra* (beginning with *yajñōpavītam paramam pavitram...*) is not a genuine one, and is apparently an interpola-

8. *Āpastamba-Dharmasūtra* II. 2. 4. 21-22: "Always a piece of upper cloth (*uttaram vāsa-upavīta*) is to be worn, or a thread, for *upavīta*."

R̥gveda-samhitā (as quoted by Śāyana in the commentary on the *Pāraskara-samhitā*, Bombay S. Series Vol. I. part II, p. 361): "Or one should take two pieces of cloth for *Yajñōpavīta* or in default thereof it is to be made with a threefold cord."

Nigamaparīśiṣṭa (quoted in the *Vṛtamitrodaya* Ch. S. S., *Samskāra-prakāśa* part II, p. 415): "One should make a *Yajñōpavīta* with a piece of cloth or in default thereof with string or rope made of *muñja* grass, *kusa* grass, hemp or the bark of a tree."

tion made by a later hand, in conformity with what the commentators have explained.⁹

It can therefore be said that, had there been any peculiar religious sanctity or importance attached to the *yājñōpavīta*, other than what the prescribed costume on such occasions would naturally have, the majority of the ancient works would not have omitted to enjoin its use in the rituals connected with the *Upanayana* ceremony. But we all know, and shall observe later, what great importance and sanctity it has gradually assumed.

It appears that, in the earliest times, the use of the *upavīta* was not constant, but it became so gradually. It seems to have been, at first, put away after the performance of each function. But as the number of occasions at which it was enjoined grew more and more multifarious, it must have been found tedious at every step to put on and take off such cumbrous robe. The *sūtra* of Apastamba, already quoted, alone gives us a sufficient indication of the numerous and varied functions regarded as being sacred or solemn enough to demand the wearing of the *upavīta*—to wit, paying respects to people, reading sacred texts or repeating *mantras*, or even taking food and drink.

It can be easily imagined what discomfort it would mean to keep on throughout the day, and even during part of the night, a heavy wrapper of skin, or cloth, or blanket, in the hot climate of India. This difficulty undoubtedly necessitated a lighter substitute which was the thread, and the use of which thus gradually came to supersede the former permanently.

9. Karka says "According to the well-known custom (*prasiddhi*), at this time (when the pupils are to robe themselves) they desire *yājñōpavīta*."

Jayarāma observes: "As the custom (*āchāra*) stands, on such occasions both skin (*ajina*) and *yājñōpavīta* are to be offered. There is no anomaly in this; on the contrary a *mantra* in an *Upasākhā* supports the wearing of a *yājñōpavīta*."

Harihara and Gadādhara remark here, with a wealth of argument, that though the author of the *sūtras* (i.e., Pāraskara) has not mentioned the putting on of *yājñōpavīta*, it should be done here.

It is thus perfectly clear that the *sūtra* in question is a later addition, and so is not to be found in all the manuscripts. Therefore in the edition prepared through the help of the late Maharaja of Ilatia, it is put in parenthesis. The Venkatesvara Press edition has done the same; while in the edition of the 'Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes' Leipzig, 1876, this *sūtra* has been omitted altogether. Its English translation in the SBE also omits it.

This latter constant use (see *Āpastamba-Grihyasūtra* II. 2. 4. 11; *Chāndōgya-parisista*=*Karmapradīpa* I. 1. 4) of the *upavīta* by the Hindus may be compared with that of the *sadara* and *kōstī* by the Parsis, who are never allowed to part with them. In the Vendidad (XVIII. 53—59) we read :

Once the holy Sraosha asked Druj (Skt. *Druh*), the demon : "O thou wretched, worthless Druj ! who is the fourth of those fiends of thine?"

Druj answered : "O holy, well-formed Sraosh ! This one is my fourth fiend who, either man or woman, being more than fifteen years of age, walks without wearing the sacred girdle and the sacred shirt. At the fourth step, we Daevas at once wither him even to the tongue and the marrow, and he goes thenceforth with power to destroy the word of Righteousness, and he destroys it like the *Yatus* (sorcerers) and *Zandas* (apostles of Ahriman)".

It may be noted here that the age limit for investiture with the *upavīta* (sacred robe) and the *mēkhalā* (sacred girdle) in the case of the Hindus and, in the case of the Parsis, with the *sadara* (sacred shirt) and the *kōstī* (sacred girdle), is very nearly the same. Among the Brāhmanas the *Upanayana* ceremony, at which time the pupil first wears an *upavīta*, must be performed before the sixteenth year (*Baudhāyana Grihyasūtra* II. 5. 2. 3; *Manu* II. 36—40). If the age is counted beginning from the time of conception by the mother, the sixteenth year becomes the fifteenth. For the purpose of *Upanayana* such counting of age from the time of conception is well-known (*Grihyasūtras*, *Baudhāyana* II. 5. 2 : *Manu* II. 36). For the Indo-Iranian custom, cf. *Sud. Dar.* XLVI 1 (SBE Vol. XXIV p. 309).

In the above extract from the Vendidad, we notice that, in the Iranian community, men as well as women are supposed to wear *sadara* and *kōstī*, which custom is still kept up by the modern Parsis. In the Hindu community, the use of *upavīta* and *mēkhalā* by women has for long been discontinued; but there is no doubt that for them, too, these ceremonial robes were once customary, amongst the Aryans.

According to *Hārītasmṛiti* XX. 23 (quoted by Śāyana in his commentary on the *Parāsara-samhitā*, Bombay S. S. Vol. I Part II, p. 82) girls are divided into two classes :

Brahma-vādinīs, or those who read, or discourse on, the Brahmanas or the Vedas; and *Sadyōvadhūs*, or those who are presently to become wives, that is to say, for whom marriage is duly in contemplation. Maidens of both the classes were entitled, like boys, to *Upanayana*, and hence also had to wear the *upavīta*.

Brahma-vādinīs were required to perform all the duties prescribed for a *Brahmachārin*, such as to study the Vedas (*svādhāya*), to offer fuel to the sacred fire (*samid-ādihāna*) and to secure food by begging (*bhikshācharyā*). Unlike the boys, however, the girls were allowed to beg only from their dwelling places. The *Brahma-vādinīs* lived till their death an unmarried life, devoting themselves to higher religious studies and sometimes leading a strict ascetic life. The celebrated Gārgī in the *Bṛihadāranyaka Upanishad*, Sulabhā in the *Mahābhārata*, Sabarī in the *Rāmāyana*, and Atreyī in Bhavabhūti's *Uttara-Rāmacharita*—are all *Brahma-vādinīs*. They are also termed *naisthika-brahmachārini* and *kaumāra-brahmachārini*.

As regards the *sadyōvadhūs*, the *Upanayana* ceremony being over, they were given some instruction in the Vedas, but were more especially taught secular subjects, by their fathers, or their brothers, but not by outsiders. Thereafter they were given away in marriage. It should be mentioned that they too were to practise *brahmacharyā*. To this class, I believe, belonged the renowned Maitreyī, the beloved wife of Yājñavalkya, in the *Bṛihadāranyaka Upanishad*, and many other women whose duty it was to repeat accurately the Vedic *mantras* in the different sacrificial ceremonies to be performed jointly with their husbands.

But the practice of formal initiation for education, and ceremonial robing, in the case of women, became obsolete in course of time. Even Śāyana, while interpreting Yama's statement about this practice among women, could not accept it. He simply says: "it prevailed in some previous cycle of

10. *Purdkaṭhē kumarīndm maunī-bandhanamishyatē,
Adhyāpanam cha Vedāndm Savitṛi-vachanam lalhit.*

Quoted under the name of Yama by Śāyana in the commentary on the *Parasara-samhitā* BSS. p. 83.

creation (*Purá-kalpa*); it cannot be accepted in the cycle in which we live." But, unfortunately, Sáyana seems to have failed to grasp here the true significance of the term *purá-kalpa*, which Vátsyáyana, in his commentary on the *Nyáyasútra* (II. 1. 64), clearly explains as an injunction practised traditionally.¹¹

The use of *upavíta* by Aryan women in former times may also be shewn from the following: In giving details of rituals in a marriage ceremony, Gobhila (II. 1. 19) lays down as follows: "Leading on (from the house to the sacred fire) the bride, who is wrapped in a *yajñóparvita* (*Pravritám yajñóparvítinim*), he (the husband) utters the following: "*Soma...etc.*" Here it is clear enough that the bride should be wearing a *yajñóparvita*.

The phrase *pravritá yajñóparvítiní* may mean either (i) that the bride should be wrapped in an upper garment in such a way (as already described) that when thus dressed she could be regarded as clad in a *yajñóparvita*; or (ii) that her body being wrapped in her own dress, she should, in addition, wear a *yajñóparvita*. Of these the first explanation seems the more reasonable, and is supported by Haradatta's commentary on the *Apastamba-Grihyasútra* (II. 8. 19. 15). But in either case, as we see, the bride must be robed in a *yajñóparvita*.

The only further question which arises is, whether this *yajñóparvita* was, in the case of women, a ceremonial robe, or a sacred thread? The orthodox interpreter would fight against the latter meaning. But the truth is that in the days of Gobhila both robe and thread were in use as *yajñóparvita* (*Grihyasútra* I. 2. 1). Either of the two, therefore, may be meant here; but, judging from the context (*pravritá*), 'robe' may perhaps be regarded as the better interpretation. Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that the above *sútra* of Gobhila is positive evidence as to the use of *yajñóparvita* by Indo-Aryan women in ancient times.

As the original *raison d'être* of *mákhala* or *kósti*, and *upavíta* or *sadara*, came to be forgotten, undue traditional impor-

11. He gives an example, quoting the following line from a certain *Bráhmaṇa*: "Therefore, formerly the *Bráhmaṇas* praised therewith the chanting of the *Saman* called *bahispávamāna*".

Sabara-svāmin (*Mīmāṃsā-sútra* II. 1, 33), too, gives an example: 'the former ones came with firebrands.'

tance became attached to them in both the Hindu as well as the Parsi communities.

The ceremonial girdle of a Bráhmaṇ consists of a triple cord made of *mūñja* or *kusa* grass, with one, or three, or five knots. Now, what is the idea of its being triple, with a definite number of knots? It has been said that the three strings of the cord symbolise the three Vedas, the knots representing the works auxiliary to them (*i.e.*, Vedāṅgas and Upanishads). Thus a person who has put on the sacred girdle should conceive himself to be enveloped by all these holy influences. This is what is said under the name of Asvalāyana in the *Vīramitrodaya* (*Saṃskāra-prakāśa* Part II) p. 432.

The *kósti* of the Parsis is also a triple cord, with four knots. The three rounds of the cord represent *humata* 'good thoughts', *huktha* 'good words' and *hvaesta* 'good deeds.' And the four knots propitiate the four elements—fire, air, earth and water. Besides we read in the *Saddar* IX 69—13 (SBE Vol. XXIV pp. 269-270) :

And those four knots with which they tie it on, are on this account, that it may give four attestations. The first knot is that which preserves constancy, and gives attestation as to the existence, unity, purity and matchlessness of the Sacred Being, the good and the propitious. The second knot is that which gives attestation that it is the good religion of the Mazda-worshippers which is the word of the Sacred Being. The third knot is that which gives attestation as to the apostleship and mission in Spitaman, the just Zaratust. The fourth knot is that which adduces more pleasantly, gives assurance and openly accepts, that I should think of good, speak of good, and do good.

As regards the comparatively modern *yajñasūtra*, the present-day sacrificial thread of the Hindus, it is likewise made of a threefold string, consisting of nine threads twisted together with a peculiar knot. In order to increase its sanctity, each of these nine threads has been connected with something divine. So it is said (in *Grihyasāgraha* 11. 49—51) that the first thread belongs to Onkāra, the second to Agni, the third to Nága, the fourth to Sōma, the fifth to the *Pitris*, the sixth to Prajāpati, the seventh to the Vasus, the eighth to Yama, and the ninth to all the gods.

The same work goes on to ask (II. 52) : 12

By whom was the thread produced?

By whom was it made threefold?

• By whom was the knot on it made?

And by whom was it sanctified with a *mantra*?

The answer follows :

The thread was produced by Brahmá.

It was made threefold by Vishnu.

The knot was made by Rudra.

And it was sanctified with a *mantra* by Sávitṛ.

There are also rules laid down in later works as regards (a) how long the sacred thread should be for persons belonging to different schools of the Vedas; (b) how many should be put on at a time by different individuals; (c) how the thread is to be made, —by whom and with the aid of what *mantras*. Rules are also laid down as to the persons who are to be the first to spin the thread.

This, then, is a brief account of the origin and history of 'the sacred thread' to which such great importance is now attached by the orthodox Hindu community.

12. For another story regarding the origin of 'the sacred thread' see *Vṛamitródaya*, pp. 419-420.

The work of purifying conduct through outward form and habitual and seemly regulation of expression, manner and action, is the lowest of the many services which the artistic sense has done to humanity, and yet how wide is the field it covers and how important and indispensable have its workings been to the progress of civilisation !

MUHARRAM IN PERSIA.

(Some notes on its mysteries and ceremonies)

By Prof. L. BOGDANOV.

Muharram, literally meaning "forbidden" or "sacred," is the first month of the Musulman lunar year. Its first ten days are devoted by the Shí'ahs to lamentations over the martyrdom of Huseyn, the second son of Alí and Fátimah, which event happened in the place named Kerbelá in 61 A. H.

The observance of the mourning days of the month of Muharram forms one of the basic differences between the Shí'ahs and the Sunnis, the latter considering only the 10th day of that month to be a holiday, and that for the reason, that, according to the traditions, Adam was created by God on that particular day.

For a clear comprehension of the ceremonies of the month of Muharram, a few words must be said with regard to the other fundamental differences between the Shí'ahs and the Sunnis.

The word "shí'ah" means "followers": *shí'atu 'alíyin*—the partisans of Ali, the cousin of the Prophet and the husband of his daughter Fátimah. They consider him to be the first *imám* and the only rightful *khalífah*, and only to him they apply the title of the "Commander of the Faithful" (*amír al-mu'minín*), whereas Abu-Bekr, 'Umar and 'Uthmán, not to speak of the later Caliphates, are considered by them as mere usurpers. They also call themselves *imámiyah*, saying, that Islám consists in the recognition of the true *imám*, i.e., the rightful spiritual guide of the faithful; hence, also, another name under which they are known: *ithná-ashariyah*—the Adherents of the Twelve—from the 12 *imáms* recognised by them as rightful. The Sunnis call them *rásidhí* or heretics, whereas the Shí'ahs generally call themselves simply *Musulmán*, avoiding the application of that name to any of the other sects of Islám, which are all known among the Shí'ahs under the scornful appellation: *'umari*—adherents of 'Umar.

The dissent vaguely felt amongst the followers of the Prophet even during his lifetime, burst forth with a great strength after his death. The stumbling block was the succession of Abu-Bekr, the father-in-law of the Prophet, when, according to the Shí'ahs, Alí was the rightful successor to the caliphate. They assert that Alí had been appointed by the Prophet as successor to himself, on the strength of a direct revelation from God. To support the notion, that the power ought to have remained with the house of the Prophet, Ch. II, v. 118, of the Qur'án is quoted by the Shí'ahs, which says :

And the Lord tried Abraham with words, and he fulfilled them fully; said (unto him the Lord): I will make thee chief above men! said he: and of my progeny? said (the Lord): my covenant shall not be extended upon the evil ones!

According to the Shí'ah teachings, this verse shows, that the imamate or the caliphate is an institution based on revelation, and that the right thereto belongs exclusively to the descendants of Abraham, viz., to the house of Quraish, which is not denied by the Sunnis either. The Shí'ah theologians, however, interpret the words: *lá yunálu 'ahdī-z-zálimín*—my covenant shall not be extended upon the evil ones,—as meaning, that the office of a *khalífah* can be held only by a man free from sin and unable to commit any sinful deeds. Hence the chief fundamental dogma of the Shí'ah creed is that of the primordial creation of Alí. According to the Shí'ah tradition, the Prophet says, that "the Almighty created him together with Alí, Fátimah, Hasan and Huseyn before the creation of Adam, when there was neither sky nor earth, neither light nor darkness, neither sun nor moon, neither heaven nor hell." That tradition, as well as many other traditions quoted by the Shí'ahs in support of their dogmas, is repudiated by the Sunnis.

After the death of 'Umar the caliphate was offered to Alí on the condition of his recognising the Sunní interpretation of the Qur'án and of the traditions. That condition was not accepted by the Commander of the Faithful, and 'Uthmán was elected *khalífah*. In 35 A. H. 'Uthmán was murdered and Alí succeeded finally to the caliphate. The Arab commander of the army, Mu'áwiyah, who was at that moment in Syria, laid

claim to the caliphate. Alí was murdered in Qúfah. His son Hasan was to succeed, but he abdicated of his own accord in favour of Mu'áwiyah, on the condition, that he would be the next in succession. Yet, after the death of Mu'áwiyah, his own son Yezíd usurped the caliphate, and it is from the moment of the latter's succession to the throne of the *khalífahs*, that the dissent takes the form preserved up to the present day.

The Shí'ahs recognise as *imáms*, i.e., as rightful successors to the caliphate, the following 12 persons : Alí, Hasan, Huseyn, Alí-Zeyn-ul-'Abidín, Muhammed Báqir, Ja'far as-Sádiq, Músá-Kázim, Alí-Rizá, Muhammed-Taquí, Alí-Naqi, Hasan-'Askari and Muhammed-Mehdí; the last, according to the traditions, not having died, but disappeared, in 260 A.H., somewhere near Baghdad. It is a belief of the Shí'ahs, that he is still alive and shall appear in due time in order to assert his claims to the supremacy in the Musulman world, hence his usual surname *Mehdí-i-muntazar*—Mehdí the Expected. Owing to the continuing absence of the *imám*, who is the sole spiritual guide of the community, the Shí'ahs regulate their life according to the decisions of learned divines, called *mujtahids*.

The Shí'ah creed became the established religion of Persia with the ascension to its throne of the first ruler of the Safaví dynasty, Sháh Isma'íl' in 907 A. H. (1502 A. D.). And the eager acceptance of the Shí'ah creed by the Persians is supposed to have its source in the racial antagonism between the original Aryan population and the Semitic conquerors of the land.

'Umar, the conqueror of Persia and the destroyer of its original political organization, could hardly have inspired the Persians with any friendly feelings towards his own person, whereas Huseyn, the youngest son of the daughter of the Prophet and husband of the last Sasanian King's daughter,—Bíbf-Shahrbánú, or Umm-Leyla, as she was called by the Arabs,—was on the one hand, a rightful heir to the caliphate conformably to the ingrained Persian notions of succession to the throne by birthright, on the other hand, through his marriage with the daughter of Yezdegird he seemed to have contributed to a certain extent to the restoration of the extinct native dynasty. Thus,

the nine *imáms* after him, besides being the spiritual chiefs of the Islamic community, are also, in the eyes of the Persians, scions of their own Iranian Kings.

There is no doubt, that the conception of dynastic succession to the throne as a divine institution, peculiar to the Persians and most strongly emphasized especially in the time of the Sasanians, was one of the chief stimuli which led them to side with the Shí'ah party, whilst the plan of appointing *khulífahs* by election, peculiar to the democratic organisation of the Arabs, could not have appealed to the minds of the conquered Iranians.

The historical circumstances which attended on the tragic events of Kerbelá were, in brief, as follows.

Soon after the ascension to the throne by Yezíd, son of Mu'áwiyah, Huseyn, who at that time happened to be in Mecca, received from the people of Qúfah a secret message, informing him of an insurrection against the Umayyads being prepared there and requesting him to take over the supreme command of the army of the faithful. Yezíd, however, was kept equally well informed of the state of things, and before Huseyn could reach Qúfah, the mild governor of that city had already been ousted from his office and his place taken by 'Ubaydullah ibn Ziyád, a former governor of Basrah, who cunningly succeeded in provoking a premature rising which could be easily suppressed in its inception.

The position of Huseyn thereupon became rather equivocal. When approaching the precincts of Qúfah, he was met by a detachment sent by 'Ubaydullah with orders to seize him. Huseyn addressed the soldiers declaring himself to be the rightful *khalfah* and enjoining submission on them. The commander of the detachment, al-Hurr, answered that his orders were to bring Huseyn alive to Qúfah, but that Huseyn was at liberty to go there of his own accord.

This encounter took place on the 1st of Muharram 61 A. H. (680 A. D.). The next day orders were received by al-Hurr to take Huseyn and his companions to some desert place, where there was neither town, nor fortification, and to keep them there until the Syrian troops should arrive to seize them. Meanwhile 4000 Syrians were sent by 'Ubaydullah under the command of

'Umar ibn Sa'd, who personally was very much against attacking Huseyn, whom he considered to be the rightful *khalifah*.

On the arrival of these troops, Huseyn declared to their commander that he had come at the request of the people of Qúfah, but since the people of Qúfah did not want him, he wished to return to Mecca. The pious 'Umar ibn Sa'd was very much impressed by these words. 'Ubaydullah, however, sent him orders to stand with his troops between the camp of Huseyn and the Euphrates.

The place, where the camp of Huseyn was thus cut off from water, bore the name of Kerbela. "*Kerb u belá*—grief and sorrow!" exclaimed Huseyn on hearing this name. However, he again made an attempt to negotiate with 'Umar ibn Sa'd, promising him to return forthwith to Mecca, which proposal the latter was on the point of accepting, when the wicked Shimr—*Shimr-i-mal'ún*, Shimr the accursed, as he is called by the Persians—gave orders in the name of 'Ubaydullah to have Huseyn seized without any further parley. He also assumed the supreme command of the troops and issued orders to have 'Umar ibn Sa'd put to death should the latter refuse to comply with his instructions.

Six more days thus went by. In the meantime, on the eve of the 10th of Muharram, 'Umar ibn Sa'd advanced with his troops and informed Huseyn of the orders received from 'Ubaydullah. Huseyn asked to be allowed to think it over until the next morning. During the night, Huseyn's sister Zeynab came in tears to his tent, bewailing the deaths of their father, mother and brother and predicting the utter destruction of the family. Huseyn then addressed his troops requesting them to return to Mecca, leaving him to his fate. Such words, of course, only contributed to fill the hearts of his faithful companions with greater enthusiasm, and they all, without exception, declared their willingness to die for him and with him.

The next morning the camp was arranged in battle order, the tents were brought together, the rear was protected by a compact line of fires. And Huseyn prepared to die. At that moment, al-Hurr, moved by the justice of his cause, passed

over to the camp of Huseyn in order to share his fate. The first arrow was shot by "Shimr, the accursed," and the battle began.

Huseyn was wounded on the head by a sword-stroke. His infant son 'Abdullah was killed by an arrow while sitting in his lap. Exclaiming "*Inná li-lláhi wa inná ilaihi ráji'ún*" (Ch. II v. 151)—truly we belong to God and unto Him we return—he laid the corpse of the child on the ground and went himself to the Euphrates for a drink. There an arrow hit him in the mouth. Covered with blood, he lifted his hands towards heaven and began to pray. His little nephew, 'Abbás, who also came to the river, driven by thirst, had his hand cut off by the enemy. Finally Huseyn himself succumbed, fighting desperately. Shimr, with his horsemen, cantered several times over the dead body of the "Prince of Martyrs"—*Seyyid-i-shuhadá*,—as he is called by the Persians, until the body of the *imám* became a mass of bleeding flesh. This tragedy was consummated on Saturday, the 10th Muharram, 61 A. H.

And every year now, during the first ten days of the month of Muharram, Persia lives through the sad history of the *imám* and his family. The whole people is filled with sincere sorrow, as if the occurrence had taken place but yesterday. On all the principal crossings, in every town in Persia, black tents are pitched, where the *rowzeh-khán* (reciters of funeral speeches) narrate in touching words the history of the *imám* and his family, and mysteries (*ta'ziyah*,—*lit.* bewailing) are daily enacted. And, in fact, when the scene represents the tragedy of the desert of Kerbelá, sobs break out on every side, and the spectators, full of religious ecstasy, beat their breasts with clenched fists and tear their clothes. During the mourning days of Muharram everybody goes about with collar unfastened to express the heavy sorrow, which admits of neither the time nor the desire to look after one's personal appearance.

Processions move up and down the streets, in which richly ornamented banners, stretchers for picking up those wounded in the battle of Kerbelá, a special banner representing the bleeding hand of 'Abbás, the water-carrier of Kerbelá (*Sáql-i-Kerbelá*), and so forth, are carried. Everywhere about the city, twice a day, in the morning and in the evening, mystery plays

are enacted in buildings specially erected for the purpose, called *takyah* (lit. place of repose). Such *takyahs* are built and supported by private persons, it being considered a pious deed, like the building of a mosque or the founding of a school. Some of these structures are large enough to accomodate several thousand spectators.

The immense *takyah* in Tehrán is called *takyah-i-Sháh*, for it is maintained by the Sháh and adjoins the Imperial palace on its southern side. It is a huge circular building with a canvas roof. The central part of the building is occupied by a platform, on which the tragedy is enacted. All round it a narrow alley is left for the actors. Along the walls there are boxes on the ground-floor called *takhtcheh*, and above them another row of boxes called *bálákháneh* (lit. upper chamber, balcony). The walls quite disappear behind hundreds of valuable carpets, precious shawls from Kirmán and Kashmir and brocaded silk kerchiefs, the spaces between which are filled with all descriptions of mirrors, some of ancient Venetian workmanship, so highly valued in Persia. Glass lamps and candelabra, the favourite ornaments of every Persian home, their crystal pendants sparkling and glistening with a thousand lights, are placed everywhere about the theatre in countless numbers. Two portraits painted on glass hang above the entrance. One of them represents a man wearing a green turban, standing upright,—it is the likeness of the Prophet. The other is shown in a sitting position, with a sword in his lap, a kerchief descending Arab-fashion, down the head to the shoulders, covering the neck,—this is the Commander of the Faithful himself.

The boxes are, as a rule, decorated by private persons vying with each other in the richness of their fittings, which are generally offered, at the close of the representations, as a gift to the Sháh. There are no restrictions as to admission,—a beggar, a soldier, a *hammál* (porter), are all to be seen squatting there, rubbing shoulders with noblemen, smoking the same pipe by turns, drinking out of the same cup the iced water carried about by pious persons in remembrance of the tortures of thirst to which the family of the *imám* were subjected in the plain of Kerbelá.

It must, however, be remembered, that *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, is a motto current with the Persians not merely during these days of universal mourning,—it applies to the whole trend of life in Persia. For, very seldom would a mendicant or a tired traveller not find admission in the house of a grandee, where he is generally invited to share the meals of the master of the house and may stay as a guest almost any length of time he pleases.

The calm and discipline during the performance are noteworthy. At the entrance, order is maintained by a batch of robust *farrashes* of the palace armed with long supple rods, which they ply freely whenever a dense crowd gathers at the door. Once inside, the spectator is amazed at the grandeur of the place and the magnificence of its decorations, before which the adornments of our western theatres pale into insignificance and their very proportions dwindle into nothingness.

The actors proceed to the platform and the passion-play begins. The performance is guided by the *ustād* (master, teacher). The actors have their parts written out on slips of paper. Most of them know their rôles by heart but, nevertheless, they hold the slips in their hand whilst acting. The *ustād* walks about the stage prompting the actors. Having gone through his part, the actor steps aside and sits down in a corner, where chairs are provided for those who represent the members of the family of the *imām*, whilst the other *dramatis personæ* just squat on the floor. No attempt at any scenery is made. When an army in march has to be represented, endless caravans of camels, mules and amazingly beautiful horses covered from head to foot with precious fabrics and jewels are led around the platform along the aforesaid narrow alley between the platform and the first row of spectators.

The European eye is sometimes disturbed by slight anachronisms: For instance, the Amír Teymúr, when setting out for Syria, rides in a British-made dogcart. Then again, in one of the mysteries, King Solomon, who is believed to have ruled over the genii, moving from place to place with his throne and all his retinue on a flying-carpet, had to be represented; and everybody was at a loss how to manage this on the stage. But the

problem was ultimately solved, and King Solomon in all his glory was seen riding round the stage in one of His Majesty's own motor cars!

Still, nobody minds such trifles, so beautiful is the whole setting, so great the enthusiasm of the actors and the spectators. During the more touching passages in the drama all those present are sobbing aloud and beating their breasts. The writer was told, that actors personating odious individuals, like Shimr, Yezid, 'Ubaydullah, and their soldiers, are sometimes assaulted by the spectators.

On the tenth day of the Muharram the more fanatical section of the populace takes to self-torture in remembrance of the sufferings of the family of the *imám*. Covered with white shrouds, bareheaded and carrying with them two-edged daggers, some 30 inches long, they assemble to the number of several hundreds in one of the squares of the city (in Tehran, in the square called *Sabzah-maydán*) and begin hitting themselves on their clean-shaven heads with those daggers, exclaiming *Sháh Huseyn, wá Huseyn!* Blood streams freely down the faces and the white shrouds of these voluntary sufferers. It is considered a special token of friendship, when two people chop at each other's head. Policemen go round, thrusting their heavy clubs under the daggers of the more zealous of the flagellants, for, it sometimes happens, that one of them, drunk with the smell of blood, loses all sense of the strength of his blows and may split his own head with his dagger. Such accidents are also apt to happen at the very beginning, before the correct rhythm of the stroke has been mastered. Every year one or two people in Tehran join the blessed in paradise, in this manner.

After a certain stage, swordsmen begin to roam through the city in parties of twenty or thirty, stopping sometimes before the prison of the town and asking for one or two prisoners to be released, threatening the authorities with chopping themselves to death in case of an unfavourable answer. A couple of convicts being freed, they join the swordsmen, increasing thereby the enthusiasm of the crowd.

Minor groups of flagellants walk about barebodied, clad only in shorts, with heavy padlocks and other weights thrust through

deep incisions made in their breasts; others whip themselves on their bared shoulders and backs with iron chains, and similar instruments of torture. Slight incisions are also often made by pious parents with a dagger on the foreheads of their infant-children.

In the houses of the rich, sumptuous repasts have in the meantime been prepared and generous money gifts are awaiting the flagellants, which, probably also play a certain part in working up the enthusiasm of the self-tormentors, who mostly belong to the lowest class of the population, soldiers and *hummáls*, mostly Turks from Azerbayján. As a matter of fact, gentlefolk hardly ever take an active part in this kind of self-torture, but are not unwilling to do so *by proxy*, for which purpose a man of the afore-mentioned classes can easily be procured for hire.

This ends the ceremonies of the Muharram. The religious notions of the Shí'ahs are so very much influenced by them, that once the writer, having asked a man of the people what holiday it was, heard the amazing answer: "It is the day of the martyrdom of the Prophet!"—so firmly are the Shí'ahs persuaded that all the saints had to die a martyr's death at the hands of the heretical Sunnís, owing to their annual contemplation of the bloody death of the Prophet's descendants.

The Islamic invasion of Spain and the southern coast of the Mediterranean was the sole noteworthy example of Asiatic culture using the European method of material and political irruption as opposed to a peaceful invasion by ideas. The result of its meeting with Græcised Christianity was the re-awakening of the European mind in feudal and Catholic Europe and the obscure beginnings of modern thought and Science.

THE COMMUNAL POLITY OF THE EAST

By Prof. RADHAKAMAL MUKHERJEE.

Classification of Political Systems.

Our acquaintance with social and political history is but partial and inadequate. Our ethnographical knowledge has its grave limitations and drawbacks, so very often ignored. Among the civilised peoples it is only England, France and Germany which have their social history. India and China, Russia and Japan, to-day, present most significant types of group life and development, the study of which has been neglected. The investigation of ethnogenic origins and evolution opens out a new vista for a sociological interpretation of political development, which is yet without outline or plan.

There are two fundamental morphological types of political organisation,—*viz.*, the monistic and the pluralistic,—respectively characterised by the centralisation or devolution of the authority of the state, or by the absence or presence of effective group organisation and consciousness. No political system is exclusively of the pluralistic type, which is always found mixed with some elements of the military type and the absolutist state-ideas and institutions which the latter involves. The monistic type, an inheritance from Rome, has a marked predominance in the affairs of the world to-day.

In the East the pluralistic type is very strong, being there mixed up with the gentile or clan or territorial organisation, even regulating marriage and governing property in guilds and village communities. The norm belongs to the pluralistic type when it pre-supposes the autonomy of some form of intermediate association between the individual and the state, *i.e.*, of the family, the communal home, the clan, the tribe, the guild, or the village community. In such case the state is, in general, a development out of the clan, tribe and village community, and has to recognise their spheres of influence and jurisdiction. They are represented, not *per capita* as in the tribal states, but by classes, clans and castes in the body politic.

In the West, the monistic state is a descendant of the conqueror, or the feudal noble; there the relation between the intensity of state power and the intensity of hierarchic stratification of political classes in systems preponderatingly military or feudal, is clearly established. The norm belongs to the monistic type when it presupposes the existence of the military feudal (or seigniorial) organisation with relation of conqueror and conquered, master and serf.

The Trail of Rome.

The states and societies of the West all turned to Rome as the standard and ideal, and it was Rome that created for Europe her type of polity, of administration, of jurisprudence, and even the ideals of empire and colonisation. It has been well said: "Rome created the organisation of force called conquest and that organisation of interests called administration. Inspired by the instincts of appropriation and exploitation, the Latin race raised its concrete notions of force and interest to the height of absolute abstractions; it created the metaphysics of force and called it politics, and the metaphysics of interest to which it gave the name of jurisprudence."

Jhering states: "Roman politics and jurisprudence were the central and governing types and ideals in the development of European polity, in which conquest and expropriation are prime factors". He continues: "The Roman world, taken as a whole, may be designated as the triumph of the idea of utilitarianism, and practicability; all her forces both of mind and character exist on behalf of utilitarian objects. Selfishness is the moving power of the whole; the whole of Roman virtues and institutions is the objectivation of national selfishness." China and India, on the other hand, show the preponderating influence of gradual peaceful integration and assimilation on the basis of the family, the clan and the village community.

The Roman Empire and the states of Europe were, in the main, the results of absorption and conquest and exhibit the distinctive features of their military origin and purpose. In Teutonic Europe, feudalism grew and flourished because the

personal chieftainship which it implies grew and flourished. Before entering the Roman world, the Teutons lived in tribal villages. Chiefs elected in village meetings, acted as magistrates, but important questions were determined by general assemblies of the *freemen*. Each village managed its own affairs, though frequently uniting with other villages, especially in war. War leaders were chosen for personal prowess and frequently gathered round themselves groups of military companions bound by ties of close, personal allegiance. In contrast to the subordination of the Roman citizen to the state, the Teutons were essentially individualistic, and their idea of authority, in contrast to the centralized bureaucratic despotism of Rome, was personal in nature and local in scope (Bemont and Monod).

Feudalism reached its highest point of external splendour, though its real spirit had already passed away, at the coronation of the medieval Emperor, when Kings and Electors did their personal service to the anointed Lord of the World. In the meanwhile the state developed and the local divisions and counties were put under the protection of the *overlords*. The tenants or vassals, whether individuals or groups, now paid a portion of their agricultural earnings as the price of protection, and the military occupation of the district by the chieftain before long hardened into the institution of private property. The *war lord* became the *land lord*.

The system of feudalism was essentially based on the preponderance of the manorial lord and the hierarchy of social relations; the system of communalism in China and India was, on the contrary, based on the autonomy of the village communities and the particulate jurisdiction of the intermediate bodies,—the family, the clan, the tribe, the village community, or the guild. As national monarchies arose in modern Europe, the feudal theory that the king was lord of the soil survived, and on this basis the state assumed supreme jurisdiction over its territory. Even in modern democratic states, by the legal regulation of the holding and transfer of land, and by the rights of taxation and eminent domain, the state asserts a claim superior to that of any individual.

This sovereignty gradually assumes a definite positive

character. There is a corresponding active development of the political phases of the social mind; there develop, in course of time, slavery or serfdom, feudalism primitive or territorial, a social stratification with an unequal distribution of political rights, a military class, political groupings along lines of social or economic cleavage, and the inevitable bureaucracy; and in the end these are incorporated into the composition and constitution of the body-politic. In the course of the developmental process, each class strives to win control over the state organisation, to use its power to further its own interests, and to hedge its acts with divinity; class conflict becomes the mode of political life and evolution, and the absolutism of the state has to be superimposed upon society in order to check the evils of class aggression or individual revolt.

Political Pluralism.

In China and India, on the other hand, the village communities or guilds all along resisted such claims of the state and asserted that land cannot be bought or sold like ordinary goods in the market. The law of real property was pervaded by a communal principle. It was the social standing of the purchaser, *i.e.*, whether he was a kinsman, neighbour, new settler, or stranger, which determined his legal status to acquire property. This is in marked contrast to the political system of feudalism which influenced the private law of the nations of Europe, where the law of acquiring or conveying property strictly and immediately depended on the political standing of the owner or purchaser.

In the pluralistic state-type, public and constitutional law does not grow out of the private law, or out of civil struggles and conflicts against the restrictions which result from the parasitical function of the state. It is a part of the tradition of the voluntary co-operation of compound social groups, where the different ethnical elements are comprehended in a common body-politic and enjoy the protection of cumulative tradition, developed into customaries and ethnic codes. In the monistic state type, *per contra*, the protection of the laws varies with the political status of the ethnic element. This is demonstrated by the case of the

Roman plebs, who so long as they had no part in the government did not enjoy the protection of the laws.

Both in the Indian and in the Chinese polity, we find that the state does not supplant the myriad local and functional groups or intermediate associations, but has its sphere carefully delimited by custom and the communal ethos. A kinship or interest group, a functional or territorial association, is quasi-independent in its own particular sphere, each sphere being differentiated at the outset, in the course of ethnogenic evolution, as a result of gradual peaceful integration on the basis of the tribe and the clan, cemented by common land and water, common defence, common occupation, or by adoption into the village community or guild. The state, which supervenes at a later stage in the evolution, does not usurp their particulate jurisdictions, but seeks (only as a supplementary organ in the body-politic) to secure for the groups the general conditions under which each can pursue its own interests and functions without coming into mutual conflict. Social relations, hitherto existing as facts of habit and custom, are gradually converted into institutions and ideals which seek to achieve progress through the voluntary co-operation of social groups and units, large or small, including the ethnic organisations such as the family or the clan, and the civil organisations such as the village community, the guild, the assemblies of the folk, or their unions and federations.

In the monistic polity, on the other hand, law is born with the conqueror's function of adapting a conquered people in a stable and permanent fashion to their wants and caprices. In course of time the conquered element succeeds in becoming organised in a political class which participates in government. Under the democratic regime this participation becomes virtually general; yet the majority continues to rule over the minority. In law and in institutions, future progress will lie in political and social organisations calculated to check the abuses that majorities (which control and in fact monopolise the parasitical functions of the government) inflict upon minorities; and generally, to render the state less parasitical, and participation in civic life more effective.

The Sociological Idea of the State.

The dualism of the state and the individual is the foundation of the Romano-Teutonic polity, while that of the eastern, typified in the Sino-Indian society, is the pluralism of the group between the state and the individual units. This ethnogenic analysis will enable us to represent in outline the classification of eastern and western political systems or, rather the classification of peoples from the political point of view.

A political institution is not a unitary formation. It is composed of simple political practices which are the ultimate and irreducible elements of a people's political structure. Herein lies the importance of the ethnologic conception of political systems.

To this day, by far the larger part of humanity are politically organised in village states of rural communes and city guilds, retaining political customs and modes of thought having a history of many centuries; that is to say, the pluralistic type of polity is more ancient and wide-spread.

Thus the norms and categories of the science of Politics (deduced from the monistic type of the Graeco-Roman political organisation and based on the theory of straight-line evolution) are inadequate for the interpretation of the phenomena of political life and evolution of the larger section of the world.

The Significance of Group Organisation.

A grave danger of the monistic political theory, now more felt in the West than ever before, is, that the legal sovereignty of the state tends to become identical with moral sovereignty. This has never been known in the East; where the state is not the guide in social aspiration, nor the unique symbol of the collective will; where there is far more activity and vitality of groups than of the state.

In England and France, one of the fundamental problems that await solution, when their reconstruction is afoot, is the revivification of local group-life; in India and China, the fundamental problem is to incorporate the local and communal life into the substance of the national state, to create as much and the

same kind of interest and enthusiasm in national, as in local and communal problems.

The characteristic group organisation of the East integrates divergent elements and interests, occupational or cultural, in neighbourhood groups, in the intimacy of daily life. Such a polity, rightly ordered, will raise citizenship to an ethical and even spiritual discipline, and lift up democracy, above a mere form of external representation, to a creative and distributive impulse in an essentially humane and humanistic culture.

The democratic forms, as evolved in the West, are not the only forms in which Democracy has taken shape. The indigenous forms of democracy that still persist in India and the methods adopted to keep them going, under the steam roller of the foreign bureaucracy, or under the world-wide operation of the forces of political exploitation, should now be reviewed afresh, not merely to safeguard our genius and traditions, but also to help in the evolution of the world-ideals and forms of democracy of the future, that will know neither white nor black, but only Man, and his inalienable right to self-government in elastic groups of his free creation.

In a wider view of human politics, both China and India, through their severe ordeals and chastisements, may perhaps earn the reward of giving to the world this new democracy, safe for each nation and for humanity as a whole, and in consonance with the fundamental constitution of Man and Nature.

The monistic theory of the absolute state has enabled Rome and England to build world empires for mastery and exploitation; the attitude of pluralism has tended to weaken the central organs and to bring about the inefficiency and subjection of the eastern cultures.

"Rome sacrificed her domestic freedom that she might become the mistress of others,"—thus writes Lord Bryce. That was a small sacrifice. A tremendous sacrifice is that to which China and India, twin sisters among the nations, have been called,—the sacrifice of the kingdom of the world, of power, privilege and prestige for the sake of the reality of individual and group life and personality, and the gospel of social concord and peace which they have saved for Universal Humanity.

The Need of Group Fusion.

The glorification of the state and the doctrine that the state is the supreme guide of social aspiration and purpose, have now proved in the West incompatible with progress as well as with liberty, and hence there arise schemes of Guild-Socialism, Anarchism and Administrative Syndicalism which seek to allow scope for the minority, and to remedy the other evils of representative democracy and bureaucracy by making industries (as well as other groups which have separable interests and functions) into self-governing units.

But even political prophets and regenerators in the West cannot rise above the prejudices of their past political evolution, which has followed the line of class conflict and sectional or party interests,—witness some of the recent suggestions towards a guild or syndicate organisation of producers set off against a parliament of consumers, with a representative council chosen by the group of consumers and producers set over both of them.

There is to-day in the West a good deal of misconception in the minds of would-be political innovators as regards the relative significance of occupational or professional interests, and of territorial or local loyalty, as the bases of a firm and comprehensive system of social and political control. As sought to be incorporated into the state organisation, these are either mutually exclusive, or mechanically joined; the conception of political representation and organisation based upon neighbourhood relations, is as yet vague and hesitating.

At any rate, the attempts in the West to organise the citizens with special functions and interests into professional or local groups, possessing more or less autonomy as regards their internal affairs, and thereby to attain to a new federalism of interests and functions, may be construed as a movement towards a higher political synthesis. That synthesis is obviously the goal towards which the pluralistic polity of the East will expand, if unarrested by a process of substitution or superimposition of western political structures.

But there is a fundamental difference in the methods of the realisation of the ideal, which Comparative Politics would

emphasise. In the East we already have, not only the suitable organisations, but also decentralised social control. Groups in the East are unified locally into organisations capable of assuming control not only of industry or profession, but also of administration generally. The federal-communal body-politic will be here formed by unions and co-ordinations,—and this in every field, economic, social or political.

In the West, the central organisation and sovereignty of the state will break up into numerous bodies with appropriate organs, each marked by an inner homogeneity of interests and functions. Instead of devising a new set of checks and counter-checks like those which have proved so unavailing in overcoming class conflict and aggression, the new order will seek to develop a new communal sense, a perception of the individual personality in the group and of the group personality in the individual. This can only arise out of a due balance of the opposite principles of the functional and the territorial organisation of society, establishing the political discipline of a higher citizenship, such as will comprehend the interests and functions of all the vital modes of association.

The New Federalism.

Federalism, again, is neither exclusively, nor even mainly, a combination of territorial units, nor an organisation of occupational groups, though both local self-government and functional administration are essential to liberty and efficiency. The true federal organisation of the society of the future, whether in the East or in the West, implies such an inter-weaving of local and occupational government, of central organisation and functional territorial divisions, that authority and responsibility shall be lodged where they can be most wisely exercised. It is thus spontaneous and creative; something radically different from some of the recent western attempts to construct the new state, not by taking voluntary organisation into partnership, making them responsible organs of public authority, but by mechanically organising the economic classes, thus involving industry in the inevitable absolutism of state administration.

In the East, we often find an integration of occupational and

other functional interests in neighbourhood groups; a specialized group thus comes to correct its sectional point of view. Accordingly, in this compounding and interweaving of the various communal bonds, worked out in the eastern local units as a matter of experiment and tradition, western political pluralists will find rich data for utilisation in connection with their proposed innovations in group organisation.

In its turn, the East will adopt the western devices of delegation and responsibility in the institution of the central organs of control, without which her unions or confederations will not be coherent. Both the *referendum* and the *recall*, which restore the original force of direct action and popular control, must be liberally used in the new order, whether in the West or in the East; while an adherence to the principle of proportional representation would be desirable to preserve the minority-strains in the political constitution.

The Regional Evolution of the State.

Thus the Romano-Gothic and Sino-Indian experiences may help each other towards ushering in the coming polity. Humanity all over the world will converge towards a completer idea of the state by the unfettered development of each of the regional types, which Comparative Politics defines. Universal Politics will arise out of a comparison and collation of the diverse political norms and systems in the zones of cultural distribution. It will not only show the divergent paths of the political evolution of races, but also the broad trend of world politics in which national and regional politics represent but particular and partial stages or series.

International conflict has been encouraged by the nationalisation of the idea of politics. Conversely, Universal Politics, in our broad sense, will be discovered to be the only lasting basis of Universal Peace. Thus will be laid the foundation of a new and greater League of Nations, which will seek to avoid the cardinal errors that have wrecked the hope of the nations, and ended in the tragic failure of what was proclaimed as the final conquest of national chauvinism and of War.

It is now seen that a mere aggregate of historic nationalities arising out of the absolutist and aggressive type of polity may form a temporary banded union for the division and mastery of the world, but is ineffective for any lasting organisation of international good will and amity. It is equally evident that no harmony can ever be attained except on the basis of a true regionalism in politics which extends the principle of communism and co-operation from the sphere of intra-state to inter-state relations.

A true world-association is in reality inter-state communism, and accordingly the ideals and methods which govern a communal polity must be universally recognised and established in the commonwealth of the world. The working method in such a world of states must correlate itself with the method of the communal polity by laying greater emphasis on direct action, as opposed to delegated responsibility or representation, so far as such direct action may be secured by *referendum*, *plebiscite*, inter-parliamentary sessions, world unions, or world federations of labour, which must replace the old diplomacy of chamber negotiations and cabinet conferences.

The motto of such a commonwealth must necessarily express the ideal of each for all and all for each, more broadly, of nationality in humanity and humanity in nationality, or in other words, of the state in the world and the world in the state, corresponding to the formula of the individual in the group and the group in the individual, which is the law of the social life in a communistic world.

The safety of Europe has to be sought in the recognition of the spiritual aim of human existence, otherwise she will be crushed by the weight of her own unilluminated knowledge and soulless organisation. The safety of Asia lies in the recognition of the material mould and mental conditions in which that aim has to be worked out, otherwise she will sink deeper into the slough of despond of a mental and physical incompetence to deal with the facts of life and the shocks of a rapidly changing movement†.

—AUROBINDO on “*Our Ideal*”.

LITTLE SONGS OF INDIA.

(Translations)

By MOHINI-MOHAN CHATTERJEE.

OVERTURE

The body's more than cells,
The sun is more than rays,
But thought is more than man,—
So 'Truth for ever says.
The singer dies, the song it stays,
By Life's own heart 'tis sung,
The singer's but a name,
The song Life's heart and tongue.
The Name may have all praise;
The song was his, 'tis mine,
In Love's unnumbered ways
In endless tunes to shine.

* *

For thy beauty, O World-Mother,
All great poets,
Brahmá and the rest,
Labour, thro' unending time,
In search of simile
To suit thee best.

—*Sankarāchārya.*

*

I and Thou are one—'tis true,
And yet am I Thy slave,
The wave and Ocean are but one,
And Ocean's yet the wave.

—*ibid.*

Wise in words, unwise in truth,
 All such as are there,
 Out they stay, O friends of heart,
 Words are not my care.
 Outer door is closed; unclosed
 Inner; heart-gate is mine;
 Enter soundless friends, and pass—
 Gloom to pure sunshine.

—*Chandidās*.

*

How wondrous is 'Thy love, O Love,
 How wondrous is its might,
 World's night is day to me, O Love,
 And world's bright day my night!
 I've made my house the stranger's land,
 'The stranger's land my home;
 To me am I a stranger now,
 'The stranger's me become!

... *ibid.*

*

What merit mine, what merit mine, O Friend,
 That brings me to this glorious end?
 Lord of all the Worlds is He,—
 Careth e'en for little me!
 His love is mine in work and rest,
 He lies as woman on my breast,
 Worth and worthless so have met,—
 Oh, how can I that love forget?

—*Jānādās*.

*

Seek not what goes,
 Care not what comes,
 Fear not what is,—
 'This dispassion sums.

—*Panchadāsī*.

If fame or fortune one attains,
Thou canst reioyce or grieve,
And joy for joy, or grief for grief,
Free gift from God receive.
Then why let envy thee deceive
And for the worse the better leave?

—*Vishnupurānam.*

*

Man's life is full of harm from men
As tongue by teeth is bitten,
But when hast thou for that hurt raged,
And teeth with stone hard hitten?

--*ibid.*

If thou hast killed thy mightiest foe,
What then?
If thou hast made thy luck o'erflow,
What then?
The rarest beauty's in thy arms,—
What then?
Thy whisper'd name the world alarms,—
What then?
If world combines to sing thy glory,
What then?
If endless ages read thy story,
What then?

—Sihana Misra.

✻ ✻

FINALE

Thou man, God-made of life and death,
For good of man surrender breath
'Tis then!

MAHATMA GANDHI ON VITAL ISSUES.

By THE EDITOR.

Mahatma Gandhi, in spite of his agonised insistence on non-violence, has been exploited to the full by rival partisans who seem to believe in party quarrels as the only means of national regeneration. We of Santiniketan Asram, who have so often enjoyed the stimulus of communion with Mahatmaji, prefer to remember him, while he is away from us, by that largeness of heart which has endeared him personally to all sections of his countrymen, and to the world at large.

The date given below each of the following extracts from Mahatma Gandhi's writings, refers to the issue of *Young India* from which it is taken.

In the application of Satyágraha, I discovered, in the earliest stages, that pursuit of Truth did not admit of violence being inflicted on one's opponent, but that he must be weaned from error by patience and sympathy. For, what appears to be truth to the one may appear to be error to the other. And patience means self-suffering. So the doctrine came to mean vindication of Truth, not by infliction of suffering on the opponent, but of oneself.

November, 1919

* * *

I feel thankful to God that, for years past, I have come to regard secrecy as a sin, more especially in politics. If we but realised the presence of God as witness to all we say and do, we would not have anything to conceal from anybody on earth. For, we would not think unclean thoughts before our Maker, much less speak them. It is uncleanness that seeks secrecy and darkness. The tendency of human nature is to hide dirt, we do not want to see or touch dirty things, we want to put them out of sight. And so must it be with our speech. I would suggest that we should avoid even thinking thoughts we would hide from the world.

22nd December, 1920.

I make bold to say that, if the honour of Islam is to be vindicated through its followers in India, it will only be by methods of peaceful, silent, dignified, conscious and courageous suffering. The more I study that wonderful faith, the more convinced I become that the glory of Islam is due, not to the sword, but to the sufferings, the renunciation and the nobility of its early Caliphs. Islam decayed when its followers, mistaking evil for good, flourished the sword in the face of humanity, and lost sight of the godliness, the humility and the austerity of its founder and his disciples.

9th February, 1921.

I have laid stress upon Hindu Moslem unity as one of the most important essentials. But it should be no lip unity, nor *bania* unity, it should be a unity based on a recognition of the heart.

13th December, 1920.

What then does the Hindu Mahomedan unity consist in and how can it be best promoted? The answer is simple. It consists in our having common sorrows, a common purpose, a common goal; and it is best promoted by mutual toleration, by sharing one another's sorrows and by co-operating to reach the common goal.

15th February, 1920.

Hindu-Muslim friendship is not a bargain. The very word friendship excludes any such idea. If we have acquired the national habit of mind, the Moplah should be, to us, as much a countryman as a Hindu. Hindus may not attach greater weight to Moplah fanaticism than to Hindu fanaticism.....Hindus have to find out a remedy against such occurrences as much as Musalmans. Whether a Hindu or a Musalman does evil, it is evil, it is evil done by an Indian to an Indian, and each one of us must personally share the blame and try to remove the evil. Unity

can have no other meaning than this. Nationalism is nothing, if it is not at least this.

26th January, 1922.

* * *

Cow protection is an article of faith with Hindus. Apart from its religious sanctity, it is an ennobling creed. But we Hindus have, to-day, little regard for the cow and her progeny. In no country in the world are cattle so ill-fed and ill-kept as in India. In beef-eating England it would be difficult to find cattle with bones thus sticking out of their flesh. Most of our *pinjra-poles* are ill-managed and ill-kept. Instead of being a real blessing to the animal world, they seem to be simply receiving depôts for dying animals. We say nothing to the English in India for whose sake hundreds of cows are slaughtered daily. Our Rajas do not hesitate to provide beef for their English guests. Our protection of the cow, therefore, seems only to extend to rescuing her from Musalman hands.

4th August, 1920.

Unfortunately, to-day, Hinduism seems to consist merely in eating, or not eating. Once I horrified a pious Hindu by taking toast at a Musalman's house. He was pained enough to see me pouring milk into a cup handed by a Musalman friend, but his anguish knew no bounds when he saw me taking toast at the Musalman's hands. Hinduism is in danger of losing its substance if it resolves itself into a matter of elaborate rules as to what, and with whom, to eat.

Abstemiousness from intoxicating drinks and drugs, and from certain kinds of food, especially meat, is undoubtedly a great aid to the evolution of the spirit; but it is by no means an end itself. A man eating meat, but living in the fear of God, is nearer his freedom than a man religiously abstaining from meat and other things, but blaspheming God in his acts.

6th October, 1921.

* * *

The mental attitude is everything. Just as a prayer may be merely a mechanical intonation, as of a bird, so a fast may

be a mere mechanical torture of the flesh. Such mechanical contrivances are valueless for the purpose intended. Again, just as a mechanical chant may result in training the voice, a mechanical fast may result in purifying the body. Neither will touch the soul within.

16th February, 1922.

* * *

As soon as we lose the moral basis, we cease to be religious. There is no such thing as religion overriding morality. Man, for instance, cannot be untruthful, cruel or incontinent, and claim to have God on his side.

24th November, 1921.

* * *

Vivekananda used to call the *Panchamas* 'suppressed classes'. There is no doubt that Vivekananda's is the more accurate adjective. We have suppressed them and consequently have ourselves become depressed. That we have become the 'Pariahs of the Empire' is, in Gokhale's language, the retributive justice meted out to us by a just God.

27th October, 1920.

Has not a just Nemesis overtaken us for the crime of untouchability? Have we not reaped as we have sown? Have we not practised Dyerism and O'Dwyerism on our own kith and kin? We have segregated the Pariah, and we are in turn segregated in the British Colonies. We deny him the use of public wells. We throw the leavings of our plates at him. His very shadow pollutes us. Indeed, there is no charge which we fling at the Englishmen, that the Pariah cannot fling back in our faces.

29th September, 1921.

* * *

Untouchability is not a sanction of religion, it is a device of Satan. The Devil has always quoted scripture. But scriptures cannot transcend reason and truth.....I am not going to burn a spotless horse because the Vedas are reported to have advised, tolerated, or sanctioned such sacrifice. For me the Vedas are

divine and unwritten. The letter killeth. It is the spirit that giveth light.

There is neither nobility nor bravery in treating the great and uncomplaining scavengers of the nation as worse than dogs, to be despised and spat upon. Would that God gave us the strength and the wisdom to become voluntary scavengers of the nation as the suppressed classes are forced to be. There are Augean Stables, enough and to spare, for us to clean.

19th January, 1921.

* * *

I have never been able to reconcile myself to untouchability. I have always regarded it as an excrescence. It is true that it has been handed down to us from generations; but so are many evil practices even to this day. I should be ashamed to think that the dedication of girls to virtual prostitution was a part of Hinduism, yet it is practised by Hindus in parts of India. I consider it positive irreligion to sacrifice goats to Kali, and do not consider it as a part of Hinduism, either. Hinduism is the growth of ages. The very name, Hinduism, was given to the religion of the people of Hindusthan by foreigners.

6th October, 1921.

* * *

Of all the evils for which man has made himself responsible none is so degrading, so shocking, so brutal as his abuse of the better half of humanity,—to me the more tender but not the weaker sex. It is the nobler of the two, for it is even to-day the embodiment of sacrifice, silent suffering, humility and faith. There is method in putting Sita before Rama and Radha before Krishna. We must not dishonour our heritage by multiplying past errors. In a self-respecting India, is not every woman's virtue as much every man's concern as his own sister's? *Swaraj* means the ability to regard every inhabitant of India as our own brother or sister.

13th September, 1921.

* * *

I passionately desire the utmost freedom for our women. I detest child marriages. I shudder to see a child widow; and shiver with rage when a husband, just widowed, with brutal

indifference contracts another marriage. I deplore the criminal negligence of parents who keep their daughters utterly ignorant and illiterate and bring them up only for the purpose of marrying them off to young men of means. But, notwithstanding all my grief and rage, I realise the difficulty of the problem. Women must have votes and an equal legal status. The problem, however, does not end there. It only commences at the point where women begin to take part in the political deliberations of the nation.

21st July, 1921.

* * *

India, they say, is a nation of philosophers; and we have not been unwilling to appropriate the compliment. Nevertheless, hardly any other nation becomes so helpless in the face of death as we do. And in India again, no other community, perhaps, betrays so much of this helplessness as the Hindus. A single birth is enough for us to be beside ourselves with ludicrous joyfulness. A death makes us indulge in orgies of loud lamentation, which condemn the neighbourhood to sleeplessness. If we wish to attain Swaraj, and if having attained it we wish to make it something to be proud of, we must renounce this unseemly fright.

13th October, 1921.

I do not blame the British. If we were weak in numbers, as they are, we too would perhaps have resorted to the same methods as they are now employing. Terrorism and deception are weapons, not of the strong, but of the weak.

The British are weak in numbers, we are weak in spite of our numbers. The result is that each is dragging the other down.

This process of weakening is good, neither for the two nations, nor for the world. If we Indians take care of ourselves, the English, and the rest of the world, would take care of themselves.

Our contribution to the world's progress must therefore consist in setting our own house in order.

22nd September, 1920.

India's greatest glory will consist, not in regarding Englishmen as her implacable enemies, fit only to be turned out of India at the first available opportunity, but in turning them into friends and partners in a new commonwealth of nations,—in the place of an Empire based upon exploitation of the weaker or undeveloped nations and races of the earth, and therefore based upon force.

5th January, 1922.

The true thinker can dispense with the *éclat* which attaches to the leader of partisans. Therefore he will act without presumption or egoism knowing that his own errors and those which he combats are alike necessary forces.

—Aurobinda.

* *

The skill in spying others' faults,
When to oneself is turned,
Will quickly lead to path of grace
And end in God-life earned.
—Yājñavalkya.

*

By meekness conquer wrath,
Falschood by truth,
Meanness by gen'rous gifts,
Transgression by ruth.
—Mahābhārata.

[Translations by M. M. CHATTERJI]

A MASQUE OF EARTH AND MAN

(A pageant of Wild Nature, tamed, despoiled, restored anew.)

By ARTHUR GEDDES.

I have set down this description of a little *cháshá's* (farmer's) pageant, held at Sriniketan, the department of Rural Reconstruction of Visvabharati, the Santiniketan University, not only because of the appeal made by the spontaneous loveliness of its playing, under the open sky, but also because, to many who saw it, it seemed in its small way significant, not as an achievement, but as a beginning.

Many who saw Rabindranath's Spring Festival in Calcutta, last February, must have felt that here was an achievement full of suggestive beauty, a promise of new awakening, in and through drama, for Bengal and for India. There is need for, and there are signs the world over of such renewed and living drama which shall fearlessly play the great realities of Earth, of the Elements and of Life; of Nature and Humanity. Ere this can come to its own, country and town must make a great partnership once again; and thus, arresting the decay of civilisation and renewing the sources of life, bring forth an ennobled art. Or, if a metaphor be allowed, nothing short of a true marriage between Town and Country can accomplish this.

The City, as it were, begets for good or for ill,—the Country bears. And as, ere true marriage can take place between man and woman, the subjection of woman must end, so must the City cease to exploit the Country. Only thus can a worthy civilisation be born of these. Now-a-days, the spiritual as well as the material relation is all awry, and a return for physical life and spiritual refreshment to the country is needed. The dwellers in the City, if they remember Nature at all, think of her as a back-ground, forgetting she is Mother, loveable to those who seek her, generous to those who serve her, and yet relentless to those who desert her.

In Europe poets write verses about the "Great God Pan" and "Nymphs and Fauns," till we are sick, but Heracles is forgotten. Small wonder, for he is the labouring country man,

not the erotic idler in the woods. Nor is the true Heracles the mere gladiator Hercules of late Roman statuary, but a man of the people. He performs, not feats, but twelve great labours; in which cleansing a filthy stable is counted along with the slaying of the lion which raided the flocks, and the stag and boar which trampled and rooted the crops. And Heracles likewise destroyed the hundred-headed Hydra of the swamp—Malaria in very truth. Such tasks as these await the generous-minded youth of India.

Through the conception of forces at play in Nature, of human labour at work in its many ways, we pass from the acceptance of the world, fixed as it is, to a sense of its changes and a glimpse of our power to remake it. Effectively to realise this in Nature we need the imagination of meteorologist, geologist and biologist, freed from terminology. To realise the possibilities before our Humanity we must, above all, call upon the men of creative imagination, the Poets, to be makers again, to set us aflame in the realisation of achievement.

“To purge the soul with pity and terror” is the purpose of tragedy, say the Greeks, and of comedy: to renew youth with laughter. There is a third need, yet unnamed. While the first two tell of sorrow and happiness, lifting us, at their best, to remembrance of great love, the third should tell of the passage from doubts and fears to faith and hope, freeing and visioning these.

The nations boast their heritage and its preservation; would that they might claim its worthy continuation and unification. Priests have averred: “Our truth is eternal. God has spoken through his prophets; all that follows needs must be repetition or heresy.” But we are not content with the works of the artists of the past which have expressed, however ‘immortally’, the truths of hunger and of love. We would have fresh witness borne in every generation. The truth is eternal, but it forms change. Are we to go on worshipping the stump of some mighty oak because it was once the Lord of the Forest? Let us rather behold fresh life in the acorns it has scattered and sow fresh forests to cherish its memory. So, for the forests of the mind, they need re-sowing.

Of old, men beheld the eternal realities—the conflict of life and death, of hunger and love, of building and breaking—with wondering eyes, and so created the great legends. They were not so much in touch with Nature as in her grip, and she in their's, a loving or terrible, but close, embrace. It was because early man saw realities vividly, that he could see them dramatically—or indeed, could not help seeing them so.

To come to our masque itself, the 'play-wright' knew only a few words of the several mother-tongues of actors and audience; nor were the 'cast', though all Indians, able for the same reason to converse freely with one another; so speech was ruled out. A field for stage, with a clump of mango trees for back-ground, prohibited change of scenery. Lanterns were the only available footlights. The players were mainly hard-working young *chāshās*, so that rehearsals had to be few. Lastly, there was no 'professional' to guide or direct, nor hardly anyone of much experience. Such were our difficulties, worth re-calling because they typify the difficulties with which rural India has had to contend from its earliest history till to-day.

Yet these difficulties proved our opportunity. Wordless continuous action was needed, by groups, led by one or two players who knew the scheme thoroughly. Chief of these was our *Rishi*, leader both in his symbolic part and very actively on the stage, being obeyed all the better because he was our *rishi* and leader in our daily work and life. Our lighting, low in the beginning, rose to brightness with the fire-light, fell when this was quenched, and shone again, with returning joy, when the hearth fires were re-lit. To tell the story and explain it, a simple prologue was sufficient. And lastly there were the songs, adding rhythm to the movement, raising each climax to poetic emotion, and giving poignancy to the succeeding silences.

Our main artistic resource, however, had to be visual,—as was the way in which ancient India had solved the same problem. Her visual presentment of religion had made for unity, conveying her ideas from region to region in a land of some two hundred and fifty tongues with the help of her wonderful system of pilgrimages. Not only were images of the gods made for all to

behold, but great rituals were designed, making use of fire and water, flowers and art-ware, processions and mystery plays. Europeans are apt to overlook this; perhaps the literate classes of India are likewise in danger of forgetting its value, when they recoil from the limitation of "idols", or rely on an education from which all visual training, and what is more, imaginative experience are excluded.

To one at least of the auditors, however, there lay a deeper suggestiveness in the artistic form of our masque. For, while a cinema story needs its 'captions' flashed on at every turn to explain the incidents of its plot, our mode of presentation required no interruptions of this kind. It promised, and partly realised, a form of drama which by its simplicity and completeness achieved unity. Just as when we watch the passing of the thunderstorm we need no further information about the incidents than what is given by the eye. The dark clouds mass; there follows the climax of lightning flash and thunder peal, as the storm gallops on overhead; then the downpour dies down till, at length, the darkness is but a distant blur; and finally the sky clears to a more resplendent brightness.

In such a simple and unified presentation as ours, there lay the germ of a form of drama, as yet perhaps unnamed—though Masque or Pageant seems to come nearest; meaning by *masque* a symbolic presentation, and by *pageant* something processional in character. Such a new form of drama should own a completeness of curve, a totality which would be its power. Were it merely an illustrated lesson in history or geography, artistically it would count for nothing.

The movement of history also has its unity and flow. It is not the sum of two personalities that counts when they meet, it is their relation, invisible, surpassing both,—not the arithmetic of it, but the mystery of a unity in the making. The same is the case with the whole human race, of whom it is not the sum total which is important, but whose relation with one another is humanity, culture, civilisation, religion,—reaching back to prehistory and across continents. To achieve adequate expressions of this would indeed be to create new drama.

Without claiming to have seen and planned so far, this much became clear to me, as the masque took form and grew, that here, in our fields, the great forces of Nature are at work, or nowhere. Here as we pass a Santal, bow in hand, we are actually witnessing a people in the process of breaking new ground, as did our forefathers before history. Here is still taking place the meeting of Aryan and Pre-Aryan as in the days of the Vedas, and we have our part to play in it, for better or for worse,—let us trust it will be for the best. Here is going on the ceaseless decay of country and country-life, and its continual reconstruction by the peasant, in which we mean to join him as his ally, no longer his burden.

Our pageant then was an attempt to describe, with the help of the actual actors, but without words, what is to be seen going on around us in plain and field, in the drought and in the rains,—the cutting down of the forest, the eating away of the pasture slopes by the yearly advance of the *khoai*, the rain-scoured ravine, picturing desolation.

Secondly to recall the problems which our forefathers encountered and solved, as we see them recapitulated in the case of the Santals, passing from hunting to farming, taking up the mattock and lying aside the bow,—still at the starting point, left far behind by the others.

And then, also, to remind us of the falling away of the villages, tragically visible in the tumble-down homesteads, the worn look of the women, the weary stoop of the men, the listlessness of the emaciated, pot-bellied children.

And lastly to show a glimpse of the future, a vision of the fruits of which we are in quest, to cheer us on our adventure, to prevent our steps straying away from our goal.

In Santiniketan we have the opportunity and duty of taking part in the arrest of the Desert and helping forward the green line of life. I felt there it as cosmic struggle in which our lives are bound up and wished to make all share a vivid sense of impending danger and of the need for united effort against it.

So that our little play, which represented what can be seen taking place, on any day, at any moment, anywhere along the

two-mile road from Santiniketan to Surul, could yet be a pageant with India, Asia, indeed the World, for a stage and Past, Present and Future for its time. Either the universe is a unity, an immense moving order, or the faith of Science and of the great Religions, alike, is naught !

THE PLAY.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE

[Darkness has fallen. A few lanterns and the rising moon are the only lights.]

Out of the shadows steals the Hunter, his dark glossy skin gleaming dully, a feather in his hair, a skin round his waist, his bow on his shoulder. Peering ahead into the darkness, as he creeps forward he seems to sight some prey. Swiftly he unslings his bow, kneels, aims and shoots his arrow. Darting into the bush he finds and returns with the carcass over his shoulder and throws it down in the middle of the clearing. And he gives vent to his joy in a dance of triumph round and round his kill.

Even as he dances, unseen by him, a second figure glides through the cover of the trees, 'freezing' motionless as the steps of the first turn towards him, advancing with a stealthy rush as they turn away.

Soon the Hunter tires of his dance, and squatting on the ground begins with quick fingers to skin the dead creature, unaware of danger. Instantly the second figure has sprung up, for a second, to his full height, swinging his rude battle axe in wild threat, and then again, crouching low, while stalks the first,— the Hunter hunted; the prey, Man.

Yet Peace must appear in time. And behold, from out of the depths of the tree shadows, there comes forth a tall and reverend seeming man. His long garment of woven stuff shows him no hunter; his unweaponed hands, his serene countenance betoken a forest sage, a Rishi.

As he steps into the clearing, the Rishi raises his eyes and thereupon catches sight of the two Hunters, the second axe in hand, almost upon the first, about to attack him unawares. At the same moment, the attacker too becomes aware of the new-comer's gaze, fixed on him, and pauses, alarmed and irresolute, not knowing what to make of this majestic figure, so fearless, so awe-inspiring. The Rishi's signs of peace, withal of command, draw the Hunter with compelling force, till at last they bring him in obedient submission to the sage's feet, where he throws down his weapon.

The clang of its fall startles the first Hunter, who turns, perceives a rival, and immediately jumps up, fitting an arrow to his bowstring; whereupon the attacker, repenting of his momentary weakness, seizes again his rejected axe. • Between the uplifted weapons of the Hunters,—whose hesitation, in awe of the third comer, is about to be overcome by their rising greed for the spoil lying in view,—the Rishi swiftly places his own body, thus forestalling death.

Attracted and overpowered by this new force of peace, weaponless yet defying destruction, they are drawn, irresistibly, to approach the sage, furtively eyeing each other the while, till at length they take the dust of his feet together, and surrender to him their weapons,—which are returned to them only after the rivals have at length been persuaded to greet each other in peaceful amity.

Then the Rishi points to the ground around them, with signs as of tilling and sowing, and when they have understood, he despatches the Hunters with a wave of his hand, each to his tribe, to bid them assemble and join in the new endeavour for common welfare. And both go bounding off.

ACT I.

The first Hunter returns presently with his tribe, the Santals. On come the Santal braves, leading with their drums, followed by the women and girls, linked arm in arm in long rhythmic line, hands by their sides; and soon their murmuring swells into a soft, sweet, treble song, their march becomes variegated with the tripping motion of their bare feet to and fro, making their whole line swing backward and forward in quiet, perfect harmony. [*The Santal women wear a single web of country cloth, draped round the waist, and falling to the ankle. The upper end, thrown over the breast and left shoulder, is caught in again at the waist, leaving bare the beautiful polished brown of arms and side. The hair is combed neatly back, with perhaps a red flower as a crest. A necklace and an ankle complete their adornment.*]

As we look on, the rhythm slows down, and at a sign from the Rishi, the drummers vary their lead, and a new song and dance gathers and grows around the changed beat of their drums. The women now lean forward, arms out, still linked, clapping their hands in unison, just above the ground, pressing forward and yet forward in their new movement, still with that pretty pacing to and fro, full of grace and rocking

rhythm. This is the dance of the rice planting. The wisdom of the Rishi, manifested in the quiet joyful purpose of the women, has begun its work. [*With the growing of the corn and the tender cradling of dormant life in the earth, as well as in hearth and home, the bow and the spear are laid aside, forgotten. Soon there shall be food for all. No longer need the aged and ailing be abandoned on the trail they have grown too tired to follow, nor the new-born babe exposed in the forest. The old shall watch the hearth fires,—for with the fields have come the homesteads,—and garner the wisdom of the generation; and children, and calves and lambs, shall be reared along with the harvest.*]

Meanwhile the second Hunter also returns with his kinsfolk, late enemies of the first tribe, but now induced by the Rishi to take their places in the new festival.

*The sun shines, the rain pours down in showers,
The leaves glisten in the Bamboo grove,
The smell of the newly tilled earth fills the air;
Our hands are strong, and our hearts glad,
As we toil from morning till night to plough the land.*

*The spirit of a youthful poet dances in swaying cadence
Along the meadows, writing its poems of green lines,
Stirs of thrill ripple through the ripening rice field,
The Earth's heart is joyous in the sunny October hours,
in the cloudless nights of the full moon,
As we toil from morning till night to plough the land.*

[*Time flows fast in our pageant, and already the harvest is begun. And with the harvest comes the arts,—of song giving wings to words with its melody,—of colour blossoming in the many hued apparel and adornments of the harvesters.*]

As the song dies down the Fire springs up,—no mere camp fire, but the hearth of home,—a centre of warmth and light, of the good pot of food for the body and of the birth of the wandering of the spirit. And the Rishi standing by, with radiant countenance, glorifies it in these age-long words from the Rig Veda:

The gods have established here, in great beauty, Agni, the bright, with his bright chariot, whose every law is golden. . . .

The resplendent, joyous god, Agni, on his chariot, has with his might encompassed the dwellings....May we honour in our house, with beautiful prayers, his commands who is rich in manifold prosperity. . . . words which have come down to us from just such a primeval birth-celebration of Fire, just such a significant moment for mankind.

And thus was celebrated their union round the common hearth.

ACT II.

[Yet of this fire beware! For, with the jungle burnt down for clearings, with the 'forest' felled to 'fields', wild woodland giving place to bare tillage and pasture, even the saplings cut to feed the fire and the seedling trees cropped by the goats with greedy poisoned lips, the protecting power of the forest is likewise destroyed. So the rains wash away the soil, baring the earth to its bones of rock, paying in turn the penalty of an ever-lessening abundance in their own showers, leaving the water-level, too, to sink lower and lower, so slowly that none foresee danger, but all the more surely for that. And the fiery heat burns up the rare, scarred soil, destroying all fertility and fruitfulness.]

In our masque the destruction of centuries has to be shown in a moment's breathless action. The harmless-seeming lad who first lit the fire, at the very moment when the invocation closes, leaps out across the flames, scattering the embers and whirling a *lathi*, its ends lighted torch-wise, round and round his body in dizzy circles, its double flares making mystic figures about his shining limbs, on the back-ground of the darkness, as he dances his terrible dance—the Demon of Fire—scattering the assembled folk in wild alarm; till at last the flame expires and he vanishes into the night.

Then in the half-dark, come back the affrighted people to the scattered embers of their hearth. As they return, slowly, droopingly, they become aware of the stealthy approach of an ash-coloured figure—Drought!

The Rishi is the first to confront him, seeming for a while to stay him by virtue of his mantras. . . .

Pitiless darts of fire strike a thirst pang in the heart of the sky.

Nights are sleepless, days long and languorous, scorched with heat.

I hear the tired doves crooning with plaintive notes

from behind the withered boughs,

And I watch the sky for the triumphant storm

to flood with its caress the waiting earth.

But what avail prayers alone? For now, a second gaunt figure joins the first,—something gleaming whitish, with dark, hollow eye-sockets—death-bringing Famine!

To escape their deadly advance, the people retreat, and even the Rishi stands helpless, facing the terror. Mother Earth, at their devastating touch, falls into a death-like swoon—her green mantle overlaid by a dustcoloured shroud.

A hoarse triumphant cry rings through the sky. It is Drought calling:
O Desert come!

In stalks a kingly figure, tall, silent, stern, unchangeable,—the Spirit of the Desert. On his head the nomad's kerchief of many colours, bound with a cord, in his hand a dry, leafless rod. From his shoulders falls a long burnous of reddish hue, [*the dull red of exposed laterite that glares at us from the khoai, the desert at our door, which marches with steady relentless pace upon the pale, wasted yellow of the withering pasture, slowly devouring our substance, and undermining our very homesteads. So it has been and still is, right across Asia, across the world.*] His standard bearer, gorgeous in his yellow robe, leads the way bearing high his golden banner,—the burning Sun, maker and destroyer. Pitilessly calm, King Desert reaches and occupies his throne. Drought crouches in obeisance on his right, Famine on his left; and from his standard, planted in the centre, there flames, over all, the Sun.

ACT III.

[*How can the long centuries of Desert rule be expressed in make-believe,-- though these be but moments in the vastness of Time? A long pause about for this in our masque, received in hushed silence by the audience.*]

At length on their expectant ears sounds the Poet's Song of Labour written to be the working song of a new generation of thinking tillers of the soil, working for its reclamation as well as for that of the whole of Life.

Clearer and louder grows the Song. In come our *chāshās*, swinging their spades to break through the dead crust of the earth, to clear and make the pathways of the future. Round they go merrily forming and reforming their groups to the swing of their melody (Desert grimly watching the while from his throne).

And then comes singing the spirit of Water, a sweet child figure, with pretty motion, followed by a troupe of children, rippling a long web of sky-coloured cloth, to represent the flow of water in her wake, joining in the

chorus of her song. They follow the new path, made by the *cháshás* for their wavy dance. And, as Desert watches, he frowns in alarm, for all the innocence of their play. Nothing daunted they continue their dance till they reach Mother Earth, where she lies forgotten at the feet of King Desert.

Come thirst-quenching water !

Well out in liquid rapture rending the bosom of the hard !

From the mysterious dark leap out in overflowing streams,—

Come, you who are pure !

The sun waits to welcome you, for you are his playmate.

His lyric of light wakens golden songs in your heart.

Come, you who are radiant !

What magic spell has the desert demon cast on you,

and made you captive with his feller of rocks ?

*Break your prison walls ; come running out with your current,
free and dancing,*

Come, you who are strong !

The cool touch of Water, the sweet message of her song, rouse Earth from her long swoon. Her dust-coloured shroud slips from her body, revealing her robe of fresh, living green. Earth awakened by Water's kiss shall be restored once again to her life-giving power. The Desert dynasty of centuries comes to its end, for at that soft touch its spell is broken. Desert vanishes, Drought and Famine fleeing after.

Mother Earth is then crowned and garlanded and enthroned, where Desert lately ruled, to a happy song of harvest and of joy. Her liegions are the farmer lads and lasses, who bear not the axe and rods of punishment, but the golden reward of sheaves of corn that burst their bonds and scatter the blessing of their grain. And as they lift up their voices the old exiled peasants return and join the chorus. Two brawny *cháshás*, hold aloft green saplings on either side, and the standard bearer of the Sun lifts up his golden disk, streaming this time with joyous rays, giver and friend of Life again. The fire, re-lit by him who erstwhile was the Demon of Destruction, leaps up from the hearth, tamed again into home life, shedding and scattering its dancing rays on all.

Come, Fire, touch our lamps,

Shed thy light upon our woe and woe,

Bring radiance to our strength,

Let peace shine in thee and love and the welfare of our house.

*Come by thy sacred path, thou who art good,
Make our sleep secure, our awakening auspicious,
Watch untired, like mother's eyes, in the nights of our suffering,
And add thy smile to our festivals.*

All now join in a procession. First come the Santal braves with their sonorous drums, and soft, sweet fluting, the long line of graceful brown maidens and wives swaying after them, full of the merriment of their own song. [*Filly is the first place taken by the Santals, that gentle and loveable race, even now passing from a hunting life to the first stages of pastoral life and cultivation,—still winning ploughland from woodland, and leading lambs where leopards prowled.*] Then follow the other peasants singing triumphantly too: the boys bare to the waist for work, some swinging spades, some bearing green branches, some yellow sheaves, on either side of Mother Earth; the girls with their shining vessels, their bright dresses and their flowers; the little children flitting in and out all the time, sometimes joining the ranks of the dancers, breaking away when they move too fast, running after the others and tumbling over one another, and linking arms as and where they can, laughing all the while.

*The cymbals that ring in the right and the left hand of Time
Drive away sleep, and with their rhythm awaken dance
in planets and stars.*

*They ring in the flower, in the thorn,
in the ebb and flow of the light and the shadows,
in the joys and sorrows of Life.*

*To their rhythm, waves surge up in the sea of things,
At their clash of black and white, colours break out in rapture.
Let the lute of thy smiles and tears be tuned to their cadence,
For there sounds the drum calling thee to the dancing hall
 of Life and Death.*

And, in cheerful medley, the audience rose and joined the procession as it thus wended homewards drumming, dancing and singing; the younger joining in the fun, the elders following more sedately after; all seemingly content.

And so our Pageant ended.

NARAYANA : THE HINDU CONCEPTION OF UNIVERSAL HUMANITY.

By **BIPIN CHANDRA PAL.**

PART I.

The Theory of Brahman.

All men are essentially one. But this fundamental unity of man is not an undifferentiated but only and always what may be best called a self-differentiated unity. It is not uniformity that must be realised by the obliteration of all differences, but that true unity which is not destroyed but is always progressively perfected by holding and harmonising within itself endless diversities of what may be called its limbs and organs.

All the endless divergences in the physical, psychical, social and spiritual structures and tendencies observed among men,—differences that constitute their individualities or personalities—do not destroy but rather, on the contrary develop and fulfil this fundamental unity of their common manhood. This fundamental unity of man is realised not by the negation or elimination of these individual or national diversities and differences but only by their evolution and perfection. For, this fundamental Unity of Man is not a mechanical but an organic unity. In this view, what we conceive as the collective man or the Universal Man is a highly developed and complex organism. The different individuals or groups of individuals, whether tribes or races or nations, are organs of this complex organism. Organs have their meaning not in themselves, but in the common life of the organism to which they belong. This common life of the organism also works through the increasingly intimate co-ordination and harmonious activities of its diverse organs. Individual humans as well as the different national groups into which mankind stands divided by territorial demarkations and historic associations as well as by the pre-historic peculiarities of their physical, mental and social structure, that lend their distinguishing marks and notes to their respective cultures and civilisations—all these must realise themselves in and through the common life and evolution of Universal Humanity.

Man is an organism himself. He is an end unto himself. This end constitutes the real meaning and value of his personality. As a person, man represents the fullness and perfection of his Maker, potentially. The mystery of the human personality is also the eternal mystery of the personality of the Ultimate Reality called Brahman, or Paramātmā or Bhagavān in our language, and God by the Europeans. This personality of ours is revealed through the endless differentiations of our inner life and the outer relations through which this inner life realises itself. Man is a self-conscious, self-determining, self-revealing and self-realising being. This self-consciousness comes in and through his realisation of himself as at once both identical with and different from his objects. Inconceivable difference in unity and unity in difference—inconceivable, that is, by the categories of formal logic—constitutes the fundamental basis of our personality.

The self-same fact of identity in difference and difference in identity, is also observed in the relations between human individuals and human societies on the one side, and what we call Universal Humanity on the other. Individual humans and different social groups are parts and limbs of this Universal Humanity, and stand in a relation of identity in difference and difference in identity with it. Men must realise their perfected personalities not isolated from or in antagonism to other human personalities that constitute the diverse limbs and organs of this Universal Humanity. Even so must the various groups of humans, called tribes or races or nations, similarly realise the fullness and perfection of their group-life not apart from or in opposition to the life and movements of this Universal Humanity, as expressed through the multitudinous and divergent lives and activities of the countless individuals and numerous nations composing it, but always in and through this larger and more complex life and movement. This Organism we call Universal Humanity.

2.

The usual tendency of modern thought has been to regard Universal Humanity as a logical abstraction. To the multitudes, whether in India or Europe, this Humanity is only a generalisa-

tion of the common experiences of human history and human evolution. But there have been seers, even in this age, who have cognised this Humanity, not as an abstraction, but really, as a Being. Joseph Mazzini was one of them.

About a hundred years ago, Mazzini defined this Humanity, which had become the war-cry of the movement of social and political reconstruction in Europe initiated by the French Revolution, as a Being. To Mazzini this Humanity was a Person. It was really the revelation, to him, of the Divine Personality on the plane of human consciousness and human relations, both individual and social. This revelation was the most valuable of Mazzini's contributions to the social philosophy of the last century.

In this view of Humanity as a Being or Person, Mazzini found a final solution of the international rivalries that had already appeared as the most powerful factor of modern European history and evolution. These rivalries and conflicts were the inevitable logic of the dogma of Right upon which the French Revolution wanted to build a new earth and a new heaven. Mazzini thoroughly exposed the necessary implications of this dogma of Right, which sets up competition in place of co-operation, conflict in place of camaraderie, and resistance in place of the surrender of narrow interests and separatist conceits, as the law of social and international life.

Though it had raised aloft the standard of universal revolt against the existing social and political order that denied the elementary rights and liberties of the many for the free pursuit of the selfish ends of a few, in the name of Equality, Fraternity and Humanity, the French Revolution had failed to discover any principle of social life and duty that would reconcile all conflicts of particularistic interests in the larger life of society. In his conception of Humanity as a Being, Mazzini discovered this great principle, and in the name of this Humanity, he called upon the fighting peoples of Europe, to get rid of what he described as the "incubus of the French Revolution."

3.

Christian humanitarians have also sought to realise this Humanity as a Being or Person. To them Christ represents this

Universal Humanity; He is the embodiment of it. To them Christ is the Word of God, the Word that was from the beginning with God, that is God, the very God of God. And Humanity is the manifestation of Christ on the social plane. To Christian consciousness, Christ has always been the perfected life of Man in God and the perfected revelation of God in Man. Christ has therefore been always regarded as the revelation of the Perfect Man. He is the Universal Man. Christ is what we would call the Regulative Idea in Human Evolution, in modern parlance. Christ is, to the devout Christian, the Ideal towards which Humanity, both individually and collectively, has been moving through the processes of inner mental and spiritual, as well as of outer cosmic and social evolution.

This Christ is a Being, a Person, a self-conscious, self-determining, self-realising and eternally self-realised existence, eternally reaching out to Himself, in and through the processes of cosmic and historic evolutions. In his conception of Humanity, as a Being, Mazzini only rationalised and universalised this Christian conception of Christ, by setting it free from the trammels of Christian dogma and Christian particularism.

4.

The idea is however found not only in Christian thought and consciousness but also in Hindu thought and consciousness. Our word for Humanity is *Nārāyaṇa*. And I venture to say that the concept *Nārāyaṇa* is certainly more comprehensive and rational than the concept Humanity.

Humanity, on the very face of it, is an abstract noun. It is clearly the result of a generalisation of our experience of men in the collective. The "ity" is a sign of this abstraction. But there is no suspicion of any such abstraction or generalisation in the concept *Nārāyaṇa*, a compound of two Sanskrit words, *nāra* and *ayana*. *Nāra* is a derivative of *nara* (man) and means a collection of men. *Ayana* means refuge, or basis, or that which holds a thing within itself. (1)

Nārāyaṇa is the great and complex organism that

(1) *Nārāyaṇa* has another meaning also. *Nāra* means water, and *Ayana* means refuge. This is found in a Puranic episode. I shall consider this later when discussing the Puranic conception of *Nārāyaṇa*.

holds together both individual humans, and the different human-groups or communities of men. **Nārāyana** holds the entire human race within himself, as his limbs and organs, through which he works out his eternal ends in creation. This **Nārāyana** thus corresponds very closely to the Humanity of European thought, but Humanity conceived not as an abstraction or generalisation, but as a Being as it has been realised by Mazzini, or as the Christ realised by Christian consciousness.

Like Christ, our **Nārāyana** is also a Person. Christ is the Second Person in the Christian Dogma of the Trinity. There is not exactly the same, but a very closely similar conception in Hinduism also. This trinitarian idea in Hinduism is found fully developed in our Vaishnavic thought and realisation. And it is significant that **Nārāyana** has been identified in this Vaishnavic Trinity, not with what may be called the Second Person of it, but with its First Person. **Nārāyana** is only another name for *Bhagavān* or the Supreme Lord.

5.

This Hindu conception of the Trinity, in which *Bhagavān* stands for what may be called the First Person in terms of Christian theology, is found clearly indicated in the well-known text of the *Bhāgavata Purāna*, which says :

Badanti tat-tattvavidas-tattvam yaj-jñānam advayam

Brahméti paramātméti bhagavāniti shabdyaté.

Rendered into English, this means that those who know the *tattva* (ultimate reality) call that one-and-undivided *jñānam* or consciousness as *tattva*, which goes by the name of *Brahman* (in the Upanishads), *Paramātmā* (among the Yogins) and *Bhagavān* (among the *Bhāgavatas*, or the followers of the way of Love and Faith).

Brahma, *Paramātmā* and *Bhagavān* are not three separate entities, but only three names of one and the same Truth or Reality. The Sanskrit term *tattva* has a deep meaning. *Tattva* means that which an enquirer seeks to know. Here, in this text of the *Bhāgavata*, as indeed in all our theological or metaphysical literature and speculations, *tattva* means that which answers the universal query regarding the origin of the universe, its continuance in existence, as well as its final destiny.

As man stands before this world, three questions rise in his mind : (i) he sees things that were not in existence coming into existence before him, and he asks—whence do these things that were not before come to be now? (ii) He sees that objects which thus come into being, continue to be; and he asks—how do things that come into being continue to be? And (iii) he sees things that are now, pass away the next moment; and he asks—whither do things that are, pass away at their disappearance or dissolution?

These are the three universal and eternal queries of the human mind. These three questions constitute the great riddle of the universe. And our ancients gave the name of *Tatva* to that which gives a final answer to these three eternal and universal queries,—which solves this great riddle of the universe. The Upanishads found the solution of this Riddle in Brahman.

6.

We have the details of this solution very clearly stated in the Bhrigu-Vārūni episode of the Taittiriya Upanishad, an episode which, incidentally, throws a significant light on the method of ancient Hindu speculation.

Bhrigu, the son of the sage Varuna, having acquired full knowledge of what may be called the phenomenal world, approached his father and said—"Teach me about Brahman."

Varuna replied: These senses, this mind (*śarīraṃ, manas*), this understanding, these are the instruments of the knowledge of Brahman. Seek thou to know Brahman by meditation. And to help his son in his meditation, Varuna gave him the following formula:

Yatō vā imāni bhūtāni jāyanté, Yēna jātāni jīvanti,

Yam prayantyaabhisamvishanti, Tad vijijñāśasva, Tad Brahma.

That from which these objects have come into being; That by which, having come to being, these objects continue to be; That towards which these objects are continually moving and into which they enter at their final disappearance or dissolution; That is Brahman. Seek thou to know That fully.

Bhrigu, so runs the story, thereupon commenced to meditate upon the meaning of this formula. *Śhrāvaṇam, Mananam*, and

Nidhidhyāsanam,—these constitute the recognised process of the realisation of Brahman in the Upanishads. What Varuna here calls meditation or *tāpasyā* is completed in these three steps. First *shravanam*, literally means to hear. Hearing instruction from teacher or scriptures is the first step in this process. The true teacher is one who has realised the Truth, which he teaches, in his own thought and life.

He who has known Brahman can alone teach about Brahman. And the test of the knowledge of Brahman is laid down in the Upanishads which declare :

Bhidyatē hridaya-granthi-schidyantē sarva-samsayāḥ

Kshiyantē chāsya karmāni tasmin drishtē parāvarē.

He who has seen the Supreme Being or Brahman, in His dual aspect of the transcendent and the immanent,—or as revealed in and through this phenomenal world and as eternally standing beyond this process, eternally self-realised and self-existent, the One Undivided Consciousness,—finds *all the knots of his heart loosened (or all his self-regarding desires absolutely banished), all his doubts absolutely dispelled, and all his self-regarding activities exhausted.*

These three, namely, freedom from all self-regarding desires, or in other words, complete identification in thought and emotion and volition with the Universal; complete freedom from all manner of doubts regarding the truth and reality of Brahman, or in other words, unshaken and unshakeable faith, due to direct cognition, in the Presence of Brahman; and complete freedom from the bondage of works, which bondage is created only by self-regarding desire for the fruits thereof, or, in other words, absolute consecration of all life's activities to the service of the Lord and the pursuit only of Universal ends;—these are the evidences of true knowledge of Brahman.

And *shravanam* means receiving instruction or hearing of the truth and nature of Brahman from such a teacher, or from those scriptures that contain a faithful record of the direct cognition of Brahman by seers and sages.

Because whatever is recorded in the ancient books that are held in popular reverence, cannot claim true scriptural authority.

Ancient Hindu canons of scriptural interpretation, therefore, laid down the definition : *adrishtātmakam śhāstram*. It means that that alone is true scripture, or *su-śhāstra*, which reveals that which cannot be perceived by the senses, or established by the laws of logic, or the familiar methods of deduction or induction.

But this definition of scripture was found to be insufficient. Because we have in the ancient books all kinds of statements which can neither be verified by our sense-testimony nor established by deductive or inductive logic. For instance there are stories of magic and incantation, and of rituals which are supposed to produce certain results in the unseen worlds. Are these to be accepted as authoritative scripture? These considerations led to the enunciation of the next canon—namely, *móksha-pratipādam śhāstram*, that alone is authoritative scripture or *su-śhāstra*, which establishes salvation.

And, finally, as it has been repeatedly proclaimed in all the scriptures that salvation comes only through knowing Brahman, that alone is true scriptural authority, whether in the Vedas or in any other sacred books, which treats of the nature and knowledge of Brahman, or lays down rules and instructions for knowing Brahman.

7.

But what we hear from our teacher or what we read in the scriptures are mere words; and words are mere sounds that seek to signify some truth or reality. Unless we have direct cognition of this truth and reality, the words of the most qualified teacher or the most authoritative and canonical scripture, must remain to us mere meaningless jargon. In seeking to seize the truth and reality of the meaning of such words, we must, therefore, try and get the actual experiences which are sought to be expressed in these instructions. The next process in the acquisition of the knowledge of Brahman is, therefore, *mananam*. This *mananam* has been defined as *vichāra-pūrvakam gura-śhāstra-vākyaārthadhāraṇa*, meaning thereby, the realisation or understanding of the instructions of the teacher, or scriptures, by a critical examination of their meaning and import.

The first step in this *mananam* is the study of the words of the teacher with the help of what we now call textual criticism. After the meaning of the instruction is established with the help of grammar and lexicon and its full import and implication discovered by an examination of the text with its context, we must, in the second step, examine this meaning by applying to it the laws of logic and psychology. But this is not all. After the meaning has been tested by logic and psychology, we have to reproduce in ourselves the same spiritual experiences which have revealed the truth to the teacher or to the ancient seers and sages whose words are recorded in the scriptures. This is the third step in the process of *mananam*. As long as this experience is not reproduced in us, the instruction of the teacher or the scriptures remain mere heresay, and hearsay is not knowledge. And the object of *mananam* is to secure a correct knowledge of the meaning of what is heard from the teacher or read in the scriptures.

After *mananam* comes *nidhidhyāsanam*, i.e., repeated concentration of the mind upon the meaning of the words of the teacher or of the scriptures, as realised by *mananam*. This repeated thinking of the truth enables us to live in an unbroken consciousness of it. It is only then that the Unseen becomes as if it were seen, and the disciple lives, even through his very senses, so to speak, in the realm of the Supersensuous. These three stages of *śrāvanam*, *mananam* and *nidhidhyāsanam* sum up what is called *tapasyā* in the text cited above.

8.

Bhrigu, the son of the sage Varuna, after hearing the text about Brahman *Ṭīm* his father, went and commenced to apply himself to seize what it actually meant and reproduce the experience that stood at the back of it, and make it part of his own inner thought and life. This was his *tapasyā*.

In the course of his *mananam* Bhrigu evidently asked himself the questions: Whence do objects that are not, come to be? How do things that are, continue to exist? And, whither do things go when they disappear from the plane of this existence? And the first thing which he seemed to have dis-

covered, was, that of these three states, he knew only something about the middle one. We know neither the beginning nor the end of phenomena. Living things continue to live through the food they take. This food is again what lends them the strength and energy to reproduce life in their progeny. Finally, when living things die, they become food for others.

In this crude way, Bhrigu seems to have meditated upon the meaning of the formula given him by his father. His father had presented Brahman to him in terms of what is called x in algebra, and in his first attempt Bhrigu found the value of this unknown quantity in *Annam*. The literal meaning of *annam* is food. But here, in Bhrigu's first solution of the riddle of the universe, this *annam* evidently stood for the material basis of this world-process.

And Bhrigu went to his father and said that he had found Brahman: *Annam* is Brahman. (2)

That was really what we would now call the material theory of the universe,—the highest generalisation of the physico-chemical sciences.

9.

Varuna said: Go and meditate again. By meditation shalt thou know Brahman. Bhrigu went once more to meditate. But this time the object of his meditation was really no longer the original formula of Varuna, but the conclusion at which he had himself arrived, namely, that *Annam* is Brahman. From *annam* have all objects come into being: by *annam* do all objects live, to *annam* do all objects return at final dissolution. He asked himself now—was this really verified by experience?

And the answer came clear and distinct that it was not so. For though matter can explain matter, it cannot explain the mystery of life. *Annam* or food has no value to the dead. It is the living alone that continue in life through what they eat. Life, therefore, controls food, and not food, life. Or, to speak in terms

(2) In the Rig-Veda (1. 187) —this *Annam* is worshipped as a god. It is called *Pitu* there. *Sāmā* explains *Pitu* as food. "*Pitu pālakam annam.*" Here *Pitu* or *Annam* is described as the holder of all,—the source of all strength. *Pitu* is adored as beneficent, giver of all good, the friend of all, unrivalled source of happiness. "Oh *Pitu*, even as the heavens hold this atmosphere, even so do thou hold the substance of all the worlds."

of modern thought, Matter has no meaning without Force. And the only force of which we have any direct cognition is the vital-force within us. From *annam*, Bhṛigu thus rose to his next synthesis, which was Life, arriving at the conclusion that *Prāṇa* or the Life-principle, is Brahman.

In other words, in the second stage of his meditation, Bhṛigu rose from the generalisation of the physico-chemical group of sciences, to that of the Biological group. He came to his father and said that he had found Brahman. *Prāṇa* (Life) is Brahman.

10.

But Varuna said : Meditate again, by meditation seek thou to know Brahman. This time Bhṛigu started with an analysis of the phenomena of life ; and he discovered that the evidence of life was in the activities of the senses ; and that these senses again operate through the *manas*, or the sensorium, called the eleventh sense in Hindu psychology. As from the conclusion of the Physical Sciences, Bhṛigu had risen to Biology, so now from Biology he rose to the plane of Psychology. He went to his father and said, I have found Brahman—*Manas* is Brahman.

11.

But Varuna said, meditate again. Bhṛigu went and commenced to think on the phenomena of the mind, or to analyse our common sensations. And he found that the senses give only passing impressions of sense-objects. Neither the eye nor the ear nor any other of the senses give us knowledge of objects in their entirety. These senses are like so many mirrors before which a series of fleeting pictures are reflected in quick succession. Yet we sense objects not in parts but as wholes. How is this rendered possible ?

The answer was, that behind the senses and the mind or sensorium, there is something else which is an ever-present witness of the passing impressions received through the senses and which, holding together in itself, so to say, these passing sensations, render our knowledge of sense-objects possible. This something is *Vijñānam*, or what may be rendered in English as the Unity of Consciousness, or the Self.

In other words, Bhṛigu had risen by successive steps from the conclusion of the Physico-Chemical Sciences, through Biology

and Psychology, to Metaphysics or Philosophy. He went to his father and said, I have found Brahman. *Vijñānam* (the Absolute of the Metaphysicians) is Brahman.

12.

Nevertheless Varuna once more said—Meditate. By meditation must thou seek to know Brahman. Bhṛigu now commenced to examine his last conclusion and he discovered that though *Vijñānam* explained everything else, from our experiences of the material universe to our cognitions of our own self, there was one universal and outstanding fact of life which it could not explain. That fact was what our ancients called *Anandam* (joy). There is *ānandam* in the movement of the senses towards their respective objects. There is *ānandam* in the exercise of the mind. There is *ānandam* in thought and meditation. This fact though present in all phases of life, can be explained neither by the physical or mental sciences, nor by metaphysics. Bhṛigu, therefore, finally arrived at the conclusion that *ānandam* is Brahman. Literally this *ānandam* means the state of joy or bliss. The nearest modern approach to this concept, *ānandam*, is what we now call self-realisation, or more accurately, the supreme joy that results from our realisation of self.

Bhṛigu went to his father and said that he had found Brahman. *Anandam* (Joy) is Brahman. From *ānandam* have all things come into being, by *ānandam* are all things maintained in existence, towards *ānandam* do all things move in the course of their cosmic evolution, and into *ānandam* do all things enter at their final disappearance or dissolution.

Varuna at length was satisfied and signified his approval by citing the text :

Yatō vāchō nivartantē aprāpya manasā saha

Anandam Brahmano vidvān na vibhēti kadāchana. *

Those who find this anandam (joy in the realisation of Brahman) which cannot be expressed in words, nor even conceived by the mind, stand not in fear of anything.

13.

This Bhṛigu-Vārūni episode is significant as an illustration

of the peculiar genius of the Indo-Aryan mind. The process by which Bhrigu reached to the knowledge of Brahman is a perfectly rational and scientific process. He started in his search of Brahman or the solution of the Riddle of the Universe, from the positive world of sense and matter about him. And step by step he rose in this search, from the highest generalisation of the physico-chemical sciences to that of biology; from the generalisation of biology he rose next to that of psychology; from the generalisation of psychology he rose next to that of philosophy or metaphysics which is the Science of the sciences. But even here he did not find the final solution of his problem. From the generalisation of Philosophy (in its narrow sense of the science of the unity of consciousness, or what is called *vijñānam* in the Upanishads) Bhrigu rose finally to the highest generalisation of *Æsthetics*. And this was the end of his quest. In Art or *Æsthetics* or what is called the Philosophy of the Beautiful, the master-key to the revelation of the mystery of which is Love,—Bhrigu found the final answer to the problem of existence and the riddle of the universe.

14.

This remarkable episode in the Taittirīya Upanishad contains, in a nutshell, the entire philosophy of Brahman or the Ultimate Reality, as discovered and verified in direct experience by our seers and sages of the age of the Upanishads. And the most remarkable thing about this philosophy of the Brahman in our Upanishads is its note of unity and universality. Brahman is the One-without-a-second.

This Brahman is both the efficient and the material cause of this universe. Both the substance and the form of this universe is from Brahman. What people sense as matter is only the thought or idea of Brahman expressing itself to the senses in terms of the senses. What people call sentient creatures, are only the revelation of the Life of Brahman on the cosmic plane. What people know as their self or soul is only the eternal self-consciousness of Brahman reflected, so to say, upon the mirror of the human consciousness. And what people call joy or bliss is the *Anadam* of Brahman, who is the Soul of all *Anadam*. All creatures enjoy life, through participation, in

a very small measure, in the *Anandam* of Brahman, so say our Upanishads.

This philosophy of Brahman, as developed in our Upanishads, is the earliest, and, in a very material sense, the highest and grandest attempt of the human mind to reach out to a rational synthesis of the entire body of the varied experiences of man, physical, intellectual, emotional and volitional.

15.

Here, in the Bhṛigu-Vāruṇi episode we find an attempt to build up the doctrine of Brahman or the Ultimate Reality, or what modern philosophers call the Philosophy of the Absolute, upon direct human experience and a synthesis of all the sciences. Here, we find that the way to Brahman, in whom is the highest self-fulfilment of man, and in whose knowledge alone must he seek and find his salvation from the bondage of self and sense and sin, is the way of universal human culture. To truly know Brahman one must know both nature and man, or in other words, one must be *en rapport* with the entire range of human culture and be established in conscious and full fellowship with every part of the universe. The pursuit of universal culture and the cultivation of fellowship with all things and all men both severally and collectively, becomes thus an essential religious duty to the seeker after Brahman. Salvation comes only through knowing Brahman. This knowledge of Brahman comes through knowledge of His Self-revelation in this Universe. The call of Brahman is thus the call of the Universe. True knowledge of Brahman is the cognition of the Universal in and through the endless particularities of cosmic phenomena and human life and thought. It is the consciousness of the fundamental unity that underlies the multitudinous divergences of our sense-perceptions and our thought movements.

**Yascháyam asminákásé téjómáyó'mritamayah purushah sarvánñbhúh
Yascháyam asminátmani téjómáyó'mritamayah purusah sarvánubhuh
Tvaméva viditvá atimrityuméti nánayah panthá vidyaté'yanáya.**

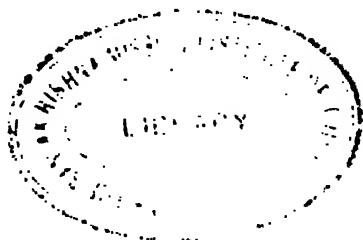
The Self-illuminated and Immortal Person who cognises all things in this limitless space about us; the Self-illuminéd and Immortal Person who cognises everything in this self of ours;

by knowing Him alone can we attain the life eternal; there is no other way to salvation.

This Self-Illumined and Eternal Person who knows and holds all that exists in space is the basis of the mathematical and physical sciences. This Self-Illumined and Eternal Person who knows and holds in His knowledge all the experiences of our inner life is the basis of all our knowledge of ourselves. Both our individual and group life eternally rest upon the eternal and progressive self-revelation of this Eternal Person, in and through the lives and thoughts of individual humans and universal human history. This is the logic of the philosophy of Brahman as developed in our ancient Upanishads.

Here we find religion and culture pursued as one and the same way to the highest self-realisation, the final salvation, of man. Here the highest and truest God-consciousness comes through the vision of Universal Humanity as revealed in and through progressive universal human culture.

But in the Upanishads we do not find the highest revelation of Indian Thought and Culture; though they contain the seed and promise of all subsequent developments. The Upanishads themselves reveal the ultimate Reality in its dual aspect of the Cosmic Soul and the Over-Soul, though the emphasis is perhaps especially laid on the former. This Over-Soul is called *Paramátmá* in our language. But the last word of Hindu culture is neither Brahman nor *Paramátmá*, but *Bhagaván*. And the highest revelation of *Bhagaván* is in *Nāráyana*. The Philosophy of *Nāráyana* is built upon the Philosophy of Brahman, *Paramátmá* and *Bhagaván*. This Philosophy of Brahman sought to be briefly indicated here is, therefore, the first book of the Philosophy of *Nāráyana*, which is our word for Universal Humanity.



THE FUTURE

FROM "CONSERVATION AND PROGRESS"

By Sri Aurobindo Ghose

The future is a sphinx with two minds, an energy which offers itself and denies, gives itself and resists, seeks to enthrone us and seeks to slay. But the conquest has to be attempted, the wager has to be accepted. We have to face the future's offer of death as well as its offer of life, and it need not alarm us, for it is by constant death to our old names and forms that we shall live more vitally in greater and newer forms and names.

Go on we must ; for if we do not, Time itself will force us forward in spite of our fancied immobility. And this is the most pitiable and dangerous movement of all. For what can be more pitiable than to be borne helplessly forward clinging to the old that disintegrates in spite of our efforts and shrieking to the dead ghosts and dissolving fragments of the past to save us alive? And what can be more dangerous than to impose immobility on that which is in its nature mobile? This means an increasing and horrible rottenness ; it means an attempt to persist on as a putrid and stinking corpse instead of as a living and self-renewing energetic creature.

The greatest spirits are, therefore, those who have no fear of the future, who accept its challenge and its wager ; who have that sublime trust in the God or Power that guides the world, that high audacity of the human soul to wrestle with the infinite and realise the impossible, that wise and warrior confidence in its ultimate destiny, which mark the avatars and prophets and great innovators and renovators.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A letter from Europe addressed to me contains the following interesting and suggestive observation about the spirit of Indian religion :

To me the great thing in the religious development in India is, that India was never imbued with the idea that man is the master of the world. On the contrary, he is subject to the same eternal law as the whole world, and his privilege is only that he can realise that such is the case. Truth, that is to say what really is, what does not change, was the first principle evolved in the Aryan mind, and the great god-kings were the guardians of truth, of *rita*, the eternal law, even they not being above it. Therefore the Indian leaders of religious thought did not bend their knees before gods, but before the law, the eternal truth, which is the only eternal life. The idea itself was filled with life, sometimes conceived like a compassionate divine being, sometimes as eternity itself. . . .

What I should like to tell Indian students is, that they should not try to westernize their ideas, but to develop them, at the same time extending a sympathetic understanding to European conceptions. The ideals of the East and the West are like the two sides of a coin. Neither of them should be blotted out, nor should they be fused into one stamp, because then both would lose their value.

It is very true that the higher Indian mind has been strongly possessed by the idea of the immutable law guiding the *samsāra*, the ever-moving selfence of things. This eternal expression of law, as the writer of the letter says, is what really *is*; and in a later period, this same idea was developed into the *karma* theory, —the doctrine of existence as an interminable chain of causation.

But religion has its genesis in man's desire to be released from the limitation of what *is*. The crudest magical rites, however weird or meaningless they may appear, have in some vague

manner this freedom for their object. Man is the only creature who is a born rebel, never reconciled to the conditions of his existence. In the depth of his nature he carries an instinctive faith in the paradox that the completeness of reality consists in the endless contradiction of what *does* exist and what *should* exist. His literature and art find their inspiration in the ever-present suggestions that come from beyond the boundaries of his senses, and yet seem closer to him than the obvious.

The negative aspect of Christianity is in its desire for salvation from the original sin which burdens the nature of man, and the negative aspect of the Indian religious ideal is in the desire for *mukti*, the deliverance from the ties of existence itself,—the perpetual movement engendered by the self-winding machine of law.

Christianity has its positive aspect in man's aspiration for his acceptance by God through love. In Indian religion, the positive aspect is in the desire for a complete union with the supreme Being, who is above Law. So, though on the one hand the Indian has acknowledged the sovereignty of law in his own destiny and that of the world, on the other he believes in the possibility of taking his place at the fountain-head of law, where there is complete freedom. Even those of us who believe in astrology do not deny that man by virtue of spiritual attainment can free himself from the decree of the stars; for law holds good only in the region of nature, and not in that of spirit.

In the *Upanishad* it has been said :

Bhayādasyāgnistapati bhayāttapati sūryah.

Bhayādiṇdrascha vāyuscha mrityurdhāvati panchamah.

Fire burns and the sun gives heat for the bhayam (fear) of this Being; His fear moves the clouds and winds and death's activity.

This *bhayam* (fear) is the law; it can never be broken; death is as much under its sway as life itself. It is hardly necessary

to point out that this law is called fear, because in law is implied punishment.

On the other hand, it also has been said in the *Upanishad* :

Anandādhyéva khalvimáni bhútáni jáyanté.

All these that have been born have issued from him whose nature is bliss.

This bliss (*ánandam*) which is in perfection, in the fulness of freedom, is the Supreme Truth.

To have to acknowledge only law, and not freedom, as the ultimate reality, is terrible—like an eternal prospect of foreign subjection. One must never accept such tyranny, for it is unalloyed evil. There is an extreme section of Buddhists who have proclaimed war to the knife against *bhava*, against *to be*. For, according to them, to continue to exist is but interminable slavery. They preach spiritual nihilism, and interpret *nirvána* as uttermost extinction. The *Upanishad*, however, while acknowledging the prevalence of *bhayam*, of law, in the universe, asserts that the supreme Truth is *ánandam*, the bliss which is freedom.

But how to reconcile the pair of contraries—law and freedom?

A student has to labour with the law of words before he understands the language in which a poem is written. If there were nothing but these laws of grammar and philology, never leading up to that positive satisfaction which it is the object of the poem to afford, then the student would have the right to claim freedom from the barren drudgery of his class teaching. But when, through increase of knowledge, he realises the creative bliss which permeates the poem, then though the law still remains to rule the form of the verse, *his* freedom is effected. Then his enjoyment moves with the inner current of creation and he attains true union with the poet himself.

The real freedom from the bondage of words is, therefore, not in avoiding the poem, but in the realisation of its ideal unity, its ultimate truth. Moreover, for a student it may be easy to give up his studies by absenting himself from his class, but for a man it is impossible to free himself from the web of existence by running away from it. Therefore he must rely solely on his truer vision, in order to be able to transmute reality for himself, so that it may lose its aspect of bondage.

It has been said :

Yadidam kincha jagat prāna éjati nihsritam.

Mahadbhayam vajramudyatam ya étaḍviduramritasté bhavanti.

This world with all that it contains vibrates in life having come out of life. It is the great bhayam (fear, law)—a suspended thunderbolt. Those who know its truth become immortal.

The ceaseless movement of this world has its continual source in a boundless Life, also the source of Law, the law that cannot be broken with impunity. And yet, at the same time, those who realise its truth are freed from the bondage of mortality; for just as the prosody is not the poem, so this Law is not the Supreme Truth itself.

Generally speaking, the West believes more in movement than in a goal—not in the game, but in the chase. She seems to have her doubts as to whether there is anything whatsoever which is ultimate. She is bent upon realising her daily wages in cash throughout the passage of her life, strenuously snatching her dues (where possible, even more than her due) from the grip of the passing moments. She is ever busy lighting her street lamps one after another, doubtless an important duty, but she is not at all sure about the lamp of her own home.

India has her strong faith in the truth which is final. The process which she has adopted to reach it, is named by her : *Yoga*. The special mental attitude which India has in her reli-

gion is made clear by this word *yoga* whose meaning is *effecting union*.

Union has its significance not in the realm of *to have*, but in that of *to be*. To gain truth is to admit its separateness, but *to be true* is to become one with truth.

Most religions which deal with our relationship with God assure us of some reward if that relationship be kept true. This reward, call it merit, or heaven, or salvation, has an objective value. It gives us some reason outside ourselves for pursuing the prescribed path. We have such religions also in India. But the religion evolved from the *Upanishad* has for its ally the practise of *yoga*, which is the discipline adopted for the purpose of union—union with the supreme Reality that comprehends all things.

Yoga is for the union with the all, which is not the sum total of things, but the truth which dwells in them and beyond them. For the person whose spiritual sense is dull, the desire for realisation is reduced to physical possession, an actual grasping in space. His longing for magnitude becomes not an aspiration towards the great, but a mania for the big. But the spiritual realisation of the *all*, which lies along the process of *yoga*, is not through augmentation of possession in dimension or number. For, unending quantity is merely limits made endless, which is not the same as the unlimited. The truth that is infinite dwells in the ideal of unity which we find in the deeper relatedness of all things in this world. This truth of relation is not in space, it can only be realised in one's own spirit, because it lies in the spirit of things. *Ekadhaivānūdrashtavyam état apraméyam dhruvam—This infinite and eternal has to be known as One. Para ākāsāt aja ātmā—this birthless spirit is beyond space.*

Our union with this spirit is not to be attained through the mind. For, our mind belongs to the department of economy in the human organism. It carefully husbands our consciousness for its narrow range of dealings with the phenomenal world. It

is like a bull's-eye lantern which restricts the illumination to a particular spot, setting up a boundary of division between its special purpose and all that lies beyond it. It is the object of *yoga* to help us to transcend the limits built up by mind. On the occasions when these are overcome, our soul is filled with joy, which indicates that through such freedom we come into touch with the Reality that is an end in itself, and therefore is bliss.

I believe it is not an uncommon experience for us to come to moments of perfect mental detachment when our soul seems to flow into the things that are before it, when a tree standing in our view comes as intimately close to us as our breath itself. It is not a state of blurred perception, but of freed consciousness overflowing its banks of mind—drowning the facts of things and finding its way into the truth which is their spirit.

It has often been said that this religion of *yoga*, owing to its monistic quality, does not assist the growth of moral character. I cannot accept this as true. In other religions, their basis of morality is in the faith that moral laws, having God's own sanction, must be obeyed to please Him, to avoid incurring His wrath. In the religion of *yoga*, the moral path of goodness, far from being ignored, is more intimately realised as the only true path of spiritual union. Therein, a sin is a sin because it is a discord which loudly intensifies our egotistical separateness from the Universal

This verse from the *Upanishad* will explain the point :

Esha Dēvō visvakarmā mahātmā
 Sādā janānām hridayē sannivisthah
 Hridā manishā manasābhiklīptō
 Ya ētadviduramritāste bhavanti.

This is the Divine Being whose activity comprehends the whole world, who is the great soul ever dwelling in the hearts of all people. Those who realise Him with their hearts and understanding minds clear of all doubt, become immortal.

Our union with a Being whose activity is world-wide and who dwells in the heart of humanity cannot be a passive one. In order to be united with Him we have to divest our work of selfishness, we must work for all. When I say for *all*, I do not mean for a countless number of individuals. All work that is morally good, however small in extent, is universal in character. Such work makes for a realisation of *Visvakarmá*, the World-worker, who works for others. In order to be one with this *Mahátmá* one must cultivate the greatness of soul which identifies itself with the soul of all peoples and not merely with that of one's own.

This helps us to understand what Buddha has described as *Brahma-vihára* (living in *Brahma*). He says :*

Do not deceive each other, do not despise anybody anywhere, never in anger wish any one to suffer through your body, words, or thoughts.

Like a mother maintaining her only son with her own life, keep thy immeasurable loving thought for all creatures.

Above thee, below thee, on all sides of thee, keep on all the world thy sympathy and immeasurable loving thought which is without obstruction, without any wish to injure, without enmity.

*To be dwelling in such contemplation while standing, walking, sitting, or lying down, until sleep overcomes thee, is called living in *Brahma*.*

* Na paróparam nikuvvetha
Náti maññetha kattháchi nam kanchi
Vyāraṇā patigha saññā
Nāna maññasya dukkhamicchéya.

Mettañcha savaḍḍakasmim
Mānasam bhāvaṇe aparimānam
Uddham adhō cha tiriyañcha
Asamvādam avēramasapattam.

Mātā yathā niyaṃ puttam
Ayusā ēka puttam anurakkhe
Evampi sava bhūtesu
Māna sambhāvaṇe aparimānam.

Titthan charan nisinnovā
Sayāno vā yāvatassa vigatamiddha
Ētam satim adhiṭṭhēva
Brahmanētam viharāmadhamāhu.

See—Suttapitaka—Khuddakapāṭi, Part I (Khuddakapāṭi) 77 S. 9. 10.

Also, Suttanipāṭi (11—8).

And Ittibuttaka (27) Translated by Pischel. *Leben und Lehre des Buddha*, 578.

Ya étadviduramritásté bhavanti.

Those who realise Him transcend the limits of mortality, not in duration of time, but in perfection of truth. Man attains infinity by becoming one with the Infinite.

It must never be thought that this ideal is more of metaphysics than religion. On the contrary, the idea it represents is like light itself, which has to be perceived in order to be understood; it cannot be explained by analysis. So long as it is not perceived, it is like a written piece of music to one who is deaf.

What then shall be our ideal? Unity for the human race by an inner oneness and not only by an external association of interests; the resurgence of man out of the merely animal and economic life, or the merely intellectual and æsthetic, into the glories of the spiritual existence; the pouring of the power of the spirit into the physical mould and mental instrument. So that man may develop his manhood into that true supermanhood which shall exceed our present state as much as this exceeds the animal state.

—AUROBINDO.

The prevalent notion that Gautama (Buddha) was an enemy of Hinduism.....is nothing but a misconception. This is not the case. Gautama was born and brought up and lived and died a Hindu. There was not much of the metaphysics and psychology of Gautama which cannot be found in one or other of the orthodox systems, and a great deal of his morality could be matched from earlier or later Hindu books. Such originality as Gautama possessed lay in the way in which he adapted, enlarged and systematised that which had already been well said by others; in the way in which he carried out to their logical conclusion principles of equity and justice already acknowledged by some of the most prominent Hindu thinkers.

—Rhys Davids, quoted in "*Prabuddha Bhārata*".

WITH THE SONG I AM A SONG

(From the Original of Rabindranath)

'The morning's skies do shimmer, wistful, dank,
 With glistening dew and bright ;
The casuarinas on the river bank
 All glimmer in the light.
Within my breast they seem
 To press and throng and teem :
So that I know full well
 The universe does dwell
On the shoreless sea of dream
 A lotus gay and bright.

This truth I know, at last,—
 I am a voice out of the vast
Upsurging Voice, and with the Song
 A song, a life that's linked along
With Life, a light that flaming rends
 Dark meshes of the night.

Translated by KHITISH CH. SEN



VISVA-BHARATI BULLETIN.

[Extract from Report on Collaboration in Work on Mahābhārata by Prof. N. B. Utgikar, of Bhandarkar Research Institute, Poona.]

I have the honour to submit the following report on my mission of Collaboration on behalf of our Institute with Professor M. Winternitz at present at the Visvabharati University, Santiniketan, Bolpur, Bengal.

The work on the Mahābhārata, being done by the Visvabharati, may be thus summarised :

There has been opened at the University a class of advanced Sanskrit students, and the class is conducted by Prof. Winternitz, with whom the Principal of the University, Pandit Vidhu-Shekhar Bhattachārya, Shāstri Mahāshaya, often collaborates.

The students are many of them graduates of the different Indian Universities, who want to learn among other things, the methods of critically editing Sanskrit texts. In the class now being held, there are about ten students including two lady students three being graduates one, a First Class M.A. of the Calcutta University, the other an Honours B.A. of the Bombay University, and the third a lady Graduate of the Benares University. Prof. Winternitz reads with this class some critically edited Sanskrit texts and freely discusses its readings etc.

This class sometimes turns into a literary Society, when students read papers or submit the results of their research work, and discussion follows, led of course by the Professor.

A critical edition and a critical study of the Mahābhārata being one of the objects lying for nearly a generation's time nearest to the Professor's heart, he had chosen (in consultation with me) a part of the Mahābhārata itself, wherewith to initiate his students into the methods of collating MSS for the purpose of editing texts from manuscripts of different recensions and in different characters; the Professor had also fixed upon the critical edition of the Virātaparvan of the Mahābhārata, issued by the Institute, as the text to be used to illustrate the practical application of the principles of textual criticism. Thus, before I joined there, the class as above constituted had already begun to collate the manuscripts of the first *adhyāya* of the first book of the Mahābhārata from Bengali, Nagri and

Southern MSS, and had also read and discussed the first four *adhyāyas* of the *Virāṭaparvan*, *śloka* by *śloka*.

The method of collating Manuscripts which was being followed differed however from the one followed at the Bhandarkar Institute. The former is the individual system, ours is the group system. That is, in the former, each student is given a separate MS and is required to collate it and work at it separately; his work is then examined later. In this case, the labours of the students are kept quite detached from each other, and have to be checked separately. In the group system, the work is collated (say from ten MSS) all at once by say ten students (or even less) and the work of each can be checked on the spot.

Now my collaboration was mainly concerned with the first two of the three aspects of the work mentioned above. As soon as I could take part in the work, Prof. Winternitz asked me to explain the method of collating MSS followed at the Bhandarkar Institute. This I did in brief, and he readily agreed to give our system a fair and full trial. We all began thereafter to collate, on appointed days, the MSS of the *Mahābhārata*, sitting in one group.

I must here mention one fact which will certainly be of the greatest value in the near future to the Institute's *Mahābhārata* work. It is, that the Visvabharati University has, within a wonderfully short time, collected quite a number of very old and very good Sanskrit MSS in different characters, among which are of course included MSS of the *Mahābhārata*. This is due to the untiring and devoted labours of Pandit Anant Krishna Shastri who is there regarded by some as born with a Manuscript instinct. In the case of the part of the *Mahābhārata* which we collated, there were six complete Bengali MSS (five of them on palm leaf), three Nagri and one Southern, in all ten complete manuscripts, of the first book of our epic. A richer and more diverse stock of MSS could hardly be desired. Moreover fresh consignments of MSS were arriving almost daily, some of the bundles waiting to be unpacked and arranged. That most of these Manuscripts are very old and very reliable was proved by certain unimpeachable internal evidence which being technical, need not be mentioned here.

Proceeding with the account of the collation work: when before leaving the University, I asked Prof. Winternitz, which of the two methods he would follow hereafter, he said that it must still be regarded as an open question, and that he would decide in consultation with the students them-

selves. So far as I had an opportunity of knowing the view of some of these (including that of the most intelligent of them) they declared their preference for the group system, in as much as thereby each student would have an opportunity of knowing something about the text and condition of all the other manuscripts, and would derive much benefit from a comparison of the differing text whenever such occurs. By reason of the very nature of our work and having regard to the fact that the MSS we had to collate were more difficult to read than Nagri MSS, we were unable to collate more than one hundred *Slokas*. But, as indicated above, even this little work has already sufficed to strengthen the conclusions on some important points, drawn long ago by Prof. Winternitz and by me on other grounds.

It is more difficult for me to refer at length to the other work in which I participated, viz., the critical reading of the text of the Virāṭaparvan as offered by me in the Institute's edition, as it will readily be seen that this matter is more of a personal one. But this much I can say on the general principles and methods as applied by me, such as for instance the reasons why *Slokas* and lines are to be held as "interpolated" in the text, or the standard to which the text of the Mahābhārata should conform, or again, the preference to be given to a particular group of MSS. In regard to these, or other methods of procedure, as applied in the text and explained in the course of my introduction, there was never expressed any dissent from my present position by my two co-workers, either in the class room, or in our private conversation.

I cannot pretend that these two eminent scholars accepted each and every single word of my present text. This is simply impossible. But our disagreement generally ranged round the selection of particular readings in particular places, and in any case, never went beyond such minor questions as that regarding the value to be attached to better readings found in inferior MSS, as against inferior readings found in better MSS, which generally form the basis of the text.

I must however leave this point here, for the reason already mentioned, only putting on record that at times much illumination was thrown on passages and readings which had before remained obscure, with all the efforts I alone could bestow on them.

There has been another direction in which Professor Winternitz and my humble self worked jointly. It is with regard to a scheme of working out the final edition of the Mahābhārata and a plan of Collaboration between

Indian and European Scholars (if this can be brought about) for working out the main edition. We spent a good many evenings over this, and as a result, have succeeded in putting together a number of proposals and principles for the final edition. I frankly acknowledge that the scholarly solicitude entertained by Professor Winternitz during nearly 25 years for a scientific and critical edition of the Mahābhārata, and his wider and ripper learning, are mainly responsible for the results achieved in this part of the work.

This practically completed the work of my mission. I regret that, for one week after my arrival at Santiniketan, I could do very little work on account of my illness. But for the rest of the period it was an unspeakable delight to be discussing things literary, every now and then, with such eminent scholars as Professor Winternitz and Principal Bhattachārya, though I was often called upon to defend myself and even, on occasion, made to give up my ground, without sacrificing my general position. I may here add that Professor Le'sny (Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in the French University at Prague) is at present at Santiniketan and lectures on Comparative Philology. He also evinced great interest in our work.

To this intellectual delight, was added the kindness and courtesy of my European and Indian friends at Santiniketan with whom it was my privilege to come in contact. I should also particularly mention the goodness shown in various other ways by the officers of the University, the Principal, the Librarian and the Local Secretary, to all of whom I am extremely indebted. I regard it as my great misfortune that the poet, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore (*Gurudeta* as he is called at the Asram) and Mr. C. F. Andrews, both of whom had personally evinced the liveliest interest in this plan of Collaboration between the two Institutions, were away during my stay at Santiniketan.

In concluding this report, I should like to emphasise the desirability of maintaining and strengthening the bonds of fellowship thus happily established between the Bhandarkar Institute and the Viswabharati University. This last should continue to appeal to us here even at this distance, mostly as an Institution actively engaged in higher research work in Oriental studies, receiving inspiration first-hand from a succession of brilliant western Orientalists. The stay of Professor Levi and Professor Winternitz (and Professor Le'sny) has already imparted a welcome impetus in several directions. It is probable that another Orientalist from the

West, Professor Geiger of Vienna, who is Professor of Avesta and Saṅskrit, may come and stay at the University next year.

The Viswabharati University would also be of immense use to this Institute in another direction. Reference has already been made to the successful attempt of the University to collect manuscripts. And judging from what has been already accomplished, the University should soon become one of the most important centres for Mahābhārata and other MSS in North Indian and Bengali characters. This our Institute could never afford to overlook. Lastly, there are scholars and personalities connected with the University, to whom, also, the Institute may have to look for various purposes. All this implies that the good relations, which I hope have been firmly established, should be steadily cultivated for the advancement of the one common purpose which both the Institutions have so much at heart.

Poona, the 31st March, 1923.

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N.B. In the Article headed "A Masque of Earth and Man" by Mr. Arthur Geddes, in the last number, the author desires to acknowledge with gratitude that all the Songs of Rabindranath made use of in the Play were specially translated by the Poet himself for his article.

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THE INDO-IRANIANS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Pods burst, and winged seeds are borne away by the winds to distant soils where, in combination with new environments, variations are produced, and nature, full of creative curiosity, is given opportunity for making new experiments. In the history of man, such experiments have been made with races, driven by some ethnic storm, who reached lands far away from their original habitation, different in climate and surroundings.

The Indo-Iranian people, like a great river, started on their nomad career from their now-forgotten land of birth, in some obscure dawn of history. At last the current of emigration divided into two streams, one finding its destination in the west of the Hindukush, and the other pouring into the plains of India through some gap in its mountain barrier. There are vague records of a conflict of creeds in the Aryan race even before it had bifurcated into its Iranian and Indian branches. And both these communities carried away with them the seeds of that conflict which afterwards had their different stages of development in their respective soils.

The two people, though racially one, were placed in environments which were greatly different. The Iranians had for their neighbours the western races of Asia, who, in the main, were their equals both in physical features and mental gifts; and so they were never faced with the multifarious moral and spiritual problems resulting from colour distinction and from conflicting contact with races most of whom were

inferior to them in culture. But such were the conditions which their destiny imposed upon the Aryans who came to India. There is also another fact, which distinguishes the Indian Aryans from all other branches of this race; it is that they were the one people who evolved a civilisation of a high order in a country which is tropical in climate.

That such difference of circumstances and surroundings should produce different characteristics in brother communities, separated for long centuries, is only what can be expected. There are scholars, who have taken up the task of comparing these two peoples, dwelling only on the contrast which they present in their ideals. But certainly it is of equal if not greater importance to trace some underlying strand of unity in their development of mind, owing to their common race. That their growth of life should take opposite directions reaching to absolute contradiction, cannot be natural; and history, as far as it can be accurately traced, does not point in that direction.

The most important of all outstanding facts of Iranian history is the religious reform brought about by Zarathushtra. There can be hardly any question, that he was the first man we know who gave a definitely moral character and direction to religion, and at the same time preached the doctrine of monotheism which offered an eternal foundation of reality to goodness as an ideal of perfection. All the religions of the primitive type try to keep men bound with regulations of external observances. These, no doubt, have the hypnotic effect of vaguely suggesting a realm of right and wrong, but the dimness of light produces phantasms, leaving men to aberrations. Zarathushtra was the greatest of all the pioneer prophets who showed the path of freedom to man, the freedom of moral choice; the freedom from the blind obedience to unmeaning injunctions, freedom from the multiplicity of shrines which distract our worship from the single-minded chastity of devotion.

To most of us, it sounds like a truism to-day when we are told that the moral goodness of a deed comes from the goodness of intention. But it is a truth which once came to man like a revelation of light in the darkness, and has not yet reached all the obscure corners of humanity. We still see around us men

who fearfully follow, hoping thereby to gain merit, the path of blind formalism, which has no living moral source in the mind. This will make us understand the greatness of Zarathushtra. Though surrounded by believers in magical rites, he proclaimed in those dark days of unreason that religion has its truth in its moral significance, not in external practices of imaginary value; that its value is in upholding man in his life of good thoughts, good words and good deeds.

"The prophet," says Dr. Geiger, "qualifies his religion as 'unheard of words' (Yasna 31.1) or as a 'mystery' (Y. 48.3) because he himself regards it as a religion quite distinct from the belief of the people hitherto. The revelation he announces, is to him no longer a matter of sentiment, no longer a merely undefined presentiment and conception of the Godhead, but a matter of intellect, of spiritual perception and knowledge. This is of great importance; for there are probably not many religions of so high antiquity in which this fundamental doctrine, that religion is a knowledge or learning, a science of what is true, is so precisely declared as in the tenets of the Gathas. It is the unbelieving that are unknowing; on the contrary, the believing are learned, because they have penetrated into this knowledge." (Y. 30.3.)

We may incidentally mention here, as showing the parallel to this in the development of Indian religious thought, that all through the Upanishad, spiritual truth is termed with a repeated emphasis—*vidyā*, knowledge, which has for its opposite—*avidyā*, acceptance of error, born of unreason.

The outer expression of truth reaches its white light of simplicity through its inner realisation. True simplicity is the physiognomy of perfection. In the primitive stage of spiritual growth, when man is dimly aware of the mystery of the infinite in his life and the world, when he does not fully know the inward character of his relationship with this truth, his first feeling is either of dread, or of greed of gain. This drives him into wild exaggeration in worship, frenzied convulsions of ceremonialism. But in Zarathushtra's teachings, which are best reflected in his Gathas, we have hardly any mention of the ritualism of worship. Conduct and its moral motives, such as

Vohumano, Asha and Aramaiti, have there received almost the sole attention.

The orthodox Persian form of worship in ancient Iran included animal sacrifices and offering of *haoma* to the *daevas*. That all these should be discountenanced by Zarathushtra, not only shows his courage, but the strength of his realisation of the Supreme Being as spirit. We are told that it has been mentioned by Plutarch, that "Zarathushtra taught the Persians to sacrifice to Ahura Mazda 'vows and thanks-givings'." The distance between faith in the efficacy of the bloodstained magical rites, and cultivation of the moral and spiritual ideals as the true form of worship, is immense. It is amazing to see how Zarathushtra was the first among men who crossed this distance with a certainty of realisation which imparted such a fervour of faith to his life and his words. The truth which filled his mind was not a thing which he borrowed from books, or received from teachers; he did not come to it by following a prescribed path of tradition, but it came to him as an illumination of his entire life, almost like a communication to his personal self, and he proclaimed this utmost immediacy of his knowledge when he said :

When I conceived of Thee, O Mazda, as the very First and the Last, as the most Adorable One, as the Father of Good Thought, as the Creator of Truth and Right, as the Lord Judge of our actions in life, then I made a place for Thee in my very eyes. Yasna 31.8. (Translation D. J. Irani).

It was the direct stirring of his soul which made him say :

Thus do I announce the Greatest of all ! I weave my songs of praise for him through Truth, helpful and beneficent of all that live. Let Ahura Mazda listen to them with His Holy Spirit, for the Good Mind instructed me to adore Him; by his Wisdom let Him teach me about what is best. Yasna 45.6. (D. J. Irani.)

The truth, which is not reached through the analytical process of reasoning, and does not depend for proof on some corroboration of outward facts or the prevalent faith and practice of the people,—the truth, which comes like an inspiration, out of context with its surroundings, brings with it an assurance that it has been sent from a divine source of wisdom, that the individual who has received it is specially chosen and therefore

has his responsibility as the messenger of God. Zarathushtra felt this sacredness of his mission and believed himself to be the direct medium of communication of Divine Truth.

So long as man deals with his God as the dispenser of benefits only to those of His worshippers who know the secret of propitiating Him, he tries to keep Him for his own self or for the tribe to which he belongs. But directly the moral or spiritual nature of God is apprehended, this knowledge is thrown open to all humanity; and then the idea of God, which first gives unity only to a special people, transcends limitations of race, and gathers together all human beings within one spiritual circle of union. Zarathushtra was the first prophet who emancipated religion from the exclusive narrowness of the tribal God, the God of a chosen people, and offered it to the universal man. This is a great fact in the history of religion. The Master said, when the enlightenment came to him :

Verily, I believed Thee, O Ahura Mazda, to be the Supreme Benevolent Providence, when Sraosha came to me with the Good Mind, when first I received and became wise with Thy words! And though the task be difficult, though woe may come to me, I shall proclaim to all mankind Thy message, which Thou declarest to be the best. Y. 43.11. (D. J. Irani.)

He prays to Mazda :

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, O Ahura, the religion that is best for all mankind, the religion, which based on truth, should prosper all that is ours, the religion which establishes our actions in order and justice by the Divine songs of Perfect Piety, which has for its intelligent desire of desires, the desire for Thee, O Mazda! Y. 44.10. (D. J. Irani.)

With the undoubted assurance and hope of one who has got a direct vision of Truth he speaks to the world :

Harken unto me, Ye, who come from near and from far! Listen, for I shall speak forth now; ponder well over all things weigh my words with care and clear thought. Never shall the false teacher destroy this world for a second time, for his tongue stands mute, his creed exposed. Y. 45.1. (D. J. Irani.)

I think it can be said without doubt that such a high conception of religion, uttered in such a clear note of affirmation, with

a sure conviction that it is a truth of the ultimate ideal of perfection which must be revealed to all humanity, even at the cost of martyrdom, is unique in the history of any religion belonging to such a remote dawn of civilisation.

There was a time when, along with other Aryan peoples, the Persians also worshipped the elemental gods of nature, whose favour was not to be won by any moral duty performed, or service of love. That, in fact, was the crude beginning of the scientific spirit trying to unlock the hidden sources of power in nature. But through it all there must have been some current of deeper desire, which constantly contradicted the cult of power and indicated a world of inner good, infinitely more precious than material gain. Its voice was not strong at first, nor was it heeded by the majority of the people, but its influence, like the life within the seed, was silently working.

Then comes the great teacher; and in his life and mind the hidden fire of truth suddenly bursts out into flame. The best in the people works for long obscure ages in hints and whispers, till it finds its voice which can never again be silenced. For that voice becomes the voice of man, no longer confined to a particular time or people. It works across intervals of silence and oblivion, depression and defeat, and comes out again and again with its conquering call. It is a call to the fighter, the fighter against untruth, against all that lures away man's spirit from its high mission of freedom into the meshes of materialism.

Zarathushtra's voice is still a living voice,—not alone a matter of academic interest for historical scholars who deal with the dead facts of the past; nor merely the guide of a small community of men in the daily details of their life. Rather, of all Teachers, Zarathushtra was the first who addressed his words to all humanity, regardless of distance of space or time. He was not like a cave-dweller who, by some chance of friction had lighted a lamp, and, fearing lest it could not be shared with all, secured it with a miser's care for his own domestic use. But he was the Watcher in the night, who stood on the lonely peak facing the East and broke out singing the poems of light to the sleeping world when the sun came out on the brim of the horizon. The Sun of Truth is for all, he declared,—its light is to unite

the far and the near. Such a message always arouses the antagonism of those whose habits have become nocturnal, whose vested interest is in the darkness. And there was a bitter fight in the life time of the prophet between his followers and the others who were addicted to the ceremonies that had tradition on their side, and not truth.

I have said, in the beginning of this paper, that there are indications of a conflict of creed in the Indo-Iranian race, whose seeds were carried away by the two sections into which it was divided. It is a remarkable fact that the Indian Aryans had, among their nature gods, some who represented the moral ideals of man. I can do nothing better than quote from a discussion on the subject by Professor Carnoy of Louvain University. He says :

The religious situation in the other branch of the Aryans, as it is described in the Vedas, shows striking similarities to the Iranian one. There the cult of the Indo-European elemental deities is at the basis of Vedic religion, where the power of the gods and their continuous action in and through natural phenomena provide us with an exuberant mythology, but, among the deities the group of the *Aditya* occupies a very special position and stands eminently for the maintenance of the moral law, reproducing to a great extent the characteristics of Ahura Mazda.

Here also there is a triad. Instead of Mazda, Mithra, and Anahita, we find Varuna, Mitra and Aryaman. The last member of the triad is different; instead of a goddess of fertilising waters we have a beneficent and healing deity, essentially helpful to man, and invoked at times as the dispenser of beneficent waters. The identity of the first two members on the other hand, is hardly questionable. In India as well as in Iran the eye of Mitra is the sun, with which he is watching over human tribes. His activity is expressed by the verb *vat*, which is also used for the payment of debts (in Rigveda, II. II. 4, he and Varuna are mentioned as the gods who make men pay their debts). He is the god of contracts and pledges. Those who do not abide by their pledged word are sinning against him, like the *Mithro-druj*, 'breaker of contract', in Iran.

The original identity between Varuna and Mazda is generally accepted. Varuna is the most exalted deity of the Veda. As it was the will of Mazda that had made Darius a King, it is Varuna's will or command that rules the world. He is the *dhrítavrata*, he whose commands are firm and

immutable. His will often identified with *rita*, the *asha* or *arta* of the Iranians, which is the great law of the world, moral and material, the principle of all order, causing the sun to rise, rain to fall, rivers to flow, fire to come out of the rubbed sticks (*rita*jan *agni*) and imposing on man the moral obligations of justice, truth and piety. If man be guilty of rebellion against the *rita*, he becomes loaded with the chains of Varuna and has to pray him to be released from his fetters and obtain the freedom of innocence (*aditi*).

Here the author quotes from the Rigveda the prayer of Sunahshepa to Varuna. "Sunahshepa bound to three pillars, invokes thee, O, Aditya, (1) Varuna, O King, release him May our prayer and our sacrifice release us from thy wrath, of thee who are the King, wise Asura, release us from the chains of the sins which we have committed. May Varuna make loose my chain May we then follow thy path and go to Aditi".

It has been said that the great Asura, Varuna, like an evening star, attained his place in the Vedic worship at an early time, and then losing his distinction disappeared in the nebulae of the Indian nature deities. In the Rigveda we find prayers directly addressed to him asking to be forgiven for transgressions :

However we break thy laws from day to day, men as we are, O God Varuna, do not deliver us unto death, nor to the blow of the furious, nor to the anger of the spiteful.

But we also find the worshipper afraid of Varuna's immutable law of retribution asking Indra to stand between his wrath and the sinner :

On the days when evil men do penance for their sin, on these days be gracious to us, O Indra; the sins which Varuna, the wise god, sees in us, from their guilt may Indra deliver us.

There is a curious passage in Chândogya Upanishat in which the different sound qualities of the hymns associated with different gods are mentioned with appreciation, excepting that of Varuna which is described as ill-sounding, giving, as it were, a hint to the people that the hymn to Varuna must be shunned. It seems from this that the worshippers of the *Devas*, like a band of light-hearted school children, in their awe of the mysterious idea of sin, tried to play the truant by altogether ignoring Varuna in their rituals.

Then came the time when Indra, representing wealth and power, attained the predominant position in the Vedic Pantheon and Varuna, representing the ideal of righteousness, occupied a subordinate place. In our epics there is no mention of Varuna's having any guiding influence in human affairs, while Indra appears as constantly active in modifying events of history and destinies of individuals. His activities had hardly any moral meaning; they were mostly capricious, and often immoral, like those of his prototype in the Greek mythology.

While admitting all this, I cannot think that the moral principle which was once enthroned in the Indian ideal of Divinity could vanish altogether without even a struggle. There can be no doubt that all through the development of ancient Indian Religion the conflict between the two opposing principles remained active. The history of this struggle remains vague and contradictory, because the later Indian chroniclers represent an age of priestly supremacy in Indian society. As we find in all historical writings obsessed by some political or religious propaganda, the later compilation of legends and historical records in India affords evident traces of suppression and distortion of facts, slurring over of important events and putting wrong emphasis on others. There is no doubt, that we in India had our own special Publicity Department, which had its usual function of selecting and arranging facts according to its particular purpose, thus muddling the memory of the people and inscribing on it impressions that are incorrect. Yet, through all such obscuration of truth and lapses of racial remembrance, glimpses are seen which show that there were deadly combats between the representatives of two different ideals, such as we find in Iran in the time of Zarathushtra.

We are told that "Zarathushtra was descended from a kingly family" and also that the first converts to his doctrine were of the ruling caste. But the priesthood, "the Kavis, and the Karapans, often succeeded in bringing the rulers over to their side." So we find that, in this fight, the princes of the land divided themselves into two opposite parties as we find in India in the Kurukshetra War. "With the princes have the Kavis

and the Karapans united,"—so complains the holy singer (Yasna 46.11.)—"in order to corrupt man by their evil deeds." Among the princes that stood against Zarathushtra as his enemies, the mighty Bendva is to be included, who is mentioned in Yasna 49.1-2. From the context of the passages we can of course conclude that he stood on the side of the infidels. A family or a race of princely blood were probably the Gremma (Y. 32. 12-14.) Regarding them it is said that "they, allied with the Kavis and the Karapans, have established their power in order to over-power the prophet and his partisans." In fact, the opposition between the pious and the impious, the believers and the unbelievers, seems very often to have led to open combat. The prophet prays to Ahura that he may grant victory to his own, when both the armies rush together in combat, whereby they can cause defeat among the wicked, and procure for them grief and trouble.

There is evidence in our legends that in ancient India there also have been fights between the representatives of the orthodox faith and the Kshatriyas, who owing to their own special vocation, had a comparative freedom of mind about the religion of external observances. The proofs are strong enough to lead us to believe that the monotheistic religious movement had its origin and principal support in the kingly caste of those days, though a great number of them also fought to oppose it.

I have discussed at length in another paper the growth in ancient India of the moral and spiritual element in her religion, which had accompanied the Indian Aryan people from the time of the Indo-Iranian age, showing how the struggle with its antagonistic force has continued all through the history of India. I have shown how the revolution which accompanied the teachings of Zarathushtra, breaking out into severe fights, had its close analogy in the religious revolution in India whose ideals are still preserved in the Bhagavadgita.

It has been a matter of supreme satisfaction to me to realise, that the Iranian and the Indian Aryans, who sprang from the same parent source, are not contradictory in their natures like light and darkness. Both of them were faced by the same great problem, the distraction of unrelated heterogeneity, which so

deeply hurts our spiritual nature; both of them have undergone the struggle to attain simplicity of devotion, the infinity of the One. The purification of faith which was the mission of the great teachers in both communities followed a similar line. We have already seen how Zarathushtra spiritualised the meaning of sacrifice, which in former days consisted in external ritualism entailing bloodshed. The same thing we find in the Gita, in which the meaning of the word *Yajña* has been translated into a higher significance than it had in its crude form.

According to the Gita, the deeds that are done solely for the sake of self fetter our soul; the disinterested action, performed for the sake of the giving up of self, is the true sacrifice. For creation itself comes of the self-sacrifice of Brahma, which has no other purpose; and therefore, in our performance of the duty which is self sacrificing, we realise the spirit of Brahma.

It is interesting to note that the growth of the same ideal in the same race in different geographical situations has produced results, that, in spite of their unity, have certain aspects of difference. The Iranian monotheism is more ethical, while the Indian is more metaphysical, in character. Such a difference in their respective spiritual developments was owing, no doubt, to the active vigour of will in the old Persians and the contemplative quietude of mind in the Indians. This distinction in the latter arises out of the climatic conditions of the country, the easy fertility of the soil and the great stretch of plains in Northern India which offered no constant physical obstacles to be daily overcome by man.

The Zoroastrian ideal has accepted the challenge of the principle of evil, which is the negative pole of existence, and has enlisted itself in the fight on the side of Ahura Mazda, the great, the good, the wise. In India, although the ethical side is not absent, the emphasis has been more strongly laid on subjective realisation through a stoical suppression of desire, and the attainment of a perfect equanimity of mind by cultivating indifference to all causes of joy and sorrow. Here the idea, over which the minds of men brooded for ages in an introspective intensity of silence, was that man as a spiritual being has to realise his truth by breaking through his sheath of self. All the

desires and the feelings that limit his being are keeping him shut in from the region of spiritual freedom. In man, the spirit of creation is waiting to find its ultimate release in an ineffable illumination of Truth.

The aspiration of India is for attaining the infinite in the spirit of man. On the other hand, as we have seen, the ideal of Zoroastrian Persia is distinctly ethical. It sends its call to men to work together with the Eternal Spirit of Good in spreading and maintaining *Kshathra*, the kingdom of righteousness, against all attacks of evil. This ideal gives us our place as collaborators with God in distributing his blessings over the world.

Clear is this to the man of wisdom as to the man who carefully thinks:
He who upholds Truth with all the might of his power,
He who upholds Truth the utmost in his word and deed
He, indeed, is thy most valued helper, O Mazda Ahura!

Y. 31.22. (D. J. Irani.)

It is a fact of supreme moment to us, that the human world is in an incessant state of war between that which will save us and that which will drag us into the abyss of disaster. Our one hope lies in the fact, that Ahura Mazda is on our side if we choose the right course. The law of warfare is severe in its character; it allows no compromise. "None of you," says Zarathushtra, "shall mind the doctrine and precepts of the wicked; because thereby he will bring grief and death in his house and village, in his land and people! No, grip your sword and cut them down!" (Y. 31. 18).

Such relentless attitude of fight reminds us of the Old Testament spirit. The active heroic aspect of this religion reflects the character of the people themselves, who later on spread their conquests far and wide and built up great empires by the might of their sword. They accepted this world in all seriousness. They had their zest in life and confidence in their own strength. They belonged to the western half of Asia and their great influence travelled through the neighbouring civilisation of Judea towards the Western Continent. Their ideal was

the ideal of the fighter. By force of will and deeds of sacrifice they were to conquer *haurvatat*—welfare in this world, and *amervatat*—immortality in the other. This is the best ideal of the West, the great truth of fight. For paradise has to be gained through conquest. That sacred task is for the heroes, who are to take the right side in the battle, and the right weapons.

There was a heroic period in Indian history, when this holy spirit of fight was invoked by the greatest poet of the Sanskrit Literature. It is not to be wondered at that his ideal of fight was similar to the ideal that Zarathushtra preached. The problem with which his poem starts is that paradise has to be rescued by the hero from its invasion by the evil beings. This is the eternal problem of man. The evil spirit is exultant and paradise is lost when *Sati*, the Spirit of *Sat* (Reality), is disunited from *Siva*, the Spirit of Goodness. The Real and the Good must meet in wedlock if the hero is to take his birth in order to save all that is true and beautiful. When the union was attempted through the agency of passion, the anger of God was aroused and the result was a tragedy of disappointment. At last, by purification through penance, the wedding was effected, the hero was born who fought against the forces of evil and paradise was regained. This is a poem of the ideal of the moral fight, whose first great prophet was Zarathushtra.

We must admit that this ideal has taken a stronger hold upon the life of man in the West, than in India,—the West, where the vigour of life receives its fullest support from Nature and the excess of energy finds its delight in ceaseless activities. But everywhere in the world, the unrealised ideal is a force of disaster. It gathers its strength in secret even in the heart of prosperity, kills the soul first and then drives men to their utter ruin. When the aggressive activity of will, which naturally accompanies physical vigour, fails to accept the responsibility of its ideal, it breeds unappeasable greed for material gain, leads to unmeaning slavery of things, till amidst a raging conflagration of clashing interests the tower of ambition topples down to the dust. . . .

And for this, the prophetic voice of Zarathushtra reminds us that all human activities must have an ideal goal, which is an

end to itself, and therefore is peace, is immortality. It is the House of Songs, the realisation of love, which comes through strenuous service of goodness.

All the joys of life which thou holdest, O Mazda, the joys that were, the joys that are, and the joys that shall be, Thou dost apportion all in Thy love for us.

We, on the other hand, in the tropical East, who have no surplus of physical energy inevitably overflowing in outer activities, also have our own ideal given to us. Our course is, not so much through the constant readiness to fight in the battle of the good and evil, as through the inner concentration of mind, through pacifying the turbulence of desire, to reach that serenity of the infinite in our being which leads to the harmony with the all. Here, likewise, the unrealised ideal pursues us with its malediction. As the activities of a vigorous vitality may become unmeaning, and thereupon smother the soul with a mere multiplicity of material, so the peace of the extinguished desire may become the peace of death; and the inner world, in which we would dwell, become a world of incoherent dreams.

The river whose current is checked, is choked by its own accumulation. The negative process of curbing desire and controlling passion is only for saving our energy from dissipation and directing it into its proper channel. If the path of the channel we have chosen runs withinwards, it also must have its expression in action, not for any ulterior reward, but for the proving of its own truth. If the test of action is removed, if our realisation grows purely subjective, then it may become like travelling in a desert in the night, going round and round the same circle, imagining all the while that we are following the straight path of progress.

This is why the prophet of the Gita, in the first place, says.

Whoso forsaketh all desires and goeth onwards free from yearnings, selfless and without egoism, he goeth to peace.

But he does not stop here, he adds :

Surrendering all actions to Me, with thy thoughts resting on the Supreme Self, from hope and egoism freed, and of mental fever cured, engage in battle.

Action there must be, fight we must have,—not the fight of passion and desire, of arrogant self-assertion, but of duty done in the presence of the Eternal, the disinterested fight of the serene soul that helps us in our union with the Supreme Being.

In this, the teaching of Zarathushtra, his sacred gospel of fight, finds its unity. The end of the fight he preaches is in the House of Songs; in the symphony of spiritual union. He sings :

Ye, who wish to be allied to the Good Mind, to be friend with Truth, Ye, who desire to sustain the Holy Cause, down with all anger and violence, away with all ill-will and strife! Such benevolent men, O Mazda, I shall take to the House of Songs!

In concluding my paper I have to confess that I am not a scholar; the detailed facts of history, which are the battle ground of the learned, are not my province. I am a singer myself, and I am ever attracted by the strains that come forth from the House of Songs. When the streams of ideals that flow from the East and from the West mingle their murmur in some profound harmony of meaning it delights my soul.

In the realm of material property men are jealously proud of their possessions and their exclusive rights. Unfortunately there are quarrelsome men who bring that pride of acquisition, the worldliness of sectarianism, even into the region of spiritual truth. Would it be sane, if the man in China should lay claim to ownership of the sun because he can prove the earlier sunrise in his own country?

For myself, I feel proud whenever I find that the truth which dwells in the best thoughts of India has also been uttered in a different language, in a different part of the world. The best in the world have their fundamental agreement because they are pure in truth. And therefore it is their function to unite; and dissuade the small from bristling up, like prickly shrubs, in the pride of the minute points of their differences, only to hurt one another.

It rejoices my heart to know, that the peoples who once had nourished their seeds of civilisation together, and blended their

voices in an original mother tongue which belonged to them both, should, even after their long period of separation, have kept some primal similarity of expression in the growth of their respective histories. For we find that both of these peoples have carried in the depth of their nature the quest of the spiritual unity in religion.

Zarathushtra arose as the herald of that mission in Western Asia. He revealed to his people the idea of the One in the midst of the chaos of formal worship. It is the same genius of race in Persia which gave birth to the great Sufi poets who sang of the nearness of God in a language of intimacy, defiantly giving a shock to the dignity of distance upheld by the orthodox creed of Godhead. That this spiritual quest in that people is not dead, is proved by the later rise of Bahaism, crowned with martyrdom, which preaches the federation of man in the Kingdom of Supreme Truth. It is needless to describe in detail how in India also the same quest has been running its course through the wilderness of obstacles which the heterogeneity of race and creed offers to her.

In India, the disunited kinsmen have met over and over again. The Persian monarchs extended their kingdom to the Western Provinces of India, and the dim recollection of their blood relationship came to the Indian mind when in the Purānas they were recognised as the Kshatriyas who had fallen off from their orthodox rites. For nearly two centuries a part of North-Western India was a Persian Province. That Iran and India had a very early connection can be guessed by some Greek allusion to the custom of the dead being left to be devoured by vultures in the locality of Taxila, at the time of Alexander the Great.

It was not merely an extension of kingdom; the proofs are numerous that the Persians had also extended their influence over the Indian arts. The scholars agree that in the later development of the Mahāyāna Buddhism the Zoroastrian influence is unquestionable. It has to be noted that it was a Persian King who accepted Buddhism for his religion and was the first to take this religion to China, translating Buddhist scriptures into Chinese. That the Persian influence affected Hinduism also has

been discussed by Sir Charles Eliot, in his book named "Hinduism and Buddhism", from which I quote the following :

The *Brihatsamhitá* says, that the Magas,—that is the Magi,—are the priests of the sun, and the proper persons to superintend the consecration of temples and images dedicated to that deity, but the clearest statements about this foreign cult are to be found in the *Bhavisya Purána*, as to its introduction obviously based upon history. By the advice of Gurmukha, priest of King Ugrasena, he imported some Magas from Sakadvipa. That this refers to the importation of Zoroastrian priests from the country of the Sakas (Persia, or the Oxus region) is made clear by the account of their customs,—such as the wearing of a girdle called *Avyanga* (the *Aivyaonghen* of the *Avesta*)—given by the *Purána*. It also says that they were descended from a child of the sun, called *Jarasabda*, or *Jarasasta*, which no doubt represents *Zarathushtra*.

At last, in a later age, the disciples of *Zarathushtra* took their shelter in India, the meeting ground of races and cultures in the East. They have brought with them a new store of energy and adventurous spirit into this land, giving, in spite of the smallness of their number, a strong impetus to our national life, opening up the industrial resources of this country, bravely standing up for its rights, and generously helping in the cause of its welfare. This courage of fight, this cheerful spirit of work and active benevolence, they owe to the teaching of their great prophet, whose benediction rings in these words (*D. J. Irani*) :

Happiness be the lot of him, who works
for others' happiness.

May the Supreme Lord give him the powers
of health and strength !

For the struggle to uphold Truth, I beseech
these gifts from Thee, O Lord.

THREE POEMS

By YONE NOGUCHI.

A LONE PINETREE.

I heard you singing in chorus with the birds yesterday,
Last evening too, I heard you singing together with the moon,
I saw how your burning rhythm of fire
Fused with minds of others into a piece of perfect song.
Your modest bearing, your discerning knowledge of the others,
Your power of self-criticism is beautiful indeed.
(I am but a fragment of flesh, I confess, when facing Nature.)
Ah, lone pinetree at the summit,
You will readily take part in singing at any time,
With a stream, or clouds, or even a rock out of shape,
As with the birds or moon.
(I feel ashamed I am only a wilful human being, fastidious in choice.)
Today under the blue sky where not one bird flies,
You are singing all alone . . .
Ah, you are a soloist of ringing voice!
I see for the first time your beauty reaching the climax,
When listening to your solo.
There's dignity of independence in your bearing as a soloist,
That is reared in the divine air of solitude and silence.
Ah, solo that makes you only to be yourself,
Ah, your solo ringing in silver voice,
What a solemn glory I feel,
What a tear-inspiring emotion I receive!
One's individuality is more or less impaired in chorus with the others,
But in solo we find a perfect expression of self.
Ah, lone pinetree at the summit,
Your worth as a soloist makes me understand of silence and solitude.
How I wish to earn a dignity of independence that is all my own!
Let me listen from a distance to your solo,
Lone pinetree, my beloved,
Sing! Sing!

THE INDEPENDENCE OF EXISTENCE.

"New poetry must begin with me,"

Suppose I say to you. Would you admit it?

Why shouldn't you?

Look at the morning-glories blooming every morning!

No matter what morning-glory it may be,

it does shine in the belief that the beauty of morning-glory begins with it,

does it not?

When anything under the sun discloses nakedly its soul given by God,

(A thing gets perfection through the virtue of nakedness,)

And expresses humbly how it stands facing nature,

That's the time life's new chapter opens for it.

Not only on poetry, but also on life,

I should like to say: "A new human being must begin with me."

As for me, what I was yesterday is not what I am today—

Every morning when I awake to the sun, my ears welcome the song of birds,

i feel life's mystery, different from what it was yesterday,

begins to loosen itself,

(If you hate the word mystery, I will say the meaning of life,)

And my new life is begun as quite another human being;

Then, the real meaning of independent existence establishes itself

for the first time.

"New poetry must begin with me,"

Suppose I say to the others. I never mean to ignore their efforts.

When they too say, themselves: "New poetry must begin with themselves,"

The real meaning of my words, I believe, comes clear in light.

THE FLOWERS IN MY PALM.

I put a bit of earth in my palm,
Where I drop a few seeds,
And stretch it out of my study,
Waiting for the rain to fall on it.
Before I am aware, my earth in the palm grows damp,
The seeds I dropped send forth their pretty leaves,
And then their flowers.
I feel my palm ticklish ;
Even my arm is numbed.
The sun goes round my hand which I stretched,
The winds blow their warm breath to it,
The flowers begin to bloom little by little.
The bones of my hand become stiff,
The flesh of my hand grows sodden ;
When I try to throw away the flowers from my palm,
Their vines twine around my fingers.
Sometimes I think I will sell them to a florist who comes by,
But he would only take the flowers and leave my hand,
Not knowing that, if he parts them from my hand,
They should wither at once.
If anybody wishes to have the flowers,
Please, take them together with my hand,
I give them away gladly.

[All translated by the Author from the original Japanese.]

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

(April, 1923.)

By L. K. ELMHIRST.

Compared with the excessive variety to which one is accustomed in India,—variety of race, climate, creed and language,—China strikes the visitor chiefly by her seeming uniformity. In spite of the much-advertised division between North and South, and of the possibility of a rapid development in provincial autonomy, China seems likely to remain one in her tradition from the past, as well as in her attitude to the outside world for the future.

To an alien visitor there is no country in the East which so vividly holds up the worst side of the civilisation of the West, in all its crude nakedness, as China.

The old China was self-sufficient. Year by year she wrested the utmost from a soil which, on the average, cannot be called fertile, and her traders carried the products of the North to the South, and of the South to the North, without let or hindrance. Her government was carried on by an intellectual aristocracy which handed down the finest of traditions through centuries, in spite of occasional lapses at the Imperial Capital or in the border provinces. No other country in the world can show such a fine tradition of farming, and no country to-day can compare with rural China in the intensity of her industry, or in the regular refertilisation of her soil.

To this country came the adventurers from the West, at first the missionaries in small numbers, then the merchants and with the merchants the soldiers and the sailors. The reports of immense undeveloped resources, of cheap labour and of the valuable products of that cheap labour, as well as of a vast nation groaning in the bondage of heathendom and superstition, fired their imagination and love of adventure.

The rest, even till to-day, seems to be a sordid tale of concession hunting; though from the demand for trade openings

the Central Government turned in disgust, and even to-day there is only one foreign government which has the foresight to attach a great oriental scholar to its embassy in order to meet the Chinese officials of the central government on their own ground. Anyhow, no little episode of friction between the bullet-headed missionary and the conservative Chinaman, no case of banditry or breach of western etiquette is missed. All are grist to the mill of the ravenous western merchant, whilst the legations stand behind and enforce the demands.

Peking is the last playground of undiluted nineteenth century diplomacy and imperialism. No one legation trusts another, but all are united when it comes to extracting the pound of flesh, over which they quickly fall a-squabbling. Rumours float everywhere. The British embassy succeeds in forcing the hand of the Chinese Government to establish a wireless station in the West by which it is easy to get into touch with India "with an eye, of course, on Tibet" says the American legation. An American company puts up a wireless scheme as a commercial proposition on the coast, the British say, "for strategic and naval purposes". An American adventurer, after four successful attempts at law-breaking in a border province, is shot dead over the fifth; whereupon the story of the brutal murder of an American citizen is flung by radio to the corners of the earth, until the mouths of similar European adventurers begin to water over the possibilities of international interference, and the teaching of the Chinese a lesson in behaviour. As to the possible developments of the latest bandit exploit, none dare to prophesy except the Chinese citizen who, from bitter experience during the last thirty years, has no doubt as to the outcome.

It is not the purpose of this article to hold up everything foreign in China to scorn, but it does seem imperative, at a time like this, to point out that this hunting for advantages in the field of commerce, which seems to lie behind the policy of every legation without exception, has one very natural result. Until this competition between legations is brought to an end, it is hard to see how China is ever going to reconstruct herself; and the much talked of reconstruction at the hands of the profit-seeking nations themselves is, in the light of the past

few years, not a pleasant process to contemplate. For, China appears to suffer from two forms of banditry, one by the foreign element upon the Chinese, and the other between the rival Chinese bandits themselves.

In spite, however, of wars and rumours of war, no visitor to China can help but be astonished at the general air of prosperity and peace which pervades all the beaten tracks. In spite of bandits, trade and agriculture are carried on over most of China as they always have been. Up in Shantung, 30 miles from the railway, we were entertained to a feast of delicacies which in a dried form had been brought up hundreds of miles from Canton, probably in some junk which returned to the South. laden with the ground nuts and soy beans of Manchuria.

Taking the world as a whole to-day it is doubtful whether there is a better governed, more peaceful, more happy and more industrious corner than the Province of Shansi. It is not loaded down with debt, nor has it an army of unemployed. I never saw a beggar there. They have a school for beggars. Their jail, filled in the main with men caught in the act of taking opium, is a model jail, and the clean wide streets of their small city are filled with girls who no longer walk with bound feet. It is the duty of their police to settle disputes on the spot rather than to take people into court. Whilst there was a famine on in the South of the province, it was at the risk of receiving a severe rebuke that any citizen appeared before the Governor in silk or satin clothes.

It is true that Shansi is known as the model province of China to-day, but the fact remains that, over a great deal of the country, the old life goes on in the old way. Touch with the outside world, especially during the war, increased the general cost of living everywhere, and the development of industries in the new cities and ports like Canton, Shanghai and Tientsin has begun already to upset the economic stability of the countryside.

In spite of contradictions from city folk on this point, every visit to the country districts, or conversation with officials and magistrates in touch with country conditions, makes it clear that at the present rate of development and with the present policy

of education, China is likely to undergo in an acute form the same bitter experience of competitive industrialism and a depopulated country-side that we know in the West.

There are certain hopeful elements in the situation. First of all, perhaps, is the presence of certain sterling qualities in the character of the Chinese themselves which, given an opportunity, might enable them to work out an entirely new experiment for themselves. I found among their thinkers and professors a frank self-criticism, a growing dissatisfaction with the educational methods and institutions introduced from the West, and a determination to avoid the mistakes which have led Japan to the condition in which she stands to-day, after throwing over her old traditions, and copying anything and everything from the West that came her way, without discrimination.

It would be as true, I think, to say that the key to the whole problem is Education, as to add that no country in the East is satisfied with the kind of education so far established. Most of the Chinese I met, who had been trained under the old classical system, were just as emphatic about the insufficiency of the examination hall of their own day, as they were about the present emphasis upon the degree and lecture-room education of the modern college. Everywhere in the cities I found the student being cursed and reviled and everywhere I found him in bondage to the same system of educational slavery. It is as though a number of capitalists had erected model factory buildings, filled them with machinery and called in armies of workmen, on the theory that in general mass production is good, but without any definite idea as to what special article they wanted to produce in the mass. "We really have never thought out quite what we want our students to be, or what China needs," avowed an official of Hong Kong University.

During the short time I was in China I paid special attention to the Educational Institutions and propose giving what must necessarily be a somewhat superficial survey of what I saw. I had two things in mind at the time; the possible visit of Dr. Tagore to China in the Autumn; the similarity of problems in China to our own in India and especially in Santiniketan; and the knowledge that during the coming months some decision

is to be made about the expenditure of the British Boxer Indemnity.

There are two educational centres in South China. Hong Kong possesses a University which draws chiefly upon city boys trained either in the Government High School, or missionary institutions in the city, and which again trains its students for city jobs. Some of its students do come in from the country, but as far as I could gather, none of them go back there. The same is true of the only other institution of college standing in South China,—the Christian Union College at Canton, which except for recently developed departments of agriculture and sericulture, supplies the business houses of Canton with young Christian converts.

In the North I found a certain traditional contempt for the South as the home of poets, but the process of industrialisation by the Chinese themselves is certainly more rapid in the South than in the North, and for one student travelling to America from Shanghai or Tientsin, there are half-a-dozen from Hong Kong and Canton. I could find no one in the South who had paid much attention to the problem of the rural districts, which was, in a general way, admitted to be exceedingly serious. Under the old examination system the successful candidates almost invariably returned to their own homes in the villages. The old civilisation of China has been solidly based upon the village and the agricultural and industrial life of the village.

The students of to-day, at these two institutions in the South, are, as I said, being trained to enter city life; and such primary and secondary education as is being given in the country districts tends in the same direction. The bandits have depopulated large areas and every day more and more people prefer to seek the comparative safety of the city, rather than struggle on against the increased cost of living, and the risk from bandits, superimposed upon what was already a most frugal and laborious existence.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen himself told me of these difficulties and of his own schemes of reconstruction, which centre largely around extensive railway development and the training of the bandits and soldiery in mass production industry. He had, I found,

not much knowledge of the educational institutions in his own province, nor, I imagine, much time to take more than a superficial interest in the general principles of education. Given peaceful conditions in the South, which prides itself upon its liberalism and progressive spirit, there seems little doubt that rapid city development would take place and the building up of factory industry at the expense of the old handicrafts, which still survive, not only in the villages, but in Canton itself.

At the Canton Christian College I found American and British missionaries working together in harmony, and little evidence of any opposition on the part of the students against a policy of conversion before graduation. Of its different departments, that of agriculture and sericulture, supported largely by Cantonese business men, seemed to be the most alive to the needs of the village, and to the chief problem of China, the re-establishing of the life of the country-side on a stable economic basis. There was a tendency in the agricultural work to concentrate upon research and theoretical teaching in the class-room, rather than to put foreign theory to practical test and spread the results so gained by extension work in the villages. The sericulture department, however, which owes its existence to the American Silk Growers' Association, included not only practical training but practical application through workers out in the field.

There was a general feeling in the North against the granting of outside funds, the Boxer Indemnity for instance, either to missionary institutions like the Canton Christian College, or to Government institutions like the High School and University at Hong Kong, both of which were strongly suspected of furthering special interests, on the one hand religious, and on the other patriotic, and even imperialistic. At the same time I could find no traces of any outstanding educational effort which was purely Chinese. Politics, too, seem to have a devastating effect upon the national schools in Canton, where Government and Missionary Institutions are able to stand somewhat aloof. "Dr. Sun's position in Canton is largely dependent upon his support by the students there," was an opinion then widely held.

Between the North and South there seems, to the casual observer, to be a great gulf fixed. Projected railways have not been completed and there are large areas filled either with mountains or bandits, both of which prevent easy communication, except by boat down the coast. Climate, too, is perhaps responsible for certain temperamental differences between the Chinese of the North and of the South. I found in Dr. Sun's staff a certain bitterness at the way in which the North was ruining the name of China at home and abroad, and was distributing among bandit generals the money extracted by the Foreign Customs Authorities from Canton. Except for the passage of bandit armies, and the trade of the time-honoured junk, North and South seemed to be separate entities.

In the North, educational activity centres around Nanking and Peking. In both Shanghai and Tientsin, there is a growing demand for commercial and industrial education in order to fill the new sky-scraper offices and modern factories which increase daily in number, regardless of internal and external strife. Except at the Nakai College in Tientsin, I found no question being asked about the needs of the country-side and the country town, and no comparison being made between the product of the old classical education at its best, and the product of the modern mass production machinery with its final veneer from Europe or America.

At Tientsin, as at Peking, I found the young thinking Chinese taking sides over two general theories for the regeneration of their country, the one group led by returned American students hailing with joy the dawn of mechanistic salvation, and the other including many who had not been abroad at all, vaguely critical of mass production, dissatisfied with the example set by their neighbour Japan, and filled with a fine idealism which seemed however, to be lacking in any constructive or practical application.

At Nanking I found two Universities existing side by side—the Nanking University, a missionary institution, staffed and financed from America, and the South Eastern University, a Chinese Government Institution, largely staffed by returned students from America. I attended, there, a provincial confer-

ence called by the Civil Governor and patronised by the Military Governor or *Tuchun*, for the discussion of technical and industrial education. It is true, that one brave man rose in this meeting of all the provincial officials, and accused the conference of wasting time until the Military Governor was willing to pay more attention to the clearing out of bandits, and less to outside politics. It is also true, that in spite of many brave words, Mr. Whang Yen Pei, the delightful ex-minister of education from Peking, admitted that they were very much in the dark about the actual putting into practice of their excellent theories.

But it is well to remember that modern national education, especially University education, whether at the South Eastern Nanking College, or the National University at Peking, is in the hands of young men, few of whom have been out of college themselves over fifteen years. At this meeting there was hardly a provincial official present who had not worked his way up through the old examination system which laid its chief emphasis upon dexterity in the combination of Chinese characters and upon the handling of the brush in the putting of these characters on paper. On the other side Mr. Whang Yen Pei was, I think, the only advocate of such revolutionary ideas in education, who had never been abroad, and who was old enough to have been through the classical training himself.

It is hard to visualise this gulf between the new and the old. Among officials, generally, I found a great deal of bitterness about the way in which sacred traditions of the past had been ruthlessly swept aside, without any attempt to discriminate between the good and the bad, and a horror of the avidity with which, under the new system, the students become politicians from the time they enter college. Even in the High Schools of the country-side, it is no uncommon thing for the boarders to take objection to their Principal, and to turn him into the street, and in a country where, from before the days of Confucius, teaching has been regarded as the most sacred of professions, there is ground for such horror.

In the two country districts which I visited, far from the railway, both in Shansi and Shantung, I found the district magistrates, magnificent representatives of the very finest

product of the old system, filled with anxiety over the problems rising out of this imported class-room education. They each complained about the growing tendency to leave the country for the city that resulted from a purely literary training without practical application. In none of the boarding schools, which are founded upon the German plan, or in the residential colleges, did I find much attempt at building a corporate life, or a corporate responsibility; and, in general, I suspect that too much was done for the students which they could and should have done for themselves.

Of the two departments of Agriculture in Nanking, only one was making a serious attempt to follow up its really valuable research with definite extension work among the farmers and villagers and this after some years of purely theoretical teaching in the class-room.

The Forestry Department of the Government University seemed to have taken in hand some badly needed reconstruction work, but the general lack of co-ordination and co-operation between the two colleges seemed most unfortunate in view of the urgency of the rural problem. There was, too, in the missionary institution, the usual competition for funds between the departments, and a tendency to be jealous of the rapid development of the agricultural side, which seemed both in the Southern and in the Northern Institutions to be more alive to the real needs of the country people than any other department.

The Government institutions in the North, at Nanking, Tientsin, and Peking seemed in a most precarious condition, owing to the inability of the Central Government to pay the salaries of the teachers.

In Peking itself there are a number of interesting educational experiments. The Peking University is, for a missionary institution, the most liberal of its kind, and gives probably the most thorough training of any in its Arts department. There are both Americans and Englishmen on the staff and quite a number of these teach at the National or Government University as well.

There is a technical college in Peking, very thoroughly equipped, but handicapped by lack of funds, and by occasional lapses on the part of the students into the political field.

Out at the Western Hills is one of the most promising institutions I have seen in the East, built up and controlled by a former Chinese official. There boys and girls from the famine districts, orphans, learn by experience and live as a corporate community under the simplest of conditions. The idea is to equip them for life in the country districts from which they have come.

The ideal of the Ching Hwa college, which was founded out of the American Boxer Indemnity, may be said to be just the opposite : to equip the boy for the pursuit of a college education in America under, as nearly as possible, American conditions. The College which has had 4 presidents in 4 years, suffers from being under national control and, therefore, at the mercy of politics, so that even the Americans on its staff admit that the theory itself is false and that the ultimate product, on its return from abroad, is generally disappointing.

There is a College of Agriculture also under national control. Up to a short time ago it was manned by returned students from Japan, where nothing but theory is given. The staff had been completely swept away and replaced with American returned students a few months ago. None of them, however, had as yet shown much inclination to engage in practical farming or in extension work, and there was still a high wall around the farm to prevent local farmers coming in. Their new President, Mr Chang, may be able to give this institution new life, if only public funds are forthcoming.

The general feeling about education, as about government in general, was pessimistic. The so-called Renaissance Movement includes an interesting group of young Chinese intelligentsia, and for the time being is confining its activity to language and script reform. There are, also, many small groups of thinking men who are critical of the past, without being prepared to throw everything over in hopes of salvation from the West, and who have left the Government for the time being in order to work out new ideals and methods in their own way.

THE PRESENT MOMENT OF ART, EAST AND WEST.

By DR. STELLA KRAMRISCH.

Expression is born of the fulness of life. It is fragrant with immediateness if simultaneous with inner experience; it is sure and calm if remote from and linked to such experience by tradition; it points towards eternity if supported by a nameless surplus of life. Works of art visualise the fusion of these significant stages and so create a new order of time, where the future is indicated by relation of present to past, and where the past is shaped according to the will of the future.

The artistic life of Europe, to-day, built upon the principles of Cubism, Futurism and Expressionism, uses the same old stones of demolished Romanticism, Realism and Impressionism for their new edifice of art which, far from attaining completeness according to its own design, is already partly overlaid by a smooth coating of classicism. All these names illustrate the life-speed of western art, where the child is aged, and almost belongs to the past, as soon as it gets a name.

The living past of European art is always not more than one generation deep. By it the position of the present is determined, just opposite to it; and the pendulum which swings from the one to the other, is driven by the futility of passing life, which seems at rest only in those rare moments that appear to later generations as classical periods. The modern situation, though determined by the movement of western evolution, has grown more complex and beyond the limits of its tradition by assimilation of and inner affinity to the eastern modes of vision of ancient days.

The essential convictions of Post-Impressionist art, for instance, underlie Indian art from its beginning, and Futurism was anticipated by the creation of gods with multiple heads and arms and legs. Their existence, however, was secured by a vision merged in imagination and therefore aloof from sense perception. Its dynamic power shaped a body vibrating in a superhuman number of limbs engaged in timeless function.

The same notion, however, when applied to modern western art proved a failure, for there this multiplicity of limbs suggested, in cinematographic shorthand, an impression caused by physical action. Such intellectual visualisation had to be given up by the artist for it could be far more satisfactorily rendered by the cinematograph itself. It belonged to science as did so many other achievements of western art, as for instance, perspective, which after five centuries of pictorial remoteness found its true place in photography.

Futurism sank down into the past of modern art : Cubism survived. Being abstract, the latter eluded the competition of applied science and proved æsthetically the most valuable building material. To show the completeness of a thing hidden to perception but present to the mind, demands a simultaneous unfoldment of all possible aspects into one field of vision. And so the tables in the compositions of Cezanne are of just the same make as the sacred altars of early Buddhist reliefs. Their slanting planes have the same angle of artistic vision. The Cubism of Ajantesque rocks, similarly, is obedient to a logic which also guided Picasso's constructive phantoms of flute and mandoline players.

In this and many other respects the abstract art of the modern West is based on principles which are the age-long property of Indian Art. Modern Indian art, therefore, is no longer concerned, over again, with the invention of abstractions and their corresponding formulæ, but rather with their application to new contents. Indian art knows not the swing of the pendulum. It has but one direction and one gesture which brings the Self and its vision into tangible form, while the outside world supplies the appropriate features. Its intensity is deeper than its variety is wide, so one single bent of mind, one single tradition, has all the opportunity for an age-long life, with full scope for every possibility being brought to perfection. Its memory, too, is continuous and comprises the remote past within yesterday's experience, so that the future is safely prepared and comes without surprise.

Indian art, thus, has all the consistency of organic life. Where this is hurt, a crisis occurs which does not admit of com-

promise: the wound must either be healed or it will be fatal. Such crisis eventually came upon Indian art in western form. But while the movement of the spirit of the East into the West proved inspiring and invigorating to western art, the opposite movement did not help to create a new and wider expression. On the contrary, it checked the life of Indian art, dealing it a blow from which it was left to recover or perish.

The difference in the effect of the influence of eastern art on the West, and of western art on the East is, that the western artists, driven by inner necessity, discovered in the art of the East, as it were, their own expression. They found it fully realised in Japanese colour prints, in pieces of Indian sculpture, in Japanese puppets, in Chinese landscapes; and in these they recognised, far away from its everyday associations, their own, freed imagination. And this discovery encouraged western artists to evolve an entirely new art.

Modern India, on the other hand, had no opportunity to choose for herself. She could not turn away from imported goods which had for her the fascination of the unknown. Visible forms are apparently most contagious. You cannot help looking at them, and your thoughts get caught in them. Of course, you cannot but retain your own mode of seeing things, but they will be viewed from within a trap into which you never expected to run. This lack of self-control, of freedom, is the common feature of the artistic productions of modern Indian cities; for, there the artists truly are in a difficult position.

In times gone by, Indian artists or craftsmen were associated with a temple, a king, or a village community, being organised in a way similar to the guilds of mediæval Europe, and their work was based on a group-consciousness of life, worship and significant form. This living communion is now-a-days replaced by an education in western Art Academies, to which the Indian art students re-act in their own way, to wit, with a flabby exuberance of flesh and a dense weight of colour. This means that they still follow mediæval methods by working within the mentality and according to the demand of their own community. But as this community, at present, is held together by anything but spiritual aspiration, the effect on their artistic production is

nothing but what is to be naturally expected. Manful efforts to swim against the current are the only remedy, efforts such as were dear to the western artists from the early days of the Renaissance.

Abanindranath Tagore was the first to plunge deep into the secret vastness of the Indian tradition of old. He broke through the stagnant back-waters of Indian Art Schools and of public opinion. The road was thus opened and others followed. The Tagore School, however, does not live on India's past alone. Its suggestions from the Moghul paintings have been accepted in an eclectic spirit, while its affinity with Ajantesque lines is one which is inevitable for any Indian who is born an artist,—so vital and pliable are these curves, bent in ceaseless, continuous melody. Whenever new life will be infused within their forms, it will shape them, and they too will mould it, according to a necessity which is above the expression of the present moment and which rules all Indian creative effort as a common visual denominator.

But, somehow, these bold continuous curves seem to have become tired; they are lengthened out, and their tension is decreased. They have grown thin with sentiment and timid with lack of decision. The daring revolution which we constantly witness in western art is impossible for the Indian artist, for his hands are forced by a fatal necessity which leaves its impress on his work, however spontaneous, however versatile he may be.

If a gifted Indian child, for instance, paints a landscape, it is conceived synthetically; so that paddy fields and mango trees obey a common rhythm and are bent in one and the same curve, heavy with a garish humidity, and the same pattern is imposed on the leaves of trees and the ears of corn,—in fact the whole picture could easily be worked with uniform stitches into one coherent piece of tapestry.

It is this synthetic conception which is innate in the Indian genius of to-day and of all ages. In Europe, Cezanne was the first to find adequate æsthetic form for a conception on a level with the Indian. This inborn age-old tradition is alive in the humble workman who faithfully copies some drawing of Siva or Hanuman, worn out by frequent use, yet restored to signifi-

cance with a few sure brush-strokes, in prescribed curves. Such a fusion of tradition and personal expression seems paradoxical to us in the West, whereas it is integral to Indian creation.

The simple craftsman, the child, the woman,—all who are in fact not fully awake to the new age—possess still the synthetic vision, so distinctive of Indian art. The others being artists and Indians cannot help being guided by it, even where Japonism or pre-Impressionist conventions flood into their design. This stage, however, is already overcome. Japonism has meant to the Indian painters the same as it did to Whistler or Monet. It served but to sharpen their sense for an equilibrium of colours and forms. It purified the treatment, but did not touch the substance.

The unsophisticated workmen of modern India build temples and cast bronze statues as perfect in their religiousness as a thousand years ago. They do not trouble about the future; for, what else can it be but the evolution of a deathless past? They work according to rules laid down in the *shastras* and yet they do not know those rules. They inherit them and establish them afresh, whenever a new figure of a god has to be made for the temple, or for the householder. The Indian village art of to-day is India's living past.

Indian children, and Indian women too, are spontaneous in their artistic expressions. They are actually the up-to-date artists of modern India. Ritual restrictions affect them as little as western posters or magazine illustrations: they live between these opposites,—their chief activity is just to live; and what they depict expresses their life just as it is. But those who live the complex life of modern citizens, who feel responsible for the future, who cannot allow themselves to be carried on by the past, struggle to solve the contraries of actuality and tradition, of Indianness and Universalism.

The Bengal painters are aware of their own difficulties and therefore they are not free. Their shortcomings are frank confessions of the magnitude of their self-imposed task. But the deathless mood, in which they have addressed themselves to it, permeates, as a tender fragrance, all their paintings.

MODERN POEMS OF UPPER INDIA

Translated by SIRDAR UMRAO SINGH SHER-GIL.

THE MORNING STAR.

Moving with hurrying steps, O Morning Star,
 You passed: Was it in loathing of our Sleep?
 Ah me! In blindness, I have lost my Way.
 You come awake, and waking hence depart.

MY HEART.

My heart! O heart of mine! O heart of mine!
 Mine Ocean thou, my Vessel, and my Shore.
 Didst fall as dew upon my humble Dust?
 Or didst thou, like a bud, shoot from my Clay?

(From the Persian of Iqbal)

A DUST-STORM.

Whence this hissing twang of the Bow of Darkness?
 Or is it some intoxication of the blindness of Egoism?
 Or the dusty veil of the world's lust, wrath and avarice?
 Are the gods and demons at mighty conflict?
 Can it be that the dark thunder-clouds of lies and hypocrisy have arisen?
 For in day-time the Sun riding his chariot has vanished.
 How inky black, darker than Night, one might say,
 Raised by Doom and Dissolution, to-day, is blowing this Dust-Storm!

(From the Hindi of Raja Sir Daljitsingh)

INDIAN EDUCATION FROM THE JATAKAS

By PROF. RADHAKUMUD MOOKERJI.

The Jatakas are important as sources of history not for the contents or substance of their stories but rather for the social background or setting of those stories which inevitably reflect the contemporary conditions of life.

The atmosphere of learning and culture which the Jatakas breathe and the educational system and organisation they bring to light are very well indicated in one of those works [*Jat* No. 252] :

Once on a time Brahmadatta, the King of Benares, had a son named Prince Brahmadatta. Now Kings of former times, though there might be a famous teacher living in their own city, often used to send their sons to foreign countries afar off to complete their education, that by this means they might learn to quell their pride and highmindedness, and endure heat or cold, and be made acquainted with the ways of the world. So did this King. Calling his boy to him—now the lad was sixteen years old—he gave him one-soled sandals a sunshade of leaves, and a thousand pieces of money, with these words: 'My son, get you to Takkasila, and study there.'

The boy obeyed. He bade his parents farewell, and in due course arrived at Takkasila. There he enquired for the teacher's dwelling, and reached it at the time when the teacher had finished his lecture and was walking up and down at the door of the house. When the lad set eyes upon the teacher, he loosed his shoes, closed his sunshade, and with a respectful greeting stood still where he was. The teacher saw that he was weary, and welcomed the newcomer. The lad ate, and rested a little. Then he returned to the teacher, and stood respectfully by him.

'Where have you come from?' he asked.

'From Benares'.

'Whose son are you'?

'I am the son of the King of Benares'.

'What brings you here'?

'I come to learn', replied the lad.

'Well, have you brought a teacher's fee, or do you wish to attend on me in return for teaching you?'

'I have brought a fee with me:—' and with this he laid at the teacher's feet his purse of a thousand pieces.

The resident pupils attend on their teacher by day and at night they learn of him: but they, who bring a fee, are treated like the eldest sons in his house, and thus they learn. And this teacher, like the rest, gave schooling to the prince on every light and lucky day. Thus the young prince was taught

This extract introduces us practically to all the principal features of the educational system of the times. We shall now explain them and cite the additional or supplementary information which the other Jatakas convey.

Takkasila was the most famous seat of learning. It attracted scholars from different and distant parts of India. Numerous references in the Jatakas show how thither flocked students from far off Benares(1), Rajagaha(2), Mithila(3), Ujjeni(4) and Kosala of the 'Central Region'(5) and from the Sivi and Kuru Kingdoms in the 'North country'(6).

The fame of Takkasila (Taxila) as a seat of learning was of course due to that of its teachers.(7) They are always spoken of as being 'world-renowned,' being authorities, specialists and experts in the subjects they professed. And it was the presence of scholars of such acknowledged excellence and widespread reputation that caused a steady movement of qualified students drawn from all classes and ranks of society towards Taxila from different and distant parts of the Indian continent, making it the intellectual capital of the India of those days. Thus the various centres of learning in the different parts of the country became affiliated, as it were, to the educational centre, or the central university, of Taxila which exercised a kind of intellectual suzerainty over the wide world of letters in India.

(1) [I. 272, 285, 409; II. 85, 87; IV. 50, 224; V. 263, 127, etc.].

(2) [III. 238, V. 77, 247].

(3) [IV. 316, VI. 347].

(4) [IV. 392].

(5) [III. 115].

(6) [V. 210; V. 457, III. 399; I. 356].

(7) Of one such teacher we read: 'Youths of the warrior and the Brahman caste came from all India to be taught the arts by him' [III. 158].

The students are always spoken of as going to Taxila to 'complete' their education and not to begin it. They are invariably sent at the age of sixteen or when they 'come of age'(8). This shows that Taxila was the seat, not of elementary, but higher, education, that is to say, of colleges or a university as distinguished from schools. Thus the age-limit for admission there was curiously enough the same as is prescribed by modern universities. Moreover, only the students of a maturer age could be sent so far away from their homes for the furtherance of their studies.

The students were usually admitted to instruction by their teachers on payment in advance of their entire tuition fees. A fixed sum seems to have been specified for the purpose at Taxila, amounting to 1,000 pieces of money(9). In lieu of paying the fees in cash, a student was allowed to pay them in the shape of services to his teacher(10). To this class apparently belonged the majority of the students who 'attended on their teacher by day' and received instruction at night. We read of a school of 500 Brahman pupils whose duties were, among others, to gather firewood from the forests for their master(11).

Sometimes a student would prefer to devote his whole time to studies without sparing any time for such services or menial work, while at the same time he was too poor to be able to pay the teacher's fees in cash in advance. In such a case the student was trusted to pay the fees after the completion of his education. We read of one such student, a Brahman boy of Benares, who, after completing his education at Taxila, paid his teacher's fees by begging for them in distant countries beyond the Ganges.

The fees are described to be "seven *nikkas*" or a few ounces of gold, which may indicate that the teacher's fees were paid in gold in that time(12). It may be recalled in this connexion that, under the Brahmanical system, it was the more usual practice

(8) [e.g., V. 162, 210]

(9) [I. 272, 285; IV. 50, 224, etc.].

(10) [cf. *Mū. Panha* VI. 11].

(11) [I. 317-318].

(12) [IV. 244].

for the *brahmachārin* to pay fees to his teacher only when he became a *snātaka*, i.e., ended his studentship.

Where students were too poor to be able to pay the teacher's fees in any of the several ways aforesaid, a charitable community often came forward to provide for them a free education. We read of a teacher of 'world-wide fame' at Benares who had in his school 500 young Brahmin pupils to teach. The difficulty of maintaining such a school was removed by the generosity of the 'Benares folk' who 'used to give day by day commons of food to the poor lads and had them taught free'. The cost of education was also to some extent taken over from the teachers and the taught by the occasional invitations to dinner extended to them by philanthropic householders. We read of a school of 500 students being invited to take meals by a 'country family' at Takkasila and of a similar entertainment given by an entire village(13). These invitations would very often be arranged by turns in such a way as to work like a permanent provision of meals for the whole school.

There was again another class of students who paid the teacher's fees from the scholarships awarded to them by the States to which they belonged. Generally such students would be sent as companions of the princes of their respective countries who were deputed to Takkasila for education. We read of the sons of the royal chaplains of the courts of Benares and Rajagaha accompanying their respective princes to Takkasila for their education. Cases, however, are not wanting of students being sent on their own account for higher studies to Takkasila at the State expense. Thus we read of a Brahman boy of Benares being sent by the King at his expense to Takkasila for the purpose of specialising in the Science of Archery(14).

It is to be noted that the fees of tuition as fixed here can hardly be considered adequate to its expenses. The teacher was not like the proprietor of a school conducted as a commercial concern; so that he probably could not claim any part of the fee of 1,000 pieces as the wages of his own labour. The fees were necessary to cover the cost of the free board, lodging and

(13) [I. 239; I. 317; III. 171].

(14) [V. 263; III. 238 and V. 247; V. 127].

other necessities, of the students who paid them and who went into residence with their teachers under a common roof.

But residence with the teacher was not a compulsory condition of studentship. Day-scholars were also admitted to instruction. We read of Prince Junha of Benares setting up independent house for himself from which he attended the college at Taxila(15).

The admission of day-scholars as students implied that of householders or married students. We read of 'a country-Brahman' who, finishing his studies in the three Vedas and the eighteen sciences under a famous teacher in Benares, stopped on there to look after his estate, married and became a regular householder. And yet he was allowed to continue his studies as an external student. He could however come but "two or three times every day to listen to his master's teachings" owing to the obstructions of his mischievous wife who always feigned sickness whenever he wanted to get away to the school. A similar case is that of 'a young Brahmin from a foreign land' who, while studying as one of 500 pupils of a famous teacher at Benares, "fell in love with a woman and made her his wife. Though he continued to live on in Benares he failed two or three times in his attendance on the master." Sometimes he was so worried and harassed by his unmanageable wife that he absented himself altogether from waiting on the master. "Some seven or eight days later he renewed his attendances", when his master gave him necessary instructions after which he "paid no heed to his wife's caprices", while his wife also "ceased from that time forward from her naughtiness." There is another instance of a student being handicapped in his studies by the wicked ways of his wife(16). Lastly, we may also refer to the instance of a teacher of 500 students at Benares who selects by a special test one of them for the hand of his grown-up daughter. With some teachers "there was a custom that if there should be a daughter ripe for marriage she should be given to the eldest pupil"(17).

(15)* "One night, after lessons, he left the teacher's house in the dark and set out for home" [IV. 96].

(16) [I. 463; I. 300; Ib. 301-302].

(17) [III. 18; VI. 347].

The maximum standard number of pupils which an individual teacher admitted was 500(18). The number gave scope to great variety in the composition of the school and the students were quite a heterogenous lot, drawn from all ranks and classes of society and representing diverse social conditions. Youths of Brahman and Kshatriya castes were of course in large numbers among them [cf. III. 458]; there were also princes from distant Kingdoms(19) and sons of magnates or magnificos(20), there were, again, sons of merchants and tailors and even fishermen, for we read of a teacher who was, on principle, against all restrictions on admission of students and would 'preach the moral law to anyone he might see though he did not want it, to fishermen and the like'(21).

Chandālas, however, were not admitted as students. We read of two Chandāla boys from Ujjeni who, considering the misery of their lot due to their birth, thought: "We shall never be able to play the part of Chandālas; let us conceal our birth and go to Takkasila in the disguise of young Brahmans, and study there". Thus introducing themselves they "followed their studies in the law under a far-famed master". One of the students was even successful in his studies. Their disguise was however detected at a dinner offered to the school by a villager, by their use of the Chandāla dialect in an unguarded moment, and they were at once expelled [No. 498].

While all castes except the Chandalas were admitted to instruction, it seems that the castes so admitted did not always confine themselves to their traditional subjects of study. We read of a Brahman boy of Takkasila who learnt Divination under his teacher and later settled down as a hunter in the woods of Benares. Another Brahman boy, son of a magnifico, preferred the study of magic charms to the exclusion of other subjects. Another is spoken of as having gone in for 'the liberal arts' and ultimately specialised in Archery. It is again a Brahman boy that studies 'the charm which commands all things of

(18) [I. 239, 317, 402; III. 18, 235, 143, 171, etc.].

(19) [I. 272; II. 87; III. 238; V. 162, V. 177, 210, 247, 262, 426, 457; IV. 96, 316; III. 115, 415].

(20) [II. 99, V. 227, IV. 237, etc.].

(21) [IV. 38; III. 171].

sense". There is a reference to a Brahman boy choosing "science" for his study and to another mastering 'the three Vedas and the eighteen Accomplishments'(22).

We thus see that youths of all sorts and conditions of life, of different classes and castes had all their divisions and distinctions merged in the democracy of learning. Princes and nobles, merchants and tailors, as well as the poor students who were maintained by charity and could not pay their tuition fees—all rubbed shoulders with one another as fellow-alumni of a common school and teacher. The poorer students had to undergo daily a course of exacting and low kind of menial service for the school, but the recognition of the dignity of all honest labour secured to them a status of equality with its aristocratic section. What further levelled all distinctions within the school was the insistence upon certain standards of simplicity and discipline in life to which all its members had to submit.

The Prince of Benares is, as we have seen, sent on to Takkasila for his studies with the modest equipment given him by his own royal father of "a pair of one-soled sandals, a sunshade of leaves, and a thousand pieces of money" as his teacher's fees, of which not a single piece he could retain for his private use. Thus the Prince enters his school as a poor man, divested of all riches. The same fact is pointed to by the story of Prince Junha of Benares, who accidentally breaking the alms bowl of a Brahman by colliding with him in nocturnal darkness, was asked to pay him the price of a meal as compensation. The Prince then said to the Brahman: "I cannot now give you the price of a meal, Brahman; but I am Prince Junha, son of the King of Kasi, and when I come to my Kingdom, you may come to me and ask for the money" [IV 96]. This shows that there was no money left with a prince which he might spend as he liked. Nor did the offences of princes escape their usual punishment. On the offence of a prince being reported to the teacher (the offence being taking some sweets from a vendor's basket without paying for them), "he caused two lads to take the young fellow by his two hands, and smote him

(22) [II. 200; II. 99; III. 219; IV. 456; III. 18; II. 87; III. 115, 122].

thrice upon the back with a bamboo stick, bidding him take care not to do it again" [No. 252].

The food allowed to the students was of the simplest kind. We have mention of rice-gruel being prepared as breakfast by a maid of the teacher's house [I. 318]. At invitations they were given sugar-cane, molasses, curd and milk [I. 448]. The life of the students was also hard in other ways. Their standing duty was to gather firewood in the forests [*ib*]. Their conduct was so much controlled that they were not allowed to go to a river for bath except in the company of a teacher [No. 252].

It speaks very well of these ancient Kings that they deliberately, and as a matter of policy, proposed for their sons such a course of discipline and education as their best training in manners and morals, and as a powerful democratising influence, "so that by this means they might learn to quell their pride and highmindedness".

Side by side with these colleges of a heterogenous or cosmopolitan composition, we also find references to colleges of particular communities only. Teachers with 500 pupils, all Brahmans, are frequently mentioned. Sometimes teachers would have only Brahman and Kshatriya pupils. We also read of a teacher at Taxila whose school had on its rolls only princes as pupils—"all princes who were at that time in India to the number of 101," besides two other princes newly admitted from the Kingdoms of Kuru and Benares(23).

To manage a school of 500 pupils and undertake their education was no easy task for an individual teacher. He was however helped by a staff of Assistant Masters (*pitthiachariya*), appointed from amongst the most advanced, or senior pupils. Assistance in teaching was also rendered by the senior pupils as such, for we are told of a teacher appointing his oldest disciple to act as his substitute. Another teacher of Taxila, while going to Benares on some mission, appointed his chief pupil to take charge of his school during his absence, saying: "My son, I am going away from home, while I am away, you are to instruct these my pupils" (numbering 500). These senior

pupils, by being associated in the work of teaching, soon became fit to be teachers. We read of Prince Sutasoma of the Kuru country who "being the senior pupil soon attained to proficiency in teaching" and, "becoming the private teacher" of his comrade in the school, "soon educated him, while the others only gradually acquired their learning"(24).

The college seems to have had a number of sittings every day. Instruction was imparted at times convenient to the students. The poorer scholars who paid for the expenses of educational life by the performance of services or menial work for the school during the day time could find time for study only in the nights when accordingly the teacher imparted instruction to them [II. 278]. It was probably convenient for the day-scholars to attend the night classes: We read of Prince Junha who "one night, after he had been listening carefully to his teacher's instruction, left the house of his teacher in the dark and set out for home" [IV. 96]. Another student of Benares who went to Takkasila for a particular instruction implored his teacher thus: "Give me your time for this one night only. I will learn the whole after one lesson." [II. 47]. As regards the students who paid their teacher's fees "they are treated like the eldest sons in his house, and thus they learn." They were given "schooling on every light and lucky day".

Students seem to have commenced their studies very early in the morning, with the crowing of the cock. We read of a school of 500 Brahman students at Benares who "had a cock that crowed betimes and roused them to their studies." Probably a cock was domesticated in every school to serve as a clock! When, in one instance, the trained cock died, a second cock was secured which "had been bred in a cemetery and had thus no knowledge of times and seasons, and used to crow casually, at midnight as well as at daybreak. Roused by his crowing at midnight, the young Brahmans fell to their studies, so that by dawn they were tired out and could not for sleepiness keep their attention on the subject already learnt (*gahitattathanampi*); and when he fell a-crowing in broad day they did not get a chance

(24) [II. 100; V. 457; I. 141; IV. 51; V. 457-458].

of quiet for repeating their lessons. And as it was the cock's crowing both at midnight and by day which had brought their studies to a standstill, they took the bird and wrung his neck" [I. 436]. It will appear from this passage that there was time for the private study of the students which they spent on repeating *new* lessons and revising *old* ones.

In this passage, again, the reference to drowsiness preventing the students from understanding (*lit.* 'seeing', *passanti*) the subject already learnt may be taken to indicate the use of books for their studies. The Jatakas frequently use the expression *sippam vachesi*, i.e. 'getting the sciences read'. More definite is the following reference to the existence of written books at the time: "The Bodhisatta...caused a book of judgments to be written and said, 'by observing this book you should settle suits' ". [III. 292]. We have again references to the various and widespread uses of writing in the Jatakas; to the writing of epistles, sealing a letter, the forging of letters, inscriptions on gold plate, inscription over a hermitage, letters of the alphabet engraved on gold necklets, inscriptions upon garments, and accoutrements, the scratching of a message on an arrow, writing on a leaf(25). Lastly, there is a passage [I. 451] which indicates how the art of writing was being regularly taught to the young in the elementary or primary schools. It tells how when a rich man's son "was being taught to write," his "young slave used to go with his young master's tablets and so learned at the same time to write himself." The three R's were evidently taught in these schools. We may recall in this connection the passage in the *Kautiliya* [I. 5], showing how after the ceremony of *chudākarana* a boy was to be taught *lipi* or writing and *sankhyānam* or counting and arithmetic.

We shall now consider the courses of study that were offered by the colleges of Takkasila. The Jatakas constantly refer to students coming to Takkasila to complete their education in the three Vedas and the eighteen Sippas or arts. Sometimes the students are referred to as selecting the study of the Vedas

(25) [II. 95, 174; VI. 370, 385, 403; I. 451, IV. 124; II. 36, 372, 376; IV. 7, 257, 335, 488; V. 59, 67, 125; VI. 29; VI. 520; IV. 489; VI. 390; VI. 408; II. 90; II. 174; IV. 55; VI. 369; 400].

alone, or the Arts alone(26). We may conveniently distinguish education in the Vedas as Literary Education from education in the Arts as Scientific and Technical Education.

The invariable mention of the three Vedas shows that the study of the Atharva Veda was not included in the curriculum for general education at the time of the Jatakas. The Vedas were of course to be learnt by heart. We are told of a teacher at Takkasila from whose lips 500 Brahman pupils learnt the Vedas [I. 402]. The Bodhisatta is frequently referred to as having learned the three Vedas by heart [cf. I. 259]. Instead of the three Vedas, we sometimes find mention of "sacred texts" [III. 235], "holy books" [IV. 293], or "the law" [IV. 392]. Some of these terms may indicate the sacred literature of the Buddhists. We find even the direct mention of a Vinaya scholar and a Sutra scholar [III. 486].

The subjects under the Sciences and Arts are not individually mentioned. Their number alone is frequently mentioned. We may refer in this connection to the passage already cited from the *Milinda Panha* which gives the individual names of the nineteen Sippas then current. Some passages in the Jatakas however make individual mention of some subjects under scientific and technical education, but it is not certain whether they would come under the eighteen Sippas. We have mention of the following arts being taught in some of the colleges of Takkasila, viz., (1) Elephant Lore (*Hatthisutta*), (2) Magic charms, (3) Spell for bringing back the dead to life, (4) Hunting, (5) Spell for understanding animal cries, (6) Archery (*Issapasippa*), (7) The Art of Prognostication, (8) Charm for commanding all things of sense, (9) Divining from the signs of the body and (10) Medicine(27). • It is to be noted that students are mentioned as taking up for their study only one of these subjects in which they wanted to specialise and make themselves experts.

The study of these sciences and arts seems to have had both a theoretical and a practical course. Knowledge of the literature of a subject had to be followed by its practical applications. In

(26) I. 259, 356, 402, 464, II. 87; III. 115, 122, etc.; I. 402, III. 235, IV. 293, etc.; III. 18, 238; V. 127, 162, 177, 247, 426; IV. 456; III. 133; 219, etc.].

(27) [II. 47; II. 100; I. 510; II. 200; III. 415; III. 219, I. 356, V. 127, II. 87, III. 122; IV. 465; II. 200; IV. 171].

regard to some subjects like Medicine, for instance, the practical course had to be gone through under the direction of the teacher. The practical course in Medicine at Takkasila included a first hand study of plants to find out their medicinal values, as shown in the account of Jivaka's education. In other subjects, the practical course was left to be completed by the students themselves when they left their colleges after finishing their instruction. Thus we read of a Brahman student 'of a market town in the North country' who specialised in the Science of Archery at Takkasila and, after finishing his studies, went as far as the Andhra country in prosecution of the practical application of his art. [I. 356].

There is mention of the Prince of Magadha who, having mastered all the arts at Takkasila, "wandered through towns, cillages, and all the land to acquire all practical usages and understand country observances" [II. 238]. We have mention of another student, Setaketu, of Takkasila who similarly "wandered, learning all practical arts" [III. 235]. There is mentioned another Prince of Magadha who, being trained in all Sciences at Takkasila, "left that place with the intention of learning the practical uses of arts and local observances" [V. 247]. We have an interesting reference to the Pandu brothers who, after receiving instruction in arts at Takkasila, 'travelled about with the idea of mastering local customs' [V. 426]. We read again of two sons of merchants and a tailor's son travelling together to learn the custom of the country folk after finishing their education in Takkasila [IV. 38]. There is a similar reference to a student from Benares undertaking a travel after his education at Takkasila [IV. 200]. A Prince of Kosala is mentioned who after studying the three Vedas and eighteen liberal arts at Takkasila left the place to study the practical uses of the sciences learned [III. 115].

Lastly, there is an instance in which a student, on completion of his education in the Arts at Takkasila and returning home to Benares, had to exhibit before his parents a practical demonstration of the technical knowledge he had acquired. In this connection we may also recall the successful surgical operations executed by Javaka as soon as he had left

Takkasila on finishing his education, for they show that he must have had a previous practical training in such difficult operations.

A practical turn was indeed given to all instruction as a pedagogic principle. We have already referred to the first-hand observation of plant life as a compulsory part of medical education. We have again one Jataka [No. 123] which shows how nature-study was always insisted upon as the best means of awakening a healthy curiosity, a spirit of observation and enquiry which are indispensable aids to intellectual culture. In the story, 'a world-renowned' professor of Benares "had five hundred young Brahmans to instruct," one of whom "had always foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. The teacher was at pains to consider what method of instruction would be suitable for that 'veriest dullard' of all his pupils. And the thought came to him that the best way was to question him on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day, and then to ask what it was like. 'For', thought the master, 'this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him' "

A point which should not be missed in this connexion is, how the students of those days after their graduation undertook an expensive foreign travel to give a practical turn to their theoretical studies at the colleges, and qualify themselves for the life in the world by broadening the range of their experience and deepening their insight into human affairs by a first-hand study of the diverse manners and customs prevailing in the different parts of the country, as also to get inured to hardships.

Takkasila was also famous for some of its special schools. One of such schools was the medical school which must have been the best of its kind in India, if we may believe in the story of Jivaka. It was also noted for its school of Law which attracted students from distant Ujjeni. Its Military schools were not less famous. One such school could boast of counting all the then Princes throughout India numbering 103 as its students [V. 457]. We have already seen how keen and widespread was

the demand in the country for the courses and training offered by its Schools of Archery.

Thus the teachers of Takkasila were as famous for their knowledge of the arts of peace as for that of war. In this connection we may refer to the story of the Brahman boy of Benares of the name of Jotipala who was sent to Takkasila at the King's expense for education in Archery. When he had finished his training and was returning home, the teacher presented him with his own sword, a bow and arrow, a coat of mail and a diamond and asked him to take his place as the head of 500 pupils to be trained up by him in the military arts, as he was himself old and wanted to retire [V. 127]. The Veda-of-the-bow claimed almost as many students as the sacred triple-Veda in those days. It is also evident that the demand for the knowledge of the Sippas or for technical and scientific education was not less keen than that for general education or religious studies.

Next to Takkasila ranked Benares as a seat of learning. It was, however, largely the creation of the ex-students of Takkasila who set up as teachers there and carried thither the culture of that cosmopolitan educational centre which was moulding the intellectual life of the whole of India. Subjects in the instruction of which Takkasila held the monopoly were being gradually introduced into Benares. We find established there Schools for the teaching of spells and magic charms by students trained from Takkasila. For the study of the ordinary subjects there were of course already many schools(28).

Benares, however, was not without its own alumni as educationists. There are several references to teachers of world-wide fame with the usual number of 500 pupils to teach. The son of a Brahman magnate with eighty crores is educated in Benares. There were again certain subjects in the teaching of which Benares seems to have specialised. There is a reference, for instance, to a school of music presided over by an expert who was the chief of his kind in all India(29). With all this, the inferiority of Benares to Takkasila as a seat of learning is

(28) [Nos. 1, 2, 185, etc.; II. 99; I. 464].

(29) [I. 239, III. 18 and 233; IV. 237; No. 243].

apparent from the fact that there are hardly to be found many references in the Jatakas to the movement of foreign scholars towards the former for education in different subjects as we find in such abundance in respect of the latter.

Lastly, it is to be noted that the educational system of the times produced men of affairs as well as men who renounced the world in the pursuit of Truth. The life of renunciation indeed claimed many ex-students of both Takkasila and Benares. In the sylvan and solitary retreats away from the haunts of men, the hermitages served as schools of higher philosophical speculation and religious training where the culture previously acquired would attain its fruitage or a further development in a particular direction. These special schools of spiritual culture are also referred to as being composed of the standard number of 500 ascetics gathering round the personality of an individual hermit of established reputation to seek instruction as his disciples [I. 141, etc.]. We have however references to schools of larger sizes. We read of one which was so overcrowded with zealous pupils that the chief had to get other hermitages established by his seven senior pupils to relieve the congestion but to no purpose, for the original or parent hermitage continued to be crowded as before with aspirants after the religious life [V. 128].

The hermitages were generally established in the Himalayas. Sometimes, however, bands of ascetics would establish themselves near the centres of population in view of the facilities so afforded for attracting recruits. We read of Setaketu, originally senior pupil of a school of 500 pupils at Benares, going to Takkasila for education in the 'arts' on completion of which he wandered through the country learning all practical arts, when in a village he comes across a group of 500 ascetics who, after ordaining him, taught him all their "arts, texts and practices" (30).

(30) [I. 406, 431; III. 143; IV. 74; III. 115; IV. 103; III. 235].

LIVING LANGUAGE.

Is your Esperanto, which undoubtedly would render great practical service, capable of interpreting the most fugitive aspects of thought? Ah! no. For it is not born of suffering or joy. It has not been wailed or sung by human souls. It is a mechanism constructed by a scholar. It is not life.

I will suppose you are presented with an admirable doll. It's very large and very sweet eyes are shaded by long and divinely curved eyelashes. Its mouth is delightfully pink and similar to the pulp of cherries. It is able to smile at you. It can call you 'Dearie.' Would you love it? Let us suppose you had long been face to face with her on a desert island, and that suddenly there appeared to you a real woman, even rather ugly, but after all a real woman, would you address your madrigals to the doll?

Your Esperanto is the doll. The French language is the real woman. And this woman is so beautiful, so proud, so modest, so bold, so touching, so voluptuous, so chaste, so noble, so familiar, so frolicsome, so wise, that we love her with all our soul and are never tempted to be unfaithful to her.

How can the work of a grammarian, however learned it may be, rival a living language, to which millions upon millions of men have contributed their sighs and groans—a language in which we perceive at the same time the great guttural cry of the people and the chirping of the petty linets who twitter in drawing-rooms,—a language in which we hear the humming of every craft, the roar of every revolution, the murmur of every clann?

How beautiful are words which, through the recollection of their long usage, are crowned with a halo of glory! I want my ideas to rest on those words in which the feelings of all our dead palpitate. Happy, too happy am I, if, having received this language, most limpid, most luminous, most bounteous and most human. I have been able to make a few new reflections shine upon it.

—ANATOLE FRANCE.

VITALIZATION OF INDIAN HUMANISTIC STUDIES

By K. M. PANIKKAR.

The classical studies followed traditionally among Hindus were in their time undoubtedly meant to be comprehensive. They embraced: Kāvya, Nāṭaka, Alankāra, Tarka, and Vyākaraṇa; and the detailed attention with which each of these was studied was such as to make scholarship no empty name. The *Ashtādhyāyī* of Panini itself was supposed to take twelve years of a student's lifetime. The value of such training both as a course of intellectual discipline and as developing powers of keen analysis and enquiry cannot be doubted. It was perhaps the best that could have been devised then. But now with the widening of cultural interests, even among classical scholars, a thorough modernisation of Indian classical studies has become necessary.

The first objection to the old system, apart from the wastage in years that is involved, is that it does not represent the whole cultural tradition of India—that vast areas of culture which Indians are heir to, are left out of consideration. Thus Buddhism finds only a very casual place in Indian classical studies. In fact Buddhist theories are alluded to merely with a view to repudiate them. No attempt is made by Pandits to understand Buddhist philosophy and psychology and but for the researches of European scholars, Buddhism would have remained, as far as the Indian philosophical world was concerned, a system of thought which had been refuted for all time by Sankara. The same to a lesser extent is true of Jainism also. Though Jaina scholarship is a live tradition even now in India, and the Jainas themselves form a very influential community, with their own temples, monasteries and religious foundations yet Jaina thought was rigidly excluded from Hindu classical studies. There was a sort of unwritten law among scholars to treat as non-existent the whole world of Buddhist and Jain literature, except for the purpose of occasional contemptuous allusion.

This boycott of Buddhism has been the cause also of the exclusion of Pali and Prakrit from the horizon of the Indian student. Though Prakrit is possessed of a vast and varied literature and is the mother language of most Indian vernaculars, it has been, till lately, completely neglected in all courses of Sanskrit studies. It requires no particular scholarship to see that even in the golden age of classical literature, Sanskrit remained, like Latin in the Middle Ages, merely the language of the learned. The literature of Prakrit is now being slowly explored; but the significant fact about it is, that the astonishing care with which Sanskrit books were being edited and re-edited with innumerable commentaries by the ancient Pandits has been completely lacking in the case of the Prakrit texts. Hindu India which preserved Sanskrit books with meticulous care had no use for Prakrit. The same is the case with Pali. This sacred language of Buddhism, in which are buried the great works of Buddhist monks and scholars, has been but a dead name in India.

Even in the study of Sanskrit classics a new and more critical spirit is found necessary. The Pandits have so far made no attempt at textual and higher criticism with all the modern appliances of historical data and grammatical and philological equipment. This has now been universally recognised. The absence of critical editions for Indian classics has attracted the attention of scholars in India and now we have the Visvabharati and Bhandarkar Institute co-operating to bring out a standard edition of the Mahabharata. The work of the Harvard University, Oriental Section, in the line of critical edition of Indian classics has received wide appreciation. The necessity for applying modern methods even to grammar is being slowly recognised by orthodox Pandits, as Raja Raja Varma's *Laghu Parinayam*—a bold attempt to modernise even Panini—would show.

It is a matter of great satisfaction that there is agreement on all these matters among the thinking men of India. The Visvabharati courses initiated by such renowned Indologists as Prof. Silvain Lévi of Sorbonne and Prof. Winternitz of Prague have undeniably given a new orientation to Indian scholarship in this matter. Nor can we forget the great services that the

Calcutta University under Sir Ashutosh Mukerjea has rendered in modernising the classical outlook. Under his guidance the Post Graduate Department has organized courses in Pali, Prakrit, Buddhist and Jaina philosophy and an attempt has been made to co-relate all these into a single course of Ancient Indian Humanities. India owes much to the imagination which visualised Singhalese monks, Jaina pundits and Chinese mandarins expounding to students in the metropolitan University of India those parts of India's magnificent heritage which they now hold in trust. The contribution of the great Universities of Europe should also be recognised; for, it was the spirit of enquiry and scholarship that animated scholars like Max Muller, Rhys Davids, Paul Deussen and Emile Senart which assisted in giving India a new attitude of mind towards her own past.

But our classical studies, if they ended with Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit, would still be incomplete. The soul of India, at least during the last thousand and five hundred years, has expressed itself not only in those languages, but in the vernaculars of the country. No view of Indian culture could be complete which omits the literature and tradition either of the Dravidian or the Prakritic languages. No man who does not feel with Tulsidás and Kabir, Mirábái and Dádú, Vidyápati and Chandidás, Kambar and Manicka Vaehakar, could be really considered to have understood the spirit of India which manifests itself in so many different forms.

The contribution of each of the vernaculars is something distinct and great. The Vaishnava Poets of Hindi with Tulsi and Suradás at their head represent a humanism the value of which cannot now be estimated. The lyrical outbursts of Vidyápati and Chandidás, and the Chaitanya tradition in Bengal have left an impress on Indian cultural development which it is impossible to overlook. The influence of Tukárám and Rámadás, as providing the spiritual basis for the national revival of the Marathas should give them a prominent place in the history of India. The great, and to some extent independent, inheritance of the Tamil people need not be dilated upon. The Tamil language possesses a classical literature second only to Sanskrit in India. The fact that the Jainas and the Buddhists

contributed equally to this is significant as to the synthetic character of Tamil civilization. Kavilan Charitram and Manimekhalai, two of the five gems of Tamil, are distinctly Buddhist; and this compares favourably with the undeniably exclusive character of classic Sanskrit. In Malayalam also the works of Ezhcuthacahn and his followers created a humanistic tradition which has not a little to contribute to the common inheritance of India.

Besides their classical literatures, the vernaculars of India have also developed in recent times distinctive literatures of their own; the modern cultural movement in India, both in the inward adjustments it has caused and in the massive character of its changes, has been hailed as a renaissance. This vast movement has had its effects on all phases of our cultural activity. Partly as a result of contact with the West and partly as a result of the birth of a new consciousness in the national mind, this awakening has been remarkable for a revival of literary and artistic traditions. The development of the Bengal School of art, the renewed interest in ancient India schools of painting like Ajanta, Indo-Moghul and the Pahari, all these are but different phases of the same movement.

But it has expressed itself best and more universally in the vernacular literatures. The rise and development of Bengali in the 19th century is perhaps its most remarkable success; but we should not forget that the same movement has been going on in every part of India. Urdu has not been much behindhand and the name of Iqbal alone should raise it to a place of respect among Indian languages. Subramania Bharati has done in some ways for Tamil what the many sided genius of Rabindranath has done for Bengali. The position of Vallathol in Malayalam is absolutely unapproached. He has within a short period, created a new school of poetry in Malayalam which challenges comparison with the best in any Indian language.

So far no attempt has been made to include modern vernacular literature in any scheme of humanistic studies. In fact until recently not even the most advanced of Indian languages was considered good enough for a University course. Now, fortunately, that opinion has changed. Almost all Indian

Universities make provision for the study of the local Vernaculars. That is indeed very necessary but that is not all. What is important for the student of Indian culture is to visualise the spirit of India and that would be possible only when it is recognised that the culture embodied in the different vernaculars is complementary to the classical genius which we know through Sanskrit, Prakrit and Pali. A course in modern Indian humanities, comprising of the best literature alone can give this outlook a visible form.

This is one of the lines on which the Visvabharati should work. In fact it is the only institution where such a constructive and synthetic piece of work could be attempted, because it represents not only an educational experiment, but the entire spirit of the new cultural movement of India. Rabindranath is in himself the assertion of vitalized modernism in our thought and form. He represents the greatness of modern Indian languages. More, his personality has made the Visvabharati an all-Indian institution where all the tributaries of the great stream of Indian culture may mix their waters freely. It is only there that such an attempt could now be made and till that is made Indian education cannot fully function to supply the spiritual needs of the Indian mind.

For, who could call himself a true Indian who has not drunk deep in the wells of Tulsidás and Kambar, Manicka Vachakar and Tukárám, Kabir, Mirábái and Nanak, Tagore, Bharati, Vallathol and Iqbal. The Indian soul, we have now sufficient reason to believe, did not cease to express itself after Bána and Harsha. It is true that the forms of its expression have changed, but the soul is the same, and no one can truly understand India who rests content in the belief that the well of Indian humanism dried up with the classical age. For this error, the narrow, inert spirit of our humanistic studies has been to blame. It is necessary that those who are now responsible for the movement of the intellectual liberation of India should give this problem of the revitalization of these studies their close and unprejudiced attention.

JUDGMENT.

(From the Bengali of Rabindranath)

O Beautiful One,
 When on their way,
 In idle frolic gay,
 And sport and fun,
 On Thee they fling and heap
 The roadside dust and dirt,
 My heart
 Doth sigh and weep.
 Weeping I cry, O beauty's God,
 Hold Thou the rod,
 Judge Thou these men.
 And then,
 Whichever side
 I turn, I see the gateways open wide
 Of Thy vast justice-hall,
 Where thou dost sit in judgment over all.

 The light of morning lies
 In silence on their sin-polluted eyes;
 The jasmine white suspires
 Upon their fiery breath of hot desires;
 The candles lit by Æve, the anchorite,
 Whose light illumines in heaven
 The adoration of the sages seven,*
 Look on all night
 Upon the frenzied revelling
 Of those who dust and ashes fling.
 At Thee, O beauty's King.
 Thy judgment-seat
 Is in the woodlands blossoming,
 In balmy breezes sweet,
 In insects on the grass with humming wing,
 In warblings of the birds in spring,
 In wave-kiss'd shores and fan-like green twigs' murmuring.

*The Ursa Major is so named in Indian literature.

O Lover mine,
Heartless are they, of violent will,
With hidden steps they prowl about Thee still,
Adornments Thine
To rob, to dress
Their passion's nakedness.
I see Love smitten with their bludgeon sore,
Till I can bear no more;
With tear-stain'd eye
Weeping, to Thee I cry:
O love's fair Lord,
Hold Thou the sword,
Judge thou these men.
And then,
Where do I see
The judgment-throne of Thee?

The mother's tears are shed
Upon their violence red;
The lover's boundless trust
Takes on its bleeding breast their treacherous thrust.
O Love, Thy judgment-chamber lies
Within the wordless pain of love with sleepless eyes,
In chaste wives' shame and sighs,
In heart's blood shed by friends,
In love's awaiting through the night that never ends
• Of separation drear,
In the dawn of tear-laved pity's full forgiveness clear.

O God of Terror,
Greedy are they, in heedless error
They pass Thy lion-gate
Unasked, unseen of all,
And through Thy wall
They break, and steal away Thy treasures great.
The plunder'd pelf's too heavy weight
Each moment as it rolls
Doth on their souls
Press more and more like ruthless fate.
Weeping I cry to Thee, O dreadful God!
Forgive, forgive! Withhold thy rod.

And thy forgiveness fierce
As the terrific storm appears;
Before its blast
Upon the dust they're cast, —
Where fly the sunder'd bits
In which their plunder'd burden splits?
O Lord of dreaded name,
Thy grim forgiveness dire
Is in the crash of thunder-fire,
In ruin that's writ in sunset-flame,
In fearful floods of gore,
In sudden blind collision's clash and roar.

Translated by KHITISH CH. SEN.

THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT PEOPLE.

By MISS SHLOMITH F. FLAUM.

On each race is the duty laid, to keep alight its own lamps of mind, as its part in the illumination of the world. To break the lamp of any people, is to deprive it of its rightful place in the world festival. He who has no light is unfortunate enough ; but utterly miserable is he who having it, has been deprived of it, or has forgotten all about it. —**Pabindranath.**

If we acknowledge the truth of these words of our Poet, if we realize that the light of human understanding is composed of a harmony of complementary colours, each having its special significance in the colour scheme of the whole, we have also to admit that each civilization, each nation, should study and discover the fundamental connections it has with other nations and civilizations, and that we should learn the history of other people as a lesson for ourselves, instead of dismissing it as irrelevant, or devoid of vital meaning for the processes of our own growth. It is because I have realized, in the innermost depths of my conviction, the profoundness of the truth expressed so pithily by the Poet, that I make bold to place before you the story,—a real modern story,—of a land and civilization with which you may not be so intimately acquainted.

The sufferings and struggles of a people, the conquest by them of difficulties and obstacles, and above all, their unflinching idealism and faith under the most trying circumstances,—all these must have their human value for the whole world, and the manifold experiences of the Zionist workers, about whom I am going to tell you, are sure to provoke thought in every mind.

I shall try to put as briefly as possible, and, so far as I can without comment, the story of this recent movement in Palestine, leaving you to receive your own impressions.

History, I think, has hardly a more tragically moving instance of the fidelity of a whole race to its ancestral home, than that which is offered by the Jewish people carrying with them, all through the ages of their long exile, the undying love of Zion

and the perpetual hope of being restored one day to their ancient land. And while, generally, emotions and aspirations, whether of individual, race, or nation, if not fulfilled within a reasonable space of time, tend to become atrophied and die out altogether, the longing of the Jew for Zion has become stronger with each passing century until, at last, it has found its realisation in what is commonly called Zionist work in Palestine. This return of Jewish people to the land of their ancestors and their re-settlement in Palestine, is not a movement of national expansion, but of racial reunion.

The recent Jewish pioneers in Palestine are really an *elite* from among the Jewish people, and that is why they have been able, in such a comparatively short time, to achieve a measure of success in their colonizing work such as few other colonizing people, whether in ancient times or to-day, have done, and that, notwithstanding all kinds of special difficulties in their way.

They have unweariedly persevered in their efforts, and by demonstrating that both the country, Palestine, and the new settlers, the Jews, are possessed of the necessary practical qualifications, they have won for their aspirations, more than by anything else, the practical sympathy and support of the world. For, to begin with, Zionism to the outside world was a mere idea; Palestine a waste land; and the Jews constitutionally unfit for the task of developing a country, the basis of whose economic life is the cultivation of the land.

But the new Hebrew immigrants have proved to the world that though, for nearly two thousand years, the land of Palestine, bereft of her children, was desolate indeed, her exiled people, in their turn, seeming to have lost their original aptitude for agriculture, this reunion of the land and its people has revived both of them, restoring to the one her pristine fertility and to the other their ancient capacity,—a miracle that reminds us of the Greek legend of Antaeus, son of the Sea-god and of the Earth, whom Herakles fought and who became weak and powerless when lifted up into the air, but whose invincible strength was regained every time he came into contact with Mother Earth.

Indeed, one cannot help wondering which of the two miracles is the greater,—the revival of Palestine at the hands of the

Hebrew settler, or the regeneration of the Hebrew through contact with the soil of Palestine. Hardly any of these settlers, children of towns, had the least knowledge of agriculture, of the geography of Palestine, of the language and customs of the Arabs, or even any notion of the elementary problems of hygiene and sanitation, essential in a country with climatic and sanitary conditions so different from what they had been accustomed to all along.

Just try to imagine the state of the country before the recent Hebrew immigration. No roads, no railways, and only a few wells. No safety at all, the towns being hardly less insecure than the open country; and fever everywhere. The soil, tortured for centuries by a most exacting system of tillage, where restitution in the shape of manure found no place, with much of its once-vaunted fertility lost. In the mountainous parts of the country, the hand of time allowed to wreak its destruction unchecked, the fertile layer of soil washed away by the torrential winter rains, the bare rock staring at heaven in mute yet eloquent witness of the folly and incapacity of the individual inhabitants and their governments alike.

But just as from the shock of cold flint and cold steel the spark that lay asleep in them is awakened to life, so did this reunion of the desolate land and the weary people call back to living activity the whole strength, resourcefulness, love of the earth and genius for its cultivation that had lain dormant in Israel since its divorce from the land of its birth.

The settlers started work with nothing more than primitive tools and methods at their command. Unskilled as they were and without technical guidance, they undertook the sanitation of fever infested parts, meanwhile establishing provisional homes on the higher grounds, sometimes at a great distance from the fields. The soil was drained and put under proper cultivation; eucalyptus trees were planted by thousands; and, slowly but surely, the struggle against Malaria progressed towards victory. To-day, with but very few exceptions, the sanitary conditions of the colonies are excellent, but the white tombs under their eucalyptus groves testify to the price which this peaceful victory

of their manhood over the evil powers of Nature cost the new settlers.

Another difficulty the pioneers had to meet was that of the total absence of public safety in the country. They first entrusted Arab watchmen with the task of protecting their fields and plantations. But they soon found that these watchmen were given to making common cause with the marauders, only leading to the pilfering being organised on a larger scale, and thus multiplying conflicts and bloodshed. Then it was that a committee of exclusively Jewish watchmen was formed for the protection of the colonies, and they became the most efficient, or rather, the only efficient police force in the country, gaining the highest prestige amongst the Arab population for their skill and courage as watchmen. But here again this immensely important result has not been achieved without exacting its toll of precious young Hebrew lives, and there is hardly an important farm in Palestine in the defence of which a Hebrew watchman has not laid down his life. The memory of these young men will live eternally in our hearts; and, in ages to come, when our national restoration has become an accomplished fact, the names of these modest heroes will be remembered with the names of the best sons of any people.

Bad sanitary conditions and insecurity of life and property were only part of the early troubles which beset the Jewish settlers. They had come to cultivate again the soil of our fathers, but they were innocent of the very elements of agriculture. Still, far from being discouraged, they started by copying the primitive methods of their Arab neighbours. Little by little they became acquainted with the nature and peculiarities of the land, and with the requirements and possibilities of the crops; little by little they gathered information about the methods in use in the advanced agricultural countries of Europe and America, tried these methods and modified and adapted them to their own needs and circumstances.

And in the result there has been a triumphant refutation of the fallacy that Hebrews are incapable of becoming good agriculturists. Indeed, there is no profession or occupation in Palestine in which the Jews have proved so successful as in the different branches of agriculture, fruit growing, cattle breeding,

and the wine industry. The yield of their fields is more than double than those of the Arab peasants, and so also of their milch-cows. And Arab land-owners have repeatedly employed Jewish agriculturists for the making of new plantations and for work requiring special skill, such as the grafting of their fruit trees. What more convincing demonstration could one require of the skill which our farmers and agricultural workmen have attained?

But crops, once gathered in, must be transported to markets, or to harbours from which they can be shipped abroad; and in the Palestine of pre-war times there were but few roads, these being, moreover, in such a hopeless state, that it was the custom to travel through the fields alongside them, the track serving only to show the way. The Hebrew settlers repaired the old main roads connecting the various colonies with each other, or with the market towns, and where there were no roads, they made them at their own expense.

Thus did this handful of men fight the good fight, manfully but modestly, silently overcoming difficulties which might well have seemed insuperable to the hardest and best trained farmers of any old agricultural country.

What has become the greatest of their achievements, are the Hebrew schools. The patience, devotion and sacrifice which the building up and the carrying on of Hebrew schools has entailed on the settlers, particularly on that admirable body of men and women who compose the Union of Hebrew Teachers, can be appreciated only by one who has been a daily witness of their efforts. Try to imagine what it means to carry on schools of all degrees, from Kindergarten up to the University, with Hebrew, the language of the Bible, as the medium of modern instruction, unequipped as it is with hardly any kind of text books; and yet to manage to give the pupils an education sufficient to secure for them the right to enter a European or American University on the mere presentation of the Hebrew High School certificate. Have not these teachers, too, played nobly the responsible part entrusted to them?

The colony is administered by a Council, elected annually by a General Assembly of all the land-owners, as well as of all

other ordinary residents of the colony who have regularly paid their taxes for the last two years. The franchise is exercisable by both men and women.

The Council controls all the affairs of the community. It supervises the quality of bread sold by the bakers, it controls the sanitary conditions of the meat supply, it regulates the supply of water for the house and the gardens; it acts as intermediary between the land farmers and the tax-farmers in all matters relating to Government dues.

The Council determines the annual budget of each farm and a special sub-committee assesses each year the amount of local taxes to be paid by each family according to its income and expenses, due regard being paid to the out-turn of the year's crops. A bachelor pays a larger tax than a family with the same income and a large family pays less than a small family. The doctor is paid by the colony, so that all persons, rich or poor have the same right to medical assistance. The chemist too is paid by the farm and the pharmacy is run out of public money, only actual cost price being charged for the medicines supplied.

The local police force, the watchmen, are employed and paid by the farm. But they are never left alone when actual danger threatens; and be it by day or by night, when the village bell, which is set upon the summit of some hill, sounds the alarm, there is hardly a more inspiring sight in the world than that afforded by the turning out of the whole manhood of the colony, within five or six minutes from the first signal, fully armed, hurrying on foot or on horseback to the spot of danger, the doctor following in a cart with all necessary first-aid appliances, whilst, at the same time, the chemist and the nurse prepare the village infirmary for receiving those who may return wounded.

There is a school or two in each colony, run by a committee of the parents of the school children in conjunction with the local teachers, but the sanitary condition of such schools, and especially the health of the children, are under the immediate supervision of the Council, through the doctor, and during recent years the compulsory treatment of eye diseases has been introduced.

The Temple, with all that relates to its management, is

entrusted to a committee of elders, its finances being administered by those who have seats. There is a People's House, where daily after sunset, when work in the fields and the plantations is finished, the youth of both sexes undergo a course of gymnastic exercises under the guidance of a trained teacher. Here lectures are given to the public on matters of Hebrew Literature and History, Natural Science, etc. Here, also, take place occasional charity fetes, public receptions and general assemblies of the colony.

On one of the hills there takes place every Spring, during the Passover feast, an annual function at which the Jewish youth and manhood of all Palestine gather in peaceful competition in pedestrian and horse races, and in all sorts of sports, games and physical exercises, whilst an agricultural and industrial exhibition acquaints both the colonists and the many foreign tourists who flock to these feasts with the products of Jewish labour in Palestine.

I could go on giving you many more illustrations of the achievements of the Jewish settlers of Palestine in the fields of agriculture, organisation and administration. But the few I have given should suffice to show the added energy and capacity which distinguish these new settlers on their ancient land from the other sections of the Jewish people, enabling them to set the pace in the reconstruction of our common Home.

And now, if you ask me the secret which underlies the remarkable achievements and successes of the Jewish settlers in Palestine, I would tell you that though the obvious and patent qualities of Jewish perspicacity, steadfastness, and their progressive spirit, are all there, the real secret of their success lies in their way of understanding the Zionist idea itself.

There are two ways of understanding an idea. Some understand the words only, in which case their appreciation takes the form of trying to express the same idea more precisely or more elegantly; but so far as their actions are concerned they will continue to live as they lived before. Not so with those who understand the thing itself; for them the idea becomes a flame that burns itself into their brain, and through the brain into the depths of their heart, breaking old conceptions, extinguishing

old interests, kindling new passions and ambitions, revolutionizing their whole being.

That is what happened to the Zionist settlers in Palestine, forcing them away from the comfortable lives led by their co-religionists, secure in the impenetrable armour of selfishness, and it brought to them travail, no doubt, but success as well. To understand the Zionist idea has meant to them not only to realise its beauty or its practicability, not only to be convinced of its justice, but to think out and accept all the consequences of that conviction; to live for and in Zion; if need be, to die for it. That has been the secret of their strength.

If I have understood the Indian problem aright, India has to take up some such collective endeavour to reconstruct her civic and national life. The process of unification, which is so essential for her, should not depend upon some accidental exterior cause, it must spring spontaneously from an inner consciousness of want, from an urging towards perfection and self-development for their own sake. Love is a positive force, it is creative and tends towards a real unity, while hatred carries the seeds of disruption within it; so that positive love of motherland is always an incomparably more efficient force than hatred of a foreign nation—however intense it might be.

If I have been able to make the main tendencies of the Zionist movement clear to you, you will find that its motive force has been a real, positive love of freedom, of perfection, and that it has all the time tried to develop the submerged, untried resources lying dormant in the Hebrew race, instead of wasting its energies in activities prompted by the passion of hate. India, also, must become conscious of herself, in order that she may discover and remove her own deficiencies, and cultivate and improve her own special gifts,—not by rejecting other cultures, but by assimilating their best products into her own living composition, for all growth pre-supposes the faculty to respond to outside stimuli, the capacity to assimilate outside material.

The question will be asked, how to rouse this consciousness, what particular method to adopt in starting the work of national reconstruction? The solution to this problem should become clear if we study carefully the Zionist movement, and

this question is being answered by Rabindranath Tagore in his scheme of cultural unity and material reconstruction which includes the International University of Visvabharati, in Santiniketan, and the agricultural farm, here in Sriniketan. To put the matter briefly, any work of national reconstruction should follow two separate but complementary and correlated lines of work at the same time : one for imparting the light of reason and understanding into the minds of the people by a natural and healthy system of education, so that they may learn to think for themselves and come to a true appreciation of what freedom really means ; and the other which will take up the problem of the soil, of conjoined effort, conducing to conservation, economy and efficiency in making the most of the resources of land and labour now existing, and improving the same.

The educational part of the programme should be thorough and comprehensive, beginning with the little children to whom education should be made a living and interesting thing by means of modern methods and appliances ; offering a free scope to women to pursue all kinds of intellectual and aesthetic studies ; and being based, as a whole, on wide and universal ideals. Emphasis should, of course, be always placed on the ancient and modern culture of the country itself and instruction should, as far as possible, be imparted through the medium of the mother-tongue.

One of the prominent modern thought tendencies in India seems to be in the direction of a return to village life. This is of course a national necessity, for if the villages are neglected for the sake of crowded cities, and slums are multiplied, the country's vitality needs must be impaired and its energies dried up at their very source. But this return to village life should never mean a return to primitiveness ; it should rather be the aim and object of the village workers in India, as it was with the Zionist workers, to introduce improved methods and labour-saving appliances into the villages ; to improve their sanitary conditions, making them clean and healthy and beautiful,—in a word, fit to live and thrive in, both physically and morally.

[Paper read at Sriniketan, the Agricultural Department of Visvabharati.]

THE IMMENSE WEALTH CALLED SPACE

The difference between a really rich man and a poor man is, that the former can afford vast open spaces in his home. The furniture with which a rich man encumbers his house may be valuable, but the space with which he makes his courtyard wide, his garden extensive, is of infinitely greater value. The business place of the merchant is crowded with his stock,—there he has not the means of keeping spaces vacant, there he is miserly, and millionaire though he be, there he is poor. But in his home that same merchant flouts mere utility by the length and breadth and height of his room—to say nothing of the expanse of his garden—and gives to space the place of honour. It is here that the merchant is rich.

Not only unoccupied space, but unoccupied time, also, is of the highest value. The rich man out of his abundance, can purchase leisure. It is in fact a test of his riches, this power to keep fallow wide stretches of time, which want cannot compel him to plough up.

There is yet another place where an open expanse is the most valuable of all,—and that is in the mind. Thoughts which must be thought, from which there is no escape, are but worries. The thoughts of the poor and the miserable cling to their minds as the ivy to a ruined temple.

Pain closes up all openings of the mind. Health may be defined as the state in which the physical consciousness lies fallow, like an open heath. Let there be but a touch of gout in the remotest toe and the whole of consciousness is filled with pain, leaving not a corner empty.

Just as one cannot live grandly without unoccupied spaces, so the mind cannot think grandly without unoccupied leisure,—otherwise for it truth becomes petty. And like dim light, petty truth distorts vision, encourages fear, and keeps narrow the field of communion between man and man.

KAUTILYA AND THE ART OF POLITICS IN ANCIENT INDIA

By DR. M. WINTERNITZ.

The Arthashástra, ascribed to Kautilya, the minister of the Maurya King; Chandragupta, is certainly a unique work in Sanskrit literature. No other work gives us so much information about social life, political methods, details of administration, and in connection with the latter about agricultural, industrial, technical, and commercial matters in ancient India, as we find in the Kautilya-Arthashástra. It is also the only real *arthashástra*, the only treatise that teaches *artha* pure and simple, that is, the methods of obtaining wealth and worldly power, without any regard to moral or religious considerations. And if it really were the work of the famous minister of Chandragupta, as some prominent scholars think, it would be almost invaluable as the only dated document of Indian culture in the fourth century B.C.

It is, therefore, no wonder that this work has attracted so much attention ever since it became known by the edition of Shama Shástri only fourteen years ago; and that numerous books and essays have already been written on the work itself, and on subjects connected with it. It would be a laborious task to discuss this ever growing "Kautilya literature", but I should like to draw attention to two important dissertations that have lately appeared, as they bear on the most essential problems connected with the Arthashástra, and as they are written in languages, the one in German, the other in French, which make them inaccessible to many Indians interested in these problems.

The most important question is this, whether the Kautilya-Arthashástra is really what it pretends to be,—the work of Chandragupta's minister, and therefore belonging to the fourth century B.C. Now, at the court of the Maurya Chandragupta, there lived the Greek Megasthenes as an ambassador, and he has written a description of India, which has become the source of

all later Greek and Roman accounts of Indian manners and customs. If it could be proved that the account of Megasthenes and the conditions described in the Kautilya-Arthashāstra are in full agreement, the conclusion would be justified that Megasthenes and the author of the Arthashāstra were contemporaries, and that it is really the work of Chandragupta's minister.

Several scholars have indeed pointed out certain agreements between the two accounts. But they have paid no attention to the points in which they differ. Dr. Otto Stein, in his dissertation on "Megasthenes and Kautilya"* has for the first time made a scholarly examination and comparison of the two accounts. Being a good Greek scholar as well as a good Sanskrit scholar, he has carefully compared the two original texts. And his close examination has shown that, as a rule, Megasthenes agrees with Kautilya only in such things as would not change at different periods of time, for instance, irrigation by means of canals, the choice of sites for fortresses, the methods of taming and training elephants, the custom of polygamy, the employment of spies, and similar things. On the other hand, Megasthenes differs widely from Kautilya in the most essential details.

Thus, Megasthenes speaks of wooden ramparts for fortresses and, as a matter of fact, in the excavations at Pataliputra remnants of wooden structures of the Maurya time have come to light. Kautilya, however, says that the ramparts should be made of stone, and emphatically adds, that they must not be made of wood on account of danger from fire.

Megasthenes states unequivocally that there is no slavery in India, while both the Arthashāstra and the Dharmashāstras recognise different kinds of male and female slaves.

Megasthenes says that the agriculturists, who are the majority of the population, never take part in war nor in other public services, and that their land is never devastated in war. Kautilya, however, mentions separate armies consisting of Bráhmans, of Kshatriyas, of Vaishyas, and of Súdras, amongst whom were no doubt also agriculturists. And Kautilya leaves no doubt that war, in ancient India, was as much a plague for the

* *Megasthenes und Kautilya*, Wien 1922 (Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien, *Sitzungsberichte*) 336 pages.

tillers of the soil, as it is now in all countries. Thus, in one passage the question is discussed, whether one's own army or that of the enemy is a greater torment for the people, and Kautilya decides that "the enemy's army is a plague for the whole country, for it oppresses by robbing, killing, burning, destroying, and abducting. Kautilya also advises that before proceeding with a siege, the king must begin to damage the neighbouring country by the destruction of its agricultural produce, its standing crops, its trade, thus causing the people to run away.

The greatest difference between Kautilya and Megasthenes is found in their respective accounts of the administration. Dr. Stein has shown, that more especially the financial bureaucracy and the military organisation, as described by Megasthenes, are entirely different from those referred to in the Kautilya-*arthashastra*. In some cases, the descriptions of Megasthenes may be inaccurate or coloured for tendencious purposes, but in other cases he evidently describes social and political conditions which are different from those existing in the time when the Kautilya-*arthashastra* was written.

What Megasthenes reports about metals, mining, and metallurgy points to a more primitive time, than the numerous details given by Kautilya about these subjects, which show a great advance in technical knowledge, and in chemistry. Among different kinds of gold, Kautilya also mentions artificial gold, made from other metals by a chemical process in which mercury is used. Now the use of mercury both in alchemy and in medicine is well known in India, but occurs only in later literature. It is mentioned only once in Charaka's medical *Samhita*, twice in *Susruta*, one in the medical chapter of the Bower Manuscript (4th century A.D.) and never in any earlier text. I fully agree with Prof. Jolly who sees in this reference to alchemy a proof of the later origin of the *Arthashastra*.

I cannot enter here into a discussion of all the minute details pointed out by Dr. Stein. But at any rate, after his investigations, it can no longer be asserted that Kautilya and Megasthenes are in full agreement, and that, therefore, they must be contemporaries.

The problem of the date and authenticity of the Kautilya-

arthashāstra is also discussed in the concluding chapter of the highly interesting dissertation of Dr. Kalidas Nag on the *Diplomatic Theories of Ancient India and the Arthashāstra**. He has given additional reasons for ascribing the work to a later date than that of the Maurya Chandragupta. He justly points out, that the diplomatic theories taught in the Arthashāstra do not refer to a great empire like that of Chandragupta, but rather to a number of small states, in which each king has the ambition of gaining supremacy over the others, which leads to a constant state of war between them. He also accepts, as I do, the arguments of Prof. Jolly regarding the legal portions of the Kautilya Arthashāstra representing a later stage in the development of law. And he points out the improbability of such geographical names as Kámbhoja, Suvarṇabhūmi, Chína, Nepála, and others, occurring in a work of the fourth century B. C.

The chief subject of Kalidas Nag's thesis, however, is not the Kautilya problem, but the historical development of diplomatic theories in ancient India from the earliest Vedic times down to the Kautilya-arthashāstra. But what he quotes from the Rígvēda Saṁhitá and the Bráhmaṇas, though interesting enough, as illuminating the historical development of the social and political conditions in ancient India, does not prove the existence of political or diplomatic theories. There have been wars in Rígvēdic times, kings formed alliances in fighting against one another, spies were employed by the kings, and cunning was freely resorted to in warfare. But I do not see, how this can prove a theoretical study of politics as an art, such as we find it in the Arthashāstra.

Dr. Nag refers to the great similarity of style between the Charakasamhitá and the Kautilya-arthashāstra; and it is not impossible that the two manuals were composed in the same period. At any rate, the Arthashāstra belongs to a time, when there were special schools for different branches of knowledge; and different schools followed different methods.

The chief difference between Dharmashāstra and the Arthashāstra is this, that Dharmashāstra teaches "duties

* Les theories diplomatiques de l'Inde ancienne et l'Arthashastra. Paris 1923. (Faculte de lettres de l'Universite de Paris) 148 pages.

which are supposed to rest on Sruti, and have to be fulfilled according to Brahmanical law, while the Arthashāstra teaches the methods by which material success (*artha*) is to be obtained, whether these methods agree with religion and morality (*dharma*) or not. Niti or politics is well defined by Māgha (*Sisupāluvadha* 2, 30) as having only two aims: one's own rising and conquering the enemy. The Kautilya-arthashāstra is, as I said above, the only real Arthashāstra. It strictly teaches methods of success, and not moral rules. In this it is unique, as all the later Arthashāstras (Kāmandaki's Nītisāra, Somadevasūri's Nītivākyāmrīta) are inconsistent, and mix up moral teaching with the teaching of political wisdom.

Dr. Kalidas Nag seems to me to do injustice to Kautilya in trying to make Kautilya a teacher of political morals. He repudiates the comparison of Kautilya with Macchiavelli. But the designation of Kautilya as the "Indian Macchiavelli" seems to me perfectly justified in so far as both of them teach political methods from an amoralistic point of view. They also agree in this that Kautilya is a man of strict Brahmanical religiosity, which does not prevent him from recommending unscrupulously all kinds of abominable tricks in which religious rites and the religious feelings of the people are abused, for political purposes, just as Macchiavelli is a most orthodox follower of the Church, but never shrinks from recommending the most abominable means for attaining a political end. There is only one marked difference between the Indian and the Italian author. The latter is above all an historian who derives his methods from the lessons of history. This historical point of view is entirely foreign to the author of the Arthashāstra who is a pure theoretician and merely inquires which methods are useful to a monarch for gaining and maintaining power and which are not.

Dr. Nag also speaks of Kautilya as having discussed the fundamental principles of international law. But I am afraid, we shall look in vain for anything that can be called "law" at all in the inter-state relations with which Kautilya deals. It is true, he speaks of treaties and alliances, but he gives detailed instructions not only for making, but also for breaking treaties, and for setting hostages free. What Kautilya has to say about

peace treaties and alliances has hardly anything to do with "international law" but is only part of the war-relations. Where war is impossible or not advisable, some kind of treaty or alliance is made,—until the King feels strong enough to go to war!

Kalidas Nag even tries to make Kautilya a pacifist, because in one passage he says: "When the advantages of peace and war are alike, a king should conclude peace, as there is always loss and risk in war." But this rule is only the introduction to a chapter in which the principle is explained in detail which has been stated in the previous chapter as a general rule: "He who is *weaker* than the other shall make *peace*, he who is *stronger* shall wage *war*." I do not call that pacifism!

Now it must be admitted, that Kautilya in the chapter on the education of princes and the duties of kings, lays great stress on the restraint of the senses (*indriyavijaya*), and on the king setting a good example to his subjects and having their welfare at heart. Kautilya also strictly adheres to the Brahmanical laws of *svadharma* (the special morality for each caste and stage of life), and he wants the king to be strictly religious. But all this only means that he acknowledges morality (*dharma*), not that he wants it to be applied in politics, except when it serves some political purpose. Even in that beautiful chapter on the pacification of a conquered country, in which Kautilya advises the king, after having conquered a new country, "to cover the vices of the enemy with his own virtues," to take due regard of the religious feelings of the conquered, to confer honours and distinctions, and grant privileges to prominent men, to take care of charitable institutions, and so on,—even here Kautilya does not teach *dharma* for the sake of *dharma*, but he recommends humanity and justice as the best means for pacifying and thus keeping in possession a conquered land. The chapter does not prove Kautilya to be a teacher of morality, but only a wise politician.

There is hardly any difference between the political theories of Kautilya, and the political practice of our own days. Kautilya always tacitly assumes that the *vijigīṣu* (he who wants to conquer) is the righteous King, just as in our days the victorious party in war is always the righteous. And just as Kautilya occasionally

pays his respects to morality, we find in all proclamations of the great political leaders of our days, that the most abominable deeds are invariably done in the name of justice, humanity, and civilisation !

There is one more important point, in which I differ from Dr. Kalidas Nag. He glorifies the subjection of the King to the Priest, as it is described in Brahmanical literature, and sees in the priestly influence a great moral power, exercised for the protection of the people. He even speaks of a change of atmosphere that is noticeable from the Kanika-niti of the Mahábhárata and its brutal teaching of a "realistic science of the new masters of Society." Though Kanika is a Bráhmaṇ, Dr. Nag takes him to be a representative of Kshatriya teaching.

I do not believe that the historical facts warrant such a distinction between Brahmanic morality and Kshatriya immorality. There was no doubt, at some time, a struggle for supremacy between the Priest and the Warrior, but finally the struggle ended in the Bráhmaṇ becoming the adviser of the king, and the sharer of his power. But, as in the middle ages of Christian Europe, the mutual support of Sovereign and Church was not intended to promote the welfare of the people, but only to strengthen their own power, so in ancient India also, King and Brahman, and not the people, gained by the former becoming the pillars of the State.

I have referred to these points, in which I differ from Dr. Kalidas Nag, not in order to detract anything from the value of his work, but rather to show how suggestive it is. Dr. Nag's dissertation is an important contribution to the history of the Arthashástra, and I hope he will continue his work in this line, in which so much remains still to be done.

THE STATUS OF THE SÚDRAS IN ANCIENT INDIA

By PANDIT VIDHUSHEKHAR BHATTACHARYA.

We shall concern ourselves in the present paper mainly with the status of the Súdras, and lower classes, in regard to Vedic rituals, content with such light as may incidentally be thrown, in the course of our study, on the system of Caste prevailing in Ancient India.

The first question is: "Were the Súdras admitted to Vedic rites? There is only one teacher (*ácharya*), Bádari, (1) who answers it in the affirmative. He says that the Vedic injunction *yajeta* (thou shalt perform sacrifices) applies to any one desiring so to do; and that, in the absence of any definite prohibitive word, it cannot exclude a Súdra. He also refutes the arguments of Atreya who holds the opposite opinion (2) and concludes that the right of sacrifice is allowed to every one, irrespective of caste (*Mímánṣa Sûtra* VI. I. 27).

Having arrived at this conclusion, Bádari necessarily admits that the Súdras also have the right to the study of the scriptures (*śhástras*) i.e., the Vedas, as is quite clear from the words of Shabarasvamin in his summing up of the views of Bádari (*Mímánṣa Sûtra* VI I. 27, 29): "So it is clear that Bádari thought that every one had a right to the scriptures."

It further follows from the above that, according to Bádari, Súdras were also qualified for *Upanayana* (the ceremonial presentation of pupil to teacher for sacred studies) for without a study of the scriptures the sacrificial rites could not be properly performed. We shall return to this point later.

Meanwhile, it would be of even greater interest to know whether all this was mere theory, or was at all practically followed. As we shall see, evidences of practice are also to be found. It has been shown by Shabara (*Mímánṣa Sûtra* VI. I. 25—28) and Karka (*Kátyāna Srauta-sûtra* I. 1. 6) that there are

(1) He is quite different from Bádarayana, the author of the *Brahma-sûtras* (IV. 4, 10, 13).

(2) Supported by Jaimini (*Mímánṣa-sûtra* VI. 1, 25-38), Katyayana (*Srauta-sûtra* I. 1.6), Apastamba (*Yajña paribhāṣha-sûtra* I. 2).

Vedic passages leading irresistibly to the conclusion that Súdras took part in Vedic ceremonial.

For instance, in the course of the sacrificial ceremony, *Darsha-Párnamsa*, the *haviskrit* (preparer of the oblation) is to be summoned by the word *ehi* (come here) if he is a *Bráhmāna*; *ágahi* (come forward) if a *Kshatriya*; *ádrava* (come along!) if a *Vaishya*; *ádháva* (hie hither!) if a Súdra (*Shatapatha Bráhmāna* I. 1.4.2.)

Then again, in the case of an injunction relating to the appropriate food in connection with a certain ceremonial vow, it is laid down that a Súdra should take sour curds (*Shabara* on the *Mīmāṃsa Sūtra* VI. 1. 31; and *Karka* on the *Kátyáyana Srauta-sūtra* I, 1. 5. 1.)

As we shall see later on, the sacred *soma* is stated to belong to the Súdras as well. That they were actually entitled to drink it may be gathered from the following line: "There are four castes, the *Bráhmāna*, the *Rájanya* (kingly caste), the *Vaishya* and the Súdra, but no one of them vomits the *soma*" (*Satapatha Bráhmāna* V. 5. 4. 9.). Would this not also imply that the Súdras were admitted to some kind of *soma* sacrifice?

Such passages clearly show that the Súdras had some connection, at any rate, with sacred Vedic rites. This view of Bádari, however, is entirely repudiated by Jaimini (*Mīmāṃsa* VI. 1) and others, who contend that only the three higher castes (*traiṣvarṇika*) are entitled to participate in the Vedic rites. Nevertheless, in two particular cases, even they have frankly admitted the right to the Vedic liturgy of some who, according to these teachers themselves, are not included in the three higher classes, or are even non-Aryans, as we shall see later on.

The first case is that of the *Rathakáras* (chariot makers) who are referred to several times, both in the *Saṃhitás* and the *Bráhmaṇas* (3). In connection with the *agni-ádhána* (establishment of the sacred fire) it is enjoined that "a *Rathakára* should establish (the fire) in the rainy season" (4).

(3) *Atharva* III. 5, 6; *Káthaka* XVII. 13, *Vája* XVI. 17; XXX. 61; *Taitti.* Bra. I. 1.48, II. 4, 2, 1; *Shatapatha Bra.* XIII. 4, 2, 17.

(4) The injunction regarding the *agni-ádhána* of the first 3 classes is to be found in the *Taittiriya Bra.* I. 1.2.7; but the passage prescribing a *Rathakára's agni-ádhána* is not there though frequently referred to and quoted by ancient commentators such as *Shabara* (*Mí-sutra* VI. 1.44), *Karka* (*Kát. Srauta-sūtra* I. 1.9.) etc.

Now, who are these Rathakāras? Orthodox teachers could easily have contended, in their own favour, that only those among the three higher castes whose occupation it was to make chariots, were so called, in which case there would be no question as to their right to establish the sacred fire. But they had the intellectual honesty to recognise that such an explanation could not be accepted. Hence arose the question of defining their true status.

Karka (Katyāyana-Srauta-sūtra I. 16) classifies a Rathakāra as a Sūdra "owing to his being connected with a Sūdra woman, being born of a Karana mother, belonging to the Sūdra caste."

Baudhāyana says (Dharmasūtra I. 8, 6) that the sons (in the case of the three higher classes) begotten on wives of the same caste (*savarna*) or of the next lower caste (*anantara*) belong to the caste of their fathers. Thus the son of a Brāhmana father and a Brāhmana or a Kshatriya mother is a Brāhmana, and the son of a Kshatriya father and a Kshatriya or Vaishya mother is a Kshatriya. Then he goes on to say that the son of a Vaishya father and a Sūdra mother is a Rathakāra (I. 9, 5).

Now, if in this case also, we simply follow the above-mentioned principle laid down by Baudhāyana, and supported by Gautama (Dharmasūtra iv. 16), the Rathakāra should be classed as a Vaishya, and would thus have an undisputed right to take part in Vedic rituals, including the establishment of the sacred fire. But there are difficulties in the way of so doing; for then, what was the necessity of prescribing a separate formula in the Taittirīya Brāhmana for the *agni-ādāna* of the Rathakāras in place of the one applying to the three higher classes, if they also be included therein?

As regards the classification of the sons of the three higher castes by the wives of the next lower castes (*anantara*), Manu, following earlier teachers, differs from the authorities quoted above. He holds that such sons do not belong exactly to the same caste (*savarna*) of their fathers, but to a similar (*sadrisha*) one. He says (X 6): They declare sons begotten by twice-born men on wives of the next lower castes to be merely similar (to their fathers) because they are lowered by the fault (inherent)

in their mothers (5). He proceeds further to say (X. 14) that the former teachers reckon such sons as belonging to the caste of their mothers; and the commentators observed that they are entitled only to the *samskâras* (sacred ceremonies) prescribed for the caste of their mothers.

In accordance with this view a Rathakâra (whether he be the offspring of a Mâhishya father and a Karana mother, as Yajñavalkya tells us, or of a Vaishya father and a Sûdra mother, as Baudhâyana has it) is to be regarded as belonging to the Sûdra caste. And this would account for the *agni-âdhâna* ceremonial prescribed for him being different from that of the twice-born castes, to which he does not belong.

Shabarasvamin, the great commentator of the *Mīmāṃsā-sūtra*, presents an intermediate view saying (VI. 1.50) that the Rathakâras belong to a caste which is quite different from, and a little inferior to, the three higher ones, and are neither Kshatriyas nor Vaishyas nor Sûdras (6) and therefore a separate rule was required for them in regard to the establishment of the sacred fire. That the social status of the Rathakâras was distinctly higher than that of the Sûdras is also evident from the fact that they are mentioned along with the three higher castes in the Taittirīya Brâhmana (I. 1.48).

Whatever might have been their actual caste, this much is clear that the Rathakâras were not amongst the twice-born, and yet they were allowed to establish the sacred fire and perform rites connected therewith.

Now let us consider the other case, that of the Nishâdas. It is mentioned in a certain Brâhmana (cf. Jaimini VI. 1.51 and Katyâyana I. 1.12, together with their scholiasts Shabara and Karka) that a Chief of the Nishâdas, who himself was of the same caste, is enjoined to perform a Vedic sacrifice relating to Rudra.

These Nishâdas were undoubtedly non-Aryans,—Wild hunters as they are termed in Sanskrit, as well as in Pali and Prakrit literature. And, in the same Brâhmana, the fees to be given to the priests by the *Nishâda-sthâpati* (Chief of the

(5) Medhâtithi observes that they are superior to the caste of their mothers and inferior to that of their fathers.

(6) 'Nor Brâhmanas' is obviously implied, though not found in the present editions.

Nishádas) are prescribed in the shape of a trap for catching birds (*kūta*), such trap, as Shabarasvamin observes (*Mimánsá-sūtra* VI. 1.52) being helpful only to the Nishádas and not to the Aryas, thus expressly differentiating the Nishádas from the Aryans.

Now, there is a phrase, *pañcha jana*, two words, seldom as a compound, and always in the plural, which often occur in the Vedic texts in the sense of five men or five people. Sometimes in the place of the second word *jana* we come across the following, all meaning 'men' or 'people': *mánusha* (Rv. VIII. 9.2); *mánava* (Av. III. 21.5); *krishtí* (Rv. I. 7.9) and *charshaní* (Rv. V. 86.2); all in the plural. To these should be added *játa* (Rv. VI. 61, 12) also in the plural, which according to the commentators has the same meaning.

Who these five peoples are is a question not yet quite settled.

In Yáska's *Nirukta* (iii. 8) two explanations are given. He says: according to some (*éké*) (7) they are: (1) Gandharvas, (2) ancestors, (3) gods, (4) Asuras, and (6) Rákshasas; while, in the opinion of Aupamanyava, they are the four castes, the Bráhmaṇa, the Khsatriya, the Vaishya, the Súdra, with the Nisháda as the fifth.

Western Scholars, including the authors of the Vedic Index, think that neither of the above explanations can be regarded as probable, but their own explanations differ widely from one another. Roth and Geldner think that all the people of the earth are meant,—the people of the four quarters (N.S. E.W.) with the Aryan folk in the middle. Zimmer opposes this, saying that, in view of the distinction so often made between Arya and Dása, neither *janasah* nor *mánusha* could be used of non-Aryans; that the *soma* is referred to as being among the five tribes; that the five tribes are mentioned as dwelling on the Saraswatí; and that Indra is *Páñchajanya* (belonging to the five peoples); concluding that the Aryans alone could be meant (Vide Index A).

(7) The authors of the Vedic Index make a mistake when they attribute this opinion to Yáska, who quotes it as the opinion of some (*éké*) other teachers. Yáska appears here rather to be subscribing to Aupamanyava's opinion.

. So far as the first explanation referred to by Yáska is concerned, its improbability is beyond question. It is not supported by any Vedic passages known to us. That human beings, and not Gandharvas, Asuras, or Rákshasas are meant, is clear from the very phrase *pañcha jana*, which is given as a synonym for 'man' in the Nighantu (II. 3). Besides, the equivalent phrases *pañcha manavah*, *pañcha krishtaya*, are invariably used in the sense of the 'five races of men'. Dr. Lakshman Sarup (8) adds as a further argument that in the verse quoted by Yáska (Rv. 53.4) at the beginning of the section (III. 8) the five tribes (*pañcha janas*) are called upon to participate in the sacrifice, an invitation which it is unthinkable should be given to demons and evil spirits; especially as the first hemistich mentions the overthrow of evil spirits in unmistakable terms.

We see no reason, however, why the second explanation, quoted as the opinion of Aupamanyava, should likewise be disregarded as improbable. On the contrary, it seems to us quite reasonable and natural. Anyhow, it supports the view of Shabara, mentioned above, that the Nishádas, as a non-Aryan people, are different from the four castes of which of the Aryans are composed.

It is also clear that, in Aupamanyava's view, the Súdras and the Nishádas, together with the three higher castes, had a right to participate in a good many of the Vedic rituals. For instance, it is clearly stated in the Vedic texts that the five peoples are qualified for the sacrifice (Rv. X. 45. 6) and the fire belongs to the five peoples (Rv. IX. 66. 20; Av. IV. 23. 1) and they offer oblations to it (Rv. VI. 11. 4); that the sacred *soma* lives among the five peoples and comes to their sacrificial enclosure (Rv. IX. 65, 23); and that the sacred river Saraswatí made them (the five peoples) flourish.

That these same five peoples are admitted to Vedic sacrifices is also expressly stated by Uvata and Mahádhara in their commentaries on the word *pāñchajanya* in the Vájasaneyi Samhitá (XXVI. 9). Says Uvata: "*Pāñchajanya* signifies a benefactor of the five peoples, namely the four castes and the Nishádas as

(8) In his English translation of the Nighantu and the Nirukta pp. 233 ff.

the fifth, for they have a right to the sacrifice." Mahádhara says the same thing with reference to these five peoples: "*Pancha janas* are the four castes beginning with the Bráhmāna and including the Nisháda, for they have a right to the sacrifice."

Now the above facts, taken together with the view held by Shabara, clearly point to the existence of friendly relations between the Nishádas and the four castes of the Aryans. The following also supports this view. The performer of the *Visvajit* (all conquering) sacrifice is enjoined, when the ablution (*avabhritha*) is over, to live for three nights in a forest and then for another three nights amongst the Nishádas (Panchavimsa Bráhmāna XVII. 6, 3, 9) and at that time he is advised freely to take from them the food consisting or made of wild rice (*nairava*), *shyamaka* grains, and the flesh of wild animals (Kátyáyana Srāuta-sūtra VIII. 2, 2, 8), which could not have been possible unless there had been good feeling between the two communities.

Let us now see what light the word *Nisháda* itself can throw on the subject. As regards its derivation, Yáska says (Nirukta III. 8): "Why is a Nisháda so called? Because he is *nishadana*; while the Niruktists say, because sin has its seat in him." The second explanation is obviously fanciful. But what is the meaning of *nishadana* in the first? Dr. Lakshman Sarup (9) has it: (He is so called) because he lives by killing animals." But this is a translation (if it may be so termed) of which there is nothing in the original. In fact it is an interpretation which wrongly originated with the commentator Durgāchārya, who says that a Nisháda is so named because he kills while sitting down, i.e. lives by killing animals. *Nishadana* is derived from *ni* (down, below) and root *sad* (to sit), so that when neuter, its literal meaning would be 'sitting down', figuratively 'dwelling' or 'residing' (Rv. I. 162.14; X 9. 7. 5); and in the masculine it would mean 'one who sits down' or 'one who sits below, or takes his seat below;' and this last meaning applies perfectly here, both literally and figuratively.

For, it goes without saying, that the non-Aryan Nishádas who were included in the term 'five peoples' as we have seen

above, were certainly considered inferior to the upper Aryan castes and were consequently assigned a lower seat in the Society composed of the *pañcha janas*; and owing to this inferiority the appellation Nisháda might have been conferred on them by their superiors the *traivarnikas*. Cf. *Antyavasáyin*, dweller in the outskirts (of the village), an opprobrious term for sundry very low castes; *nirváśita* (expelled), referring to certain outcastes; and c.f. also, in modern times, *the gallery*, as an appellation similarly conferred by their superiors on the inferior people who sit in the gallery.

Let us now see what the Dharmasútras have to say about the Nishádas. We have seen that the Nishádas were originally non-Aryans, but here we find them to have blood connection not only with Aryans, but with no less a caste than the Bráhmāna, for according to Baudháyana (Dh. sūtra I. 9. 2) a Nisháda is the son of a Bráhmāna father and a Súdra mother; while Gautama (*ib.* IV. 16) raises the Nisháda one step higher, asserting that he is born of a Bráhmāna father and a Vaishya mother. It is evident, in any case, that by this time the non-Aryan Nisháda has been included within the pale of the Aryan community.

The principles according to which caste was assigned or ascertained in those days was very different from that obtaining in the present time. The determining elements were the three following: first, self-acquired merit or demerit, due to the performance or neglect of duties (*dharma*); second, change of occupation; and third, the influence of heredity; the effect in each case persisting through successive births.

As regards the first, Apastamba (Dh. sūtra II. 5. 10-11) tells us that in the cycle of birth succeeding birth, a person of a particular caste is born in the next higher caste in the following birth, if fulfilling the duties (*dharma*) of the present birth, but in the next lower caste if neglecting these duties. This is elaborately explained by the commentator, Haradatta. The influence of self-acquired characteristics on the succeeding generation is evidently sought to be enunciated in this form.

The second, the effect of change of occupation, is mentioned by Yajñavalkya (I. 96) who says that to take to the occupation

special to a particular caste is to become indented with that caste (*vyatyaye karmanāni sāmyam*). Manu lays it down (X. 81-177) that in times of distress a person may progressively adopt the occupations of the lower castes. So if a Brāhmana cannot maintain himself in his own calling, he may earn his living by following the occupation of the Kshatriya, or if even then he fails, that of Vaishya and so on down to that of a Sūdra. The same applies to each of the higher castes. But if the higher caste person persists in pursuing the adopted lower vocation by choice, and his descendants do the same for generations, then in the case of a Brāhmana family pursuing the vocation of a Kshatriya, they would become Kshatriyas in the fifth generation. It would take them six and seven generations, similarly to become Vaishyas or Sūdras respectively, (Mītāksharā on Yajñavalkya I. 96).

To come to the third, the influence of blood intermixture, —this is stated to attain its full effect in the fifth generation according to some authorities, and in the seventh according to others (Gautama, Dh. sūtra IV. 22-23). Haradatta explains it thus: "If a *savarna* (i.e., *mūrdhāvasikta*) girl born of the Kshatriya wife of a Brāhmana marries a Brāhmana, and her female descendants down to the seventh generation do likewise, then the offspring of such seventh female descendant will be Brāhmanas by caste. On the other hand, if the son of a Brāhmana by a Kshatriya wife marries a Kshatriya girl, and his male descendants to the seventh generation do likewise, then the offspring of such seventh male descendant will be Kshatriyas by caste. The underlying idea evidently is, that a seed though deteriorated by an impure connection may regain its purity by systematic admixture with the superior element. Systematic admixture with an inferior element, similarly, causes the inferiority to persist.

To return to the case of the Nishādas, Baudhāyana goes on to say that marriage within the Nishāda community or caste (i.e., both husband and wife being Nishādas), if continued upto the fifth generation, eliminates the sūdra element or characteristic from the offspring (Dh. Sūtra I. 8. 13). That is to say the fifth descendant of such Nishādas has no longer any touch

of the Súdra left, but Baudháyana does not make it clear whether such descendant then merely becomes a full-fledged Nisháda or attains to some other caste.

Anyhow, Baudháyana then proceeds to inform us that such fifth male descendant is to be taken through the Upanayana ceremony (Dh. sūtra I. 8. 14-16); that the sixth descendant may perform the sacrifice if assisted by a priest; and that the seventh remains unaffected, implying that he regains the full status of his original Bráhmāna forefather. I must confess that I am not at all clear how the seed by merely passing for a series of generations through an inferior caste can be supposed to regain its pristine superiority. Can students of Mendelism throw any light on the point?

The process of rise in caste, as above described by Baudháyana, incidentally shows that, being qualified for the Upanayana does not amount to being qualified for all the duties and privileges of the three higher castes. However, let us conclude with a few more details about Upanayana.

Apastamba (Dh. sūtra IV. 25) says that the *pratilomas* (descendants of higher caste mother and lower caste father) are not admitted to participate in religious observances (referring here, according to the commentators, to Upanayana and the like ceremonies) with the exception of a Sūta (offspring of Kshatriya father and Bráhmāna mother) who according to Haradatta is entitled to the Upanayana on the special authority of a certain *śhástra* (unspecified), which, however, is contested by Kullúka (Manu X. 41).

As regards the *anulomas* (descendants of a higher caste father and lower caste mother), they are entitled to Upanayana, excepting those born of Súdra mothers (Baudháyana Dharma Sūtra IV. 26). The same rule applies to the further intermixture of mixed castes (Mitákshará on Yajñavalkya 1.95). Maskarin admits the right of the *anulomas* to the Upanayana, but adds that as regards the study of the Vedas there is a prohibition (commentary on Gautama Dh. Sūtra IV. 25). He quotes in his own support a *Smṛiti* (unspecified and as yet untraced) which says: "The *anulomas* have only Upanayana and not the study of the Vedas, nor the five sacrifices, nor the fire for

domestic worship, nor *agnihotra*, nor the putting of fuel in the fire, nor the morning and evening worship; moreover, their Upanayana is to be performed silently (without the utterance of Vedic Mantras)."

This cannot be accepted as it stands, for as we have seen before, even the unmixed Súdra is enjoined to perform the *pancha yajñas* (five sacrifices). It is also well known that the *bhūta yajña* (or *vaishvadeva* or *balikarma* as it is variously termed) is one of these five sacrifices and is to be performed in the domestic fire. Sudras are also entitled to different *pāka-yajñas* (Gautama Dh. Sūtra VIII. 16) which also are connected with the domestic fire. The only difference being that in performing these rites Sudras are not themselves to utter the Vedic mantras, but simply to exclaim "Nama, Nama" as a sign of reverence (where the mantras would be uttered by those entitled so to do).

Let us cite a few more lines from Maskarin's commentary (Gautama Dh. Sūtra IV. 26) :

"Thus the Upanayana is only for a Savarna, an Ambastha and a Nishāda. It is said in a *Smṛiti* (giving directions to the teacher) : 'Having initiated a Savarna one should teach him the science of Archery (Dhanurveda); having initiated an Ambastha, the science of Medicine (Vaidya-shastra); and having initiated a Nishāda the training of elephants (*Hasti-sikshā*).' "

One point becomes clear from the above, that Upanayana was meant, not only as an initiation to the study of the Vedas, but also to the study of secular subjects as well. And, that the Súdras were to be initiated (by means of the Upanayana ceremony) for the the purpose of being instructed in secular knowledge, can be easily proved. For, in connection with the Upanayana of Medical students, Susruta (Nirnaya Sāgara Ed. I. 2. 5) says that "one should initiate also a well qualified Súdra and teach him, but omitting Vedic Mantras." This passage, I think was first pointed out by Swami Dayananda Saraswati, the great founder of the Arya Samaj and is frequently quoted.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The difficulty which exists in the minds of most men in connection with the religious teaching of the young seems to be, that, while they have a traditional belief in religion as being a desirable thing, the desire for it has not become true in their own every-day life. So they feel the want of it, but they want it cheap. They wish to spend on it no more effort than the surplus left over after all other requirements have been secured.

There are many cheap things in the world, which may be procured with the minimum amount of trouble. But if any one comes and asks how to get a thing of price for nothing, the suspicion is forced on me that he is seeking to be instructed either in the art of forgery, or in the science of house-breaking! I cannot suppose that he does not know the high road along which the legitimate commerce of the world finds its way: I have to conclude that he is unwilling to spare the time, or undergo the trouble, required to traverse it.

There are circumstances in which the imbibing of religion should be as easy for children as taking breath. But this very taking of breath may be put beyond the doctor's aid by the slightest of obstructions. In fact, if the patient is conscious of an effort in breathing, that itself is a bad sign. It is the same with religion. When spiritual feeling permeates a community, then the religious life is spontaneous; it naturally finds its creative activity and moral expression. The problem of the religious education of the children does not then separately arise, because their subconscious mind grows in an atmosphere rich with the sense of divine presence.

From the dimmest period of his history, man had a feeling, however vague, that the apparent facts of existence were not

final; that his supreme welfare depended upon his being able to remain in perfect relationship with some great mystery behind the veil. In the depths of his consciousness, man has ever carried the conviction that he is on the threshold of a new life, that his being is to be liberated from nature's womb into a realm of mystic existence which is still unknown to him. As this, to him was always a supreme fact, of far higher importance than merely to carry on his physical life in the material world apparent to the senses, he submitted himself to special education at the hands of those whom he considered to be wise.

These wise men were given special privilege and protection. They were released from the duties of bartering and warfare. They had the leisure to train their minds for the pursuit of knowledge. They became the teachers of the community. Under their influence, all departments of knowledge came to be grouped round religion as a centre. This state of things remained possible, so long as the sphere of knowledge was circumscribed, the seekers after knowledge few, and the groups to which the teachers belonged narrow.

But in the West, conditions changed with comparative rapidity. With the progress of state polity, the desire, opportunity and facility for learning, all became wider. Knowledge ramified in countless directions and its accumulated burden grew heavy. Eventually, each department of knowledge, conscious of its own mature strength, sought independence; and at last education shook off its allegiance to religion.

One other reason of this severance of ties between religion and education was the fact that religion, whose obvious realm was the spiritual world, and which had cultivated a mental attitude fit for its own subject, also claimed to extend its power of divination over the domain of physical nature. It loaded itself with creeds and dogmas, which not only obstructed the path of natural truth but also of moral progress. It was cumbered with legends that ignored all evidences of history and teachings of science. It

assumed infallibility and divine inspiration even in matters which have their ultimate reality in universal physical law. Till at last, the rational mind of man was driven, for the sake of its own safety and of the dignity of truth, to assert its right in its own domain.

The mother's womb is not a final world for the child ; it even becomes an evil if, when the child is mature for liberation, it still persists in trying to keep its charge enveloped within its shelter. But, at the same time, the relationship of the mother's love ought to be more real and strong after the child is born into the outer world. Only in lower creatures is this bond of love snapped almost immediately after birth.

The same truth holds good in man's education. It has to be delivered from the physical envelopment of religion. But if the spiritual bond, which such emancipation should bring with it, does not grow stronger and become more subtly overspread, then it becomes a great calamity for the orphaned spirit. And so, education in the West, while still arrogantly proud of its liberation from religion, is occasionally becoming conscious of an emptiness which mere knowledge cannot fill.

Most of the Indian educated communities, at the present time, are faced with the same problems which beset the peoples of Europe. Our intellect and will are forcibly attracted outwards, and our soul is left dormant in a world of emptiness. Owing to our absorption in the external, we have not even the time to realise the gaping disproportion between our inner and outer life. Such religious activity as still remains to us represents the inertia of habit, it continues because we ignore it by our conformity which is too lethargic to question itself.

Meanwhile our present secular education is busy plying the axe at the root of orthodox beliefs. In our sacred books, as well as those of Europe, we have medieval theories of creation and antiquated views about history and geography. These are so mixed up with the doings of gods and goddesses, that no amount of special pleading will serve to keep them apart. Whenever

the modern pandit tries to bring science to his aid for justifying his sacred *shastras*, he only confirms the difficulties he sets out to remove. For when once science is called in, as an arbiter, the methods of empty advocacy can no longer prevail.

To say that the *Varāha Avatar* was not a real boar at all, but simply a symbolic way of accounting for earthquakes, is only a polite way of showing the door to the Purānic myth. Not only in the case of Purānic stories, but also in that of shastric injunctions and social practices, adjustment to modern knowledge and experience becomes impossible. It is hopeless to bring science, history or modern business requirements, within the old scriptural pale. In these circumstances, there cannot but ensue, in India as well as in Europe, a fight to the finish between modern secular teaching and orthodox religious teaching. Indeed, whether we are conscious of it or not, such a struggle is already in progress in our country.

It is possible for the orthodox to stand outside the conflict altogether. If they do not object to blind belief, or loose thinking; if, in their view, a strenuous endeavour to apprehend the truth is not an essential requisite in the formation of human character; they need not face the problem at all. But, in the case of us unorthodox moderns, who are as much Hindus as the most ancient of them, and at the same time have acquired a scientific culture in which we believe, the question acutely presents itself: "How are we to give the mind of our children a definite religious direction?"

It is not enough that it should rain; there must be a reservoir to store the water, and channels for its proper distribution, if it has be fully utilised. Similarly, the preaching of spiritual truth may soften the mind for the time, but the effect will only be fleeting; and when the mid-day waxes hot, or the house is on fire, spiritual comfort will not be available. Moreover, the mind also is fluid like water, and merely one-sided support cannot hold it up. But have we moderns the equipment for constructing an all-round support? For, however much we may bewail the fact

that the character of our children is getting lax and cannot find shelter in any ideal, our modern education forbids us to revert to the still worse over-confinement of Orthodoxy as a remedy.

In the Gita, it is said that achievement is in accordance with the idea. We must therefore begin with a clear idea about our religion itself. If we are harbouring the expectation, that everything in our manner of living may be allowed to remain as usual, while religion can be made to blossom from it, then we must requisition the services of that clever fraternity, who profess to make gold out of brass.

What then is the Hinduism of ours, when it reveals itself in its purity, like the sun when it rises above the obscurity of the mist and the tangled obstructions of jungle that crowd the lower horizon?

I have already suggested its definition, when I said that man has a feeling that in him the creative manifestation of life has come to the end of a cycle, ready to ascend to one still wider and higher. When life first evolved its physical senses from the depth of amorphous darkness, it came to a wondrous world of forms, and this adventurous spirit of life is yet urging the spirit within man to develop an inner vision which will lead him through these endless forms into a world of infinite meaning, where he will cross the boundaries of the senses to a freedom which is ineffable.

Hinduism believes that this unfoldment of man's inner being and revelation of the realm of spirit will gradually happen to him, when he realises his relationship with the Infinite through his life of self-control and self-sacrifice, when he feels the longing to adjust his activities to a faith which takes this world, not to be a mechanical combination but to be spiritual, and his own soul not an arena of ravenous passions, but a musical sphere of beauty and truth, that has its harmony with the keynote of creation.

The mistake made by Orthodoxy was, that when it tried, by means of ritual and observance, to confine within bounds the

Infinite, in order to suit some temporary convenience, it pulled tight the knot of the wrap, but let slip the treasure from within its folds. By not hesitating to truncate an idea, in order to make it fit in with the practical world, a great part of it may apparently be retained, but in reality its vital essence is destroyed. In this way, time and again, man cheats himself most with regard to that which he prizes most.

Thus have been formed two classes of pious men, one content merely to play at achievement with the objects of its striving, another seeking, in retirement, away from these very objects, to keep its empty achievement pure. But such a situation can never last. When insensate indifference is everywhere, all doors closed, all lights out, and darkness and emptiness left so supreme that man in his desperation clutches even at them for support, the messenger of salvation, in some mysterious fashion, finds his way there and stands at the door unexpected, unrecognised, and looked upon by the cowering multitude as an enemy.

This was what happened in our country. It had come to this pass that our heaped-up, dead traditions had threatened to smother our consciousness of the Infinite, making petty our daily life, breaking up our communities into a hundred different sections, reducing our manhood to a narrow provincialism. We had ceased to be aware of the rule of the One, and were kept distracted by the tyranny of the many. In the nightmare, by which we were oppressed, we viewed the world as peopled with nameless terrors, from whose depredations we sought to preserve our aimless lives, as far as we might, by charms and amulets, votive offerings and propitiatory sacrifices.

When thus the timidity of our minds, the weakness of our efforts, the diffidence in our intercourse, the narrowness in our outlook, the crass ignorance which pervaded every department of our lives, were dragging us down to the depths of our doom, a great shock from outside fell upon the tottering walls within which we were pent.

Those of us who were awakened by the shock, realised, in an

agony of returning consciousness, what it was we had lacked, what the darkness was which enveloped us, what meant the all-pervading lethargy, the joyless death-in-life, with which we had been stricken. Our very sky had been screened off, all access denied to light, the life-giving breezes from the Infinite shut out, a hundred barriers of artificiality set up against intercourse with the Universal. The cry went up from our heart: "We want freedom,—freedom from the mechanical, from the dark, from the dead."

This cry is the cry of all humanity. It is the same all over the world. Here, man has hidden his true welfare behind the veil of antiquated custom; there, in his attempts to grow bigger by acquisition and accumulation, he has allowed his self to eclipse that which is greater than self; everywhere, whether it be by inert slothfulness or by unmeaning activity, he has been lost to the sense of his greatest good.

From its very birth, and every time it has gained fresh life by shaking off the bonds of orthodoxy, Hinduism has been characterised by its efforts to rescue itself from the depths of such forgetfulness, to rouse the faculties of man to their greatest power by realising themselves in their relation to the infinite. The unshackled Hindu mind has always proclaimed this freedom of joy as the true object of man's religious striving. And whenever any particular scripture, temple, philosophy or ritual has usurped the place of such grand freedom, it has done so contrary to the spirit of truth and necessarily therefore of true Hinduism.

This much already becomes evident, that religious teaching of this character cannot consist merely in prescribing formulas to be learnt by heart, or rites to be repeated. At the same time, the difficulties due to the absence of that kind of definiteness which comes from outward forms, must not be shirked. We must not allow ourselves to be moved by regretful longing for those facilities of sectarian religion, be it Hindu or any other,

which make the problem easier. What is the good of trying to make religion easy? Dust is easy to get, not gold.

Just as health is a condition of man's whole body, so is religion of his whole nature. Health cannot be given in the same way as money is put into one's palm. But it may be induced by bringing about suitable conditions. Religious teaching, likewise, cannot be left to a school committee to be put on their syllabus along with Arithmetic and Euclid. No school inspector will be able to measure its progress. No examiner's blue pencil can assign it proper marks. An appropriate environment must be created in which religion may have its natural growth.

Men, who have attained realisation, have themselves told us that the way is *na medhayá, na bahuná srutena, not through the intellect, nor vastness of erudition*. That is to say, religion is not a thing to be taught and learnt, in the ordinary meaning of those terms. But no great man, up to now, has been able to tell us exactly how he arrived at his enlightenment. Seers have simply exclaimed: *Vedáhametam, I have known him: Ya etad viduramritáste bhavanti, those who know him attain immortality*. How he comes to be known is a truth of such intimate mystery, that it is not even patent to the knower. Had any seer been able to disclose the mystery, the problem of religious education would have ceased to exist.

It is true, there have been cases of enlightened men who have advised a definite religious procedure for their disciples. One set of these has said: "Purify your mind: avoid sin: make your inner self worthy of receiving the enlightenment, which shall come from within." Others have counselled the recourse to outward observances. Some of the latter prescribe the performance of rites: some enjoin the repetition of formulas, or meditation on symbolic images. But history has shown us how, whenever the religious effort is thus directed outwards, the door is thrown open to error; the imagination runs riot; the disciple fascinated by the alluring comfort of lazy credulity, loses his way. Thereupon ensues self-delusion and the deluding of others.

Nevertheless, there can be no question that many of those who give such advice have gained truth themselves. It would be wrong to charge them with a deliberate desire to mislead. At the same time, the fact that they have gained realisation for themselves does not preclude their being honestly mistaken. It is one thing to have arrived at enlightenment, and quite another to have a correct analytical idea of the path by which it was reached.

Take the case of a man who has an extraordinary digestion. If a poor dyspeptic should ask him about the mystery of his good appetite, he might in all good faith give the credit for it to the cigar which he is in the habit of reducing to ashes after every meal, quite unaware that his digesting is done in spite of it; nay more, having become accustomed to smoking after dinner, he might really feel that, in the absence of the cigar, his digestive apparatus fails to display its wonted enthusiasm for its duty. We are told that the German poet, Schiller, used to keep rotten apples in his desk, because he found the strength of their aroma stimulating to his poetic faculty. In reply to the question of some admirer, as to how his poetical ideas came to him, he might, for sheer inability to assign a better reason, have put it down to the rotten apples!

The same is true of many popular habits and customs, which far from being the cause of a people's genius, rather weaken it and hamper its fullest expression. But while many wise men recognise this and seek to combat the tendency to make too much of such habits, there are others, born and bred therein, who cannot get rid of a certain dependence upon and affection for them. Though, as a matter of fact, the latter have become great only by inwardly transcending such habits, they do not realise that fact. On the contrary, even if they are driven to admit that such popular customs are not essential to a people's spiritual perfection, they persist in justifying them as having been initially useful in the case of their own temperament. The result of this is, that lesser men, who have no inborn genius, imagine that they too have achieved greatness because of their adherence to the same customs; they wax intolerant, and cannot concede greatness to be possible where these observances are

absent. For them, truth and conformity to custom become one and the same thing.

Attainments, which do not have their origin in external habit, but are the result of the unfolding of the inner nature of man, cannot be gained by artificial methods. They depend on favourable conditions. If religious feeling is not considered a mere sectarian accomplishment, but rather the fulfilment of humanity itself, then it must have a suitable environment for its exercise, and sufficient leisure for its growth. The surrounding light and air must be so ample that the soul may gain fresh life with every breath it draws. This amplitude is what the forest universities of ancient India offered for the spiritual education of her children. The ideal of perfection preached by the forest dwellers of ancient India runs through the heart of our classical literature and still dominates our mind.

The forest *Asrama* was the sacred abode, where human activity, in cadence with that reposefulness which is in universal nature, mingled in the discipline of man's pure disinterested endeavour. The spirit of the universe and the soul of man united to build up a temple for worship. This worship itself was service, unfettered by the bonds of self-seeking. It is this spiritual unity which was set forth so truly and so purely by the great thinkers and teachers of ancient India in their forest *Asramas*; and it is this same ideal which we need for our religious growth to-day.

For a quarter of a century during my life, I have been connected with Santiniketan Asram. It may, therefore, appear a mark of egotism on my part to dwell on its distinctions and its possibilities. Yet I do not hesitate to place before you to-day my ideas concerning the forest universities of ancient India, which we have tried to represent afresh, in a living manner, in Santiniketan itself; for, mere imaginary theorising on the subject would have no practical value. So, with due apology, but nevertheless with absolute conviction, I say to you, that the religion of the modern time which does not ascribe any parti-

cular form to the subject of its worship, nor attribute any special efficacy to particular rites, but rather believes that outward observances carry with them a certain danger to man's intellect as well as to his moral nature,—such religion cannot be expected to keep a permanent hold over the minds of men by the mere preaching of its ideals.

The atmosphere of the *Asrama* is needed if the religious spirit in the modern age is to find its inner harmony and its living power. For, in the *Asrama* life, such a harmony already exists. There are no artificial barriers between man and nature. Men and women and little children come naturally to regard bird and beast, tree and creeper, as their kith and kin. The subtle allurements and endless appurtenances of worldly comforts do not constantly distract the mind. The search after God is not merely an act of meditation, but is continued throughout the daily life in acts of sacrifice and compassion. Conscience is not imprisoned by any personal consideration of expediency. Its urgency is ever towards the higher ideal of universal good as the only final sanction.

There are truths, which are of the nature of information, that can be added to our stock of knowledge from the outside. But there are other truths, of the nature of inspiration, which cannot be used to swell the number of our accomplishments. These latter are not like food, but are rather the appetite itself, that can only be strengthened by inducing harmony in our bodily functions. Religion is such a truth. It establishes the right centre for life's activities, giving them an eternal meaning; maintains the true standard of value for the objects of our striving; inspires in us the spirit of renunciation which is the spirit of humanity. It cannot be doled out in regulated measure, nor administered through the academic machinery of education. It must come immediate from the burning flame of spiritual life, in surroundings suitable for such life. The *Asrama*, the Forest University of Ancient India, gave for our country the answer to the question as to how this Religion can be imparted.

REVIEWS

I.

*The Sisters of the Spinning Wheel and other Sikh Poems,
original and translated.*

By Puran Singh.*

This book is dated 1921 and only now is making itself known in India. We understand that the demand for it was very slow up till quite recently and then suddenly became widespread. The appearance of the book is indicative of the growing interest in matters Indian outside India, and as such is very welcome, for every authentic disclosure of the true genius of India, in any phase of its great variety, is an addition to humanity's means of truly understanding itself. The contents of the book consist of original English versions by the author of various aspects of the devotional elements in the Sikh religion. In this Mr. Puran Singh shows an exceptional command of lyrical English which he sets out in lines and paragraphs of singular charm of imagery and phraseology.

Apart from the literary aspect of this book, perhaps its most profound significance is its indication of how the fundamental unitarian conception of India can express itself through the most strongly personal devotion to historical spiritual leaders. To the Sikh poet, God and the Guru are one; yet his vision is clear enough to see that the one Divine Personality may wear a multitude of masks turned outwards towards the multitude of devotees. Thus Puran Singh :

The Buddha seated on the white Lotus with His Nepal tresses knotted
on His brow ;

The Christ with His maiden braids, His God-lit eyes, His transfigured
face ;

Mohamed of the direct glance, with His blazing heart and cleaving
sword, that flash and kindle the deserts with Heaven's glow ;

* J. M. Dent & Sons, London.

All Heaven is revealed in Them, as a whole nation is athrob in a single man, as a babe is astir in the mother's soul ;

A Man of God stands behind men, to guide and to teach ; at His feet they pour out their soul. He that lives, beyond time and space and thought, one like unto ourselves, whom we know as Man,

His presence, in lands, in waters, above, below, lo ! it is seen in the form of the Man of God, as the sun in the shining lens.

The world met Him in Krishna, Buddha ; in Christ, in Mohamed. But I know Him as my Lord and Father,—*Baba*, Guru Nanak. Him have I seen not once, but for ten generations. He in a thousand ways gave signs to us of *Nam*, the Holy One.

The volume is sympathetically prefaced by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rhys. "It would seem," they say, "that a great living stream of devotion, continually refreshed by smaller, clear, mountain-born brooks, flows in Indian poetry, and was never left long without its new tributary." This sentence, with its acute choice of adjectives and symbols, is practically a summary of the genius of Indian poetry. It is mountain-born, because it falls from the heights of spiritual intuition to the valleys of expression ; it is clear, because it belongs to the true mystical order, in which the vision is not clouded by half-truths or the miasma of the lower life ; it is small, because it is a purely individual expression and does not hunt in packs in the darkness of life's forests.

Mr. Puran Singh's contribution to modern Indian poetry, both personally and as an exposition of Sikh literature, is very timely, and we look for more poetical refreshment from the same mountain-born source.

II.

Perfume of Earth.

By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.*

The poets who begin their career with vision clear and utterance full, are at a disadvantage, inasmuch as their future

* Shama Publishing House, Madras.

song has to face the alternatives of either being a repetition of the highest, or of simulating a fall from the highest as a means to climbing the lyrical ladder. Less spiritually gifted poets, answering a vague impulse, and fumbling among the uncertainties, enjoy the satisfaction of increasing illumination and mastery. Mr. Chattopadhyaya belongs to the first order; yet by virtue of a remarkably sensitive imagination and pliable instrument of song, he manages, with each succeeding volume from his pen, to maintain a sense of freshness and wonder, and thus to enjoy something of the achievement of the second order.

This new volume sets its foot, so to speak, on earth; but there is nothing earthy in the dilation of its nostrils. It is the perfume, not the earth, that matters to the poet; and that perfume comes out of the distillation of the spirit. For a moment he may rest on the descending arc of the Wheel of Life, and sing :

Out of Soul and into Flesh
Burns the blossom of desire
Warm with perfume....

But he is only a momentary hedonist. Another singer of heavier clay would linger among the blossoms, his song all nose and eye; but the young Indian singer crosses in a breath from descent to ascent. The blossom of desire is seen as fresh

As a sacrificial fire
Lit on Vision's ancient verge
Where the sages and the seers
Flame-like in their worship, merge
Into our dim-shadowed years.

To his sheaf of lyrics the poet adds a dramatic poem, "The Marriage of the Rat." It is the Indian version of an idea already incarnate in the ribald song of Touchstone in "As You Like It", and in Stephen Phillip's beautiful "Marpessa". Mr. Chattopadhyaya's rendering of the truth that *like goes to like*, is set out in the finest English verse done by any Indian poet to-day, with oriental elaboration and lofty symbolism, as the rat-girl, true to

her rat nature, rejects the saints of the Celestials and, drawn to a lonely little mountain rat, prays to her human guardian :

O Sage ! I would be changed into a Rat
And in his holy dwelling hollow and dim
Live with this wondrous God and worship him
Till pounced upon by Death, the cruel Cat.

There are influences in this volume which show that the poet is still young enough and humble enough to recognise the attitude and method of other poets, A. E. for instance ; but there is also a sense of individuality that will carry Mr. Chattopadhyaya on to his supreme utterance.

J. H. COUSINS.

III.

Local Government in Ancient India.

By Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerji, (*Professor of Indian History at Lucknow University*).*

Our knowledge of Kautilya's Arthashāstra has given us a deep insight into the nature of the states of ancient India. But even this work, which gives a better picture of the actual conditions than the law treatises, evokes a kind of impression that the Indian state and the king were one and the same, as if the phrase *absolute monarchy* signified the whole nature of the Indian state. And the idea is very widely prevalent that in ancient India the people were merely the obedient servants ; that they were helplessly lorded over by the king and his ministers, upon whom their weal and woe depended, as on fate itself.

That this conception does not correspond to reality, that from ancient days absolutism was limited by self-governing institutions, has never been so clearly and distinctly shown as in the book under review.

*Clarendon Press, Oxford.

Dr. Mookerji shows, on the basis of inscriptional and literary evidence, that local self-government was very common in India, and that there were many small self-governing communities but little influenced by the central government, wherefrom it becomes clear how the changing destiny of empire and state left untouched what was truly Indian—its village life. It was this that made it possible, in spite of foreign domination and political revolution, for the spiritual life of the people to follow its undisturbed course.

Even to-day the large number of technical terms (*kula*, *gana*, *jāti*, *sreni*, *sangha* etc.) though, perhaps, not always still significant, show what an important role the self-governing corporation played in ancient Indian social life. Even the law treatises, which in general are so written as to show that the King and the Brahmins had the say in everything, make it a duty of the king to concern himself with the customary law of localities, castes, guilds and families and to see to the observance of the laws of different corporations. And the same law-treatises teach us that the family councils, the guilds of trades-people and manual workers, as well as the local communities, had certain judicial powers. The administration of the Buddhist monkish communities, as described in the *Vinaya Pitaka*, proves that the Indian, in the time of the Buddha, was in the full enjoyment of local self-government.

It is the great service of the author of this volume that he has marshalled evidence, not only from legal literature and the *Arthashastra*, but also from the Vedic, the Epic, and the old Buddhist texts, as well as from the inscriptions, and has forced upon us the conviction that the self-governing Corporations in ancient India were much more active, and of much greater significance, than has hitherto been believed.

On the basis of this literary and inscriptional evidence, we are informed about the organisation of the guilds and village communities, about their functions and their self-sufficiency with respect to law-making and judicial powers. The activity of the local corporations consisted in the co-ordination of public works; in the establishment of welfare-institutions, assembly-halls, temples, *mathas*, cloisters, schools, hospitals; in the restoration

of tanks and water works ; in charitable and religion foundations ; in the feeding of the poor, and the care of the sick.

Inscriptional evidence also shows that local self-government in ancient India stood the test. For, in times of famine, when the King or the central Government refused help, the corporations united for mutual assistance. The self-governing institutions also served to elevate and sustain the spiritual life. Again the inscriptions show how frequently private individuals made sacrifices for the common weal, even giving up their lives for the common good ; and manifested their public spirit through their activities in connexion with the management of public utilities.

Thus the author of this uncommonly interesting and learned work shows from every side that the people did not play, through the course of Indian history, a purely passive part ; and that the Indian culture was by no means only the work of the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas, as is usually believed.

In a modest concluding remark the author indicates that the democratic institutions of the past, described by him, are also of significance for the future of India. And it must not be left without mention that though the book is of a scientific character, based upon evidence culled from reliable texts, it has undoubtedly, as the Marquess of Crewe remarks in his foreword, also a political significance. This book of Radhakumud Mookerji should warmly commend itself to Indologists, historians and statesmen, alike.

M. WINTERNITZ.

ARABIAN POETRY

By S. KHUDA BUKHSH.

Professor Nicholson has laid the students of Oriental learning under many obligations. His *History of Arabic Literature* is a monument of industry; his monograph on *Sufism*, a marvel of insight and illumination; his translation of Iqbal's *Israr-khudi*, an achievement of enduring fame. To these many gifts he has added one more of equal and abiding interest in his charming little volume of Eastern Prose and Poetry.

This booklet ranges over the entire field of Arabic and Persian literature, and embodies the finest and sweetest flowers of Oriental genius. Further, it certainly attests Professor Nicholson's delicate and discriminating taste. The only fault that we find with it is that it is much too small, and slaketh not the thirst of a true lover of Eastern literature. Professor Nicholson will some day, I trust, give us a richer and a more ample selection from those books which in the language of John Milton "are the precious life-blood of master-spirits treasured up for a life beyond life."

I shall here confine myself to Arab Poetry only. Apart from its poetic value—grace and elegance, naturalness combined with art, simplicity with refined sensibility, ancient Arab poetry has a great historic importance. It is the only source of light we possess wherewith to explore the darkness that broods over those early days of Arab history which refuse to yield their entire secret to the curiosity and diligence of the student. Sir Charles Lyall, to whom Professor Nicholson dedicates this volume, has called attention to this aspect of Arab Poetry, and in his translations of *Ancient Arabian Poetry* and the *Mufaddhiliyat* the reader will find a rich compendium of Arab History. Not merely are great stormy events recorded, but the entire social life is reflected in all its simplicity and picturesqueness.

Listen to *Murra of Shaiban*. In one of the oldest Arabic poems that has come down to us he says :

If war thou hast wrought and brought on me,
No laggard I with arms outworn,
Whate'er betide, I make to flow
The baneful cups of death at morn.
When spear-heads clash, my wounded man
Is forced to drag the spear he stained.
Never I reckon, if war must be
What destiny hath preordained.
Donning war's harness, I will strive
To fend from me the shame that sears,
Already I thrill and my lust is roused
For the shock of the horsemen against the spears !

Almost invariably the ancient poets begin a typical ode by recalling a love romance and describing its scene—the spot where the bard's mistress had once camped with her folk, until they again set forth on their wanderings. This found imitators in later times, but it requires no very great acumen to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. The original Arab poetry of the desert, unadorned, unaffected, wells up from the heart and flows with perfect, natural ease ; while the poetry of the later Caliphs' courts is artificial and lacks spontaneity, speaks with a false accent and in laboured language which neither delight nor stir the heart.

The Arabs, ever true sons of the desert, were never quite at home elsewhere. For all its gorgeous trappings, Civilization did not fully wean them from their passion for the desert. Their poetry points to it. Their history proves it. *Maisun*, wife of the Caliph Muawiyah, scorns the palace at Damascus, and sighs for the desert :

A tent with rustling breezes cool
Delights me more than palace high,
And more the cloak of simple wool,
Than robes in which I learned to sigh.

The crust I ate beside my tent
 Was more than this fine bread to me ;
 The wind's voice where the hill-path went
 Was more than tambourine can be.
 And more than purr of friendly cat
 I love the watch-dog's bark to hear ;
 And more than any lubber fat
 I love a Bedouin Cavalier !

On page 15 we have an extract from *Labid*—"a true desert dweller," whose poems have, as Professor Nicholson aptly says, a freshness and delicacy that owe as much to nature as to art :

What here will a man devise to seek after? Ask him ye !
 A vow that he may fulfil? on some idle errant thought?
 The snares on his path are spread, encompassing him : if he
 Unstricken escape the snares, yet soon shall his strength be naught.
 He journeys the whole night long and saith in his heart, 'Tis done,
 Albeit a living man is ne'er done with toil and pain.
 Say ye, when he portions out what now he shall do or shun,
 "Bereaved may thy mother be ! Hath Time preached to thee in vain?

Thus sings *Ta'abbata Sharra*, mourning the death of his uncle. Here we have all the qualities gathered together which the Arabs prized and professed to possess : Courage unfaltering ; generosity unfailing ; self-sacrifice unshrinking ; loyalty in friendship ; persistence in hatred to foes ; and, last but not least, undeviating devotion to the tribe :

Hard the tidings that befell us, heart-breaking ;
 Little seemed thereby the anguish most aching.
 Fate hath robbed me—still is fate fierce and froward—
 Of a hero whose friend ne'er called him coward.
 As the warm sun was he in wintry weather ;
 'Neath the Dog-star, shade and coolness together ;
 Spare of flank, yet this in him showed not meanness ;
 Open-hearted, full of boldness and keenness ;
 Firm of purpose, cavalier unaffrighted—
 Courage rode with him and with him alighted ;
 In his bounty a bursting cloud of rain-water ;
 Lion grim when he leaped to the slaughter.

Flowing hair, long robe his folk saw aforetime,
But a lean-haunched wolf was he in war-time.
Savours two he had, untasted by no men :
Honey to his friends, and gall to his foemen.
Fear he rode, nor recked what should betide him ;
Save his deep-notched Yemen blade, none beside him.

In the distinguished roll of Arabian poets women too hold an honoured place. Renowned for poetry in the early times were *Khansa*, who excelled in elegiac verse; *Maisun*, wife of Muawiyah, a singer of no mean order; *Safīya* of Bahelá famous for fine, delicate poetry and *Fari'a*, daughter of *Tarif*, celebrated for a dirge for her brother, Walid, who was slain in battle by Yazid, son of Mazyad, in the reign of Harun.

Universal was the passion for poetry among the Arabs. The Caliph Abdul Malik is reported to have requested the teacher of his sons to instruct them in ancient poetry. And thus runs the story of a full-blooded Arab: When asked what instructions his son was to receive he replied: "Instruction in the Law of Inheritance," whereupon the other rejoined that that was a study fit only for the *Clients*, and was not becoming to the Arabs, who needed no more for culture than a knowledge of their ancient poets.

The passion for poetry continued, and for long, and in this sphere of culture women even, in later times, held their own. But as Von Kremer, in his *Culturgeschichte des Orients*, points out: "A perceptible decline in this direction is obvious about the second and third century of the Hejira. True, even in later times, fine cultured women are met with—especially slave girls, studiously trained, who improvised verses—yet it would not be incorrect to say that the poetical and literary output of women is clearly and sensibly on the wane. Only in Spain, where Arab culture attained its highest splendour, did ladies show a special taste and aptitude for poetry and literature."

Vast is the field of poetical literature, but alas, it is, only a partially explored field. For beauty and richness and delicacy of thought; for sweetness and grace and perfection of expression, Oriental poetry will yield to none in the world. But the star of

the Orient is no longer in the ascendant, and thus its literature and learning suffer slight and neglect, not only at the hands of outsiders, which we might have endured, but at our own hands which makes the situation humiliating to the last degree.

Occasionally some lover lifts the veil and affords us a glimpse of the hidden treasures, which, like a lightning-flash, only makes the darkness around more painful than ever. But our thanks are due to those disinterested seekers after Light and Truth and Beauty who bring to us the hope of a possible dawn of better days.

I shall conclude with an extract from *Dr. Gustav Weil's* admirable history and criticism of Arab Poetry (*Islamitische Völker, Pp. 144 et. seq.*) :

"Before the Prophet, in the art of poetry alone could the Arabs boast a high standard of attainment. This was due to the peculiar life of the Beduins, and the great esteem in which poets were held. The poet was at once the judge and the representative of his tribe, when he sang its glories, or poured forth the feelings of his heart. To the portrayal of brilliant feats of arms were added a description of the weapons, of the charger, of the camel, of the scene of action, eulogy on the virtues of the tribe or of the poet himself, which chiefly consisted in bravery, beneficence, hospitality, eloquence, or censure of the vices of the enemy—namely, cowardice, greed, heartlessness. These were the main topics of the pre-Islamite poetry. They were generally introduced by an invocation to the Beloved, and were here and there interwoven with wise maxims and reflections.

Many felicitous circumstances co-operating together brought poetry, among the Arabs, to a high pitch of excellence: the annual pilgrimage to Mekka made the dialect of the Qur'aish the common language of the people and the poet. Add to this the poetical contest at the Fair of Okaz; the absolute political and religious freedom; and finally, the isolation of the Arabs from the rest of the world, which made their own little affairs all the more important in their eyes. Of all the things of the earth, they only knew the desert, their tent, their camel, their weapons, their loved-one, their guests and their enemies. On these their burning, glowing imagination concentrated, and out of these were drawn true, living, palpitating pictures. The lack of rich description of natural scenery, which is easily explainable, among the inhabitants of the middle and Northern Arab, the home of Arab poetry, is amply compensated by the picturesque account

of the desert-life with its simple joys and sorrows ; the long wearisome campaigns in inclement weather or in burning heat ; the noise and din of battle ; fights against fate, leopard or hyena ; these topics alternate with the description of a quiet, comfortable tent, or a joyous feast ending with song, dance and games.

The influence of Islam on Arab poetry was not very favourable, since with Islam the individual life of the Arab passed away, and the sway of religion over head and heart became so powerful that every other thought and feeling receded into the background. The celebration of one's own heroic deeds, or those of the tribe, henceforward lost all its value and significance, compared with those of the Prophet or his Companions. Even the great war against the Infidels, though conducted with the fire and fervour of religious enthusiasm, could no longer evoke that intense personal feeling to which we owe so many fine pieces of pre-Islamite poetry. No longer now, as before, undauntedness in battle, kindness and generosity to the poor or the traveller, were purely personal virtues, but a divine command, the fulfilment of which led to Heaven, and its infringement to Hell.

And yet the desert still sheltered many a poet who, unconcerned about the Qur'an and the Islamic rule, gave free and unfettered utterance to his own thoughts in bold and fearless song. Most of the Omayyad Caliphs not only tolerated profane poets, but even loaded them with presents, with the result that the old form of poetry was steadily supplanted by a new one, which sang the praises of powerful patrons and mighty rulers. Thus the applause of the populace became more and more a matter of indifference to the poets. They expected their reward from the Caliph, whom they feted, flattered and adored, and whose glories they sang. This became their sole endeavour ; and thus court-poetry, superseding all other forms of poetry, rose triumphant and supreme.

Further, the settlement of the rules of prosody, which began under Mansur, also prejudicially affected Arab poetry. True, verses became more refined, more glowing, more correct, but less natural, spontaneous, sprightly, than those of the older poets. In addition to this, the old poems were collected and reduced to writing, and were held up as models ; with the result that verses were composed according to the old pattern, but without the old inspiration. They became artificial, and wholly unsuited to the new conditions.

We admire the poem of a Beduin, in which he describes for us the camel which carries him over mountains and valleys and through dreary

deserts, and the still remaining traces of the abode where once his loved-one lived. We weep with him over the desolate hearth, and accompany him to the tribe which has carried her off. We love to hear him when he praises his own courage and perseverance and those of his tribe, and follow him into the thick of the battle where he gathers fresh laurels, to share them with his loved-one, won back once again. In this picture there is the very breath of life; here are genuine outpourings of the heart, which make an unfailing, moving appeal. But when a poet who spends his days and nights in the palace of a Caliph, or that of a Wazir, immersed in wine, music and dance, begins in the old fashion describing the camel which has brought him through perilous paths to his patron, from whom he expects a reward for his *Kasidah*, it is not the language of the heart but of art and convention that we hear.

Mansur was of too cold and calculating a nature to have any relish for poetry, and too miserly to allure poets, by presents, to his court. Mahdi, Hadi, Harun and Mamun had a taste for poetry, and were generous to the poets; but by then the poets had sold their souls in bondage, and had forfeited their ancient freedom. Anything offensive to the ruler, his friends or his religious susceptibilities, was fraught with disastrous consequences: and thus poetry no less than biography became the handmaid of despotism."

Long past was the day when life was gay, and expression of thought immune from the double tyranny of religion and despotism. Political conditions affected life no less than letters. The heavy weight of the tyrant's hand crushed freedom, and with freedom perished light and love. No literary outburst, no efflorescence of genius, no bold, untrammelled speculation, has the Age of Servitude ever seen, or ever shall see. Arabic literature, no less than other world literatures, proclaims this truth. We are thankful to Professor Nicholson for taking us to those times,—all the more so because they serve, or at least should serve, as a spur and stimulus to us in a depressing despondent age.

VISVA-BHARATI BULLETIN

I.

Farewell to Dr. M. Winternitz.

Rabindranath Tagore's Valediction.

Acharya M. Winternitz,

Before you came to us we had been aware of your reputation as one of the foremost scholars whose knowledge comprehended an amazingly vast field of Indian literature. We felt grateful to you for having accepted our invitation and were proud to be able to receive you as our honoured guest. On the day when we must bid you farewell, let us assure you that our love for your personality has become equal to our reverence for your scholarship, and that though in outward appearance the time of your stay with us has been short, spiritually it has acquired a permanence in our heart.

Through the reticence of your modesty has sweetly shone the love of truth, and the love of man which is so completely free from race prejudice, from the narrow spirit of national egotism. Your intellectual outlook has found its moral background in the unity of man; and this has strengthened our love for the Visvabharati ideal. In fact, your personal contact with the inmates of this Asrama has been a living contribution to the building up of our Institution which for its materials must never depend upon bricks and mortar, rules and regulations, but upon its faith in human history as the history of the ceaseless endeavour to reach the highest expression of the spiritual meaning of existence.

It is needless to tell you that we started our Visvabharati with the expectation of attracting round it, from all parts of the world, individuals who, in the present turmoil of contradiction, still cherish hope in the ultimate triumph of the **Shantam** and **Shivam**, who in the light of the **Advaitam** will recognise themselves as brothers when they meet, though belonging to different climates and races. We have found you, dear friend, as one such, and our brothers' greetings we offer to you at this time of our parting.

Prof. Benoit's address.

Dear Professor Winternitz, being one of your students I think I may in the name of the others, at least in the name of those of them who have followed your lectures on the History of Indian literature, express to you our deep feeling of gratitude and reverence.

I remember the day when you arrived at Santiniketan in the early part of December. It was on a splendid winter afternoon. We were all assembled in the mango grove. Clever hands had drawn *alponas* on the sand of the semi circle. Lotus flowers were arranged all around; incense was burning, conches blowing. On either side of you sat two worthy peers of yours, Dr. Lesny and Dr. Collins. Our ladies and girls were wearing their brightest robes. The singers were at their post; at their head presided Dinu Babu draped in his gorgeous orange shawl.

If I remember well you were first addressed in English. Then Shastri Mahashaya welcomed you in the language of the Gods as he alone, here, could do. Sanskrit mantram's were lastly chanted and Bengali songs sung.

I remember too how you answered; you simply said how touched you were—and we could discern in the tone of your voice how really touched you were—by a welcome which was in keeping with the best traditions of Indian hospitality. You said you had come to learn rather than to teach, as is the case with all outsiders who came here. You promised you would give us some training in the Western methods of scientific investigation and historical research.

Well, you have done much more than that. I don't exaggerate but rather underrate your influence upon the people of this place when I say that you have inspired us all. In your lectures we were impressed from the very beginning by the clearness and the thoroughness of the exposition, the indefatigable objectivity of the argumentation, the prudence and moderation of the judgments, the fairness and breadth of the conclusions.

First you took us into the realm of Vedic and post-Vedic literature, whose monuments are like these ancient temples of Indo-China which seem to have been submerged in an ocean of vegetation. If we could not always follow you step by step in this forest, the paths of which are so familiar to you, you at least cleared our minds, showed us the way, prepared us for further studies. Passing then through the luxuriant garden of the Indian Epics, we reached under your guidance the shores of the immeasurable and unfathomable sea of Buddhistic Scriptures. There

again if we could not explore at your side the whole of it, at least you taught us how to navigate, how to swim. Your developments had never the dryness of abstract and impersonal erudition; they were always balanced, they had the elegance and symmetry of a work of art, not infrequently the humorous touch; they were alive, they were human.

I have not, unfortunately, much to say in regard to the other department of your activity,—the deciphering and comparative study of manuscript,—my ignorance having prevented me from participating in this work. I know well that the participators found in you often an initiator, always an inspirer. You opened new perspectives to them, equipped them for further personal research. But there was a still larger aspect of your influence upon us. We had often occasion to hear you expound your views on the wide problems of the world of today, in whose study this institution is so keenly interested. When you spoke of the present and future of the West, we could see that yours was not the German, nor the French, nor the English, nor the Russian, but always the human standpoint. You understand in its deep simplicity this idea of the co-operation of the races, of the harmony of man which we try to foster here and which is the *raison d'être* of our Visvabharati.

Dear Professor Winternitz, you are about to receive the staff of the traveller. In a few hours you will leave this place, return to your native town, and resume your former work there among your countrymen and friends. But these too are friends whom you leave behind you, and you are taking away with you a fragment of our Santiniketan! You have been during your short stay amongst us, indulgent, sympathetic friendly; you brought to us both science and sympathy. Therefore we shall always remember you not only as a master, but as a revered friend. You have encouraged us, inspired us; indeed you have helped us. **Pranám!**

Dr. Winternitz's leave-taking.

For one who has devoted the greater part of his life's work to the study of ancient India, it is naturally the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire, to see with his bodily eye the land and the people, with whom he has for so many years been familiar in the spirit. That this fulfilment has come to me at last, after I had given up nearly all hope that it would ever come about,—for this I cannot be thankful enough to you, Gurudev, who have extended to me your kind invitation to come to Santiniketan and to join your Visvabharati.

It was on that happy day in the Summer of 1921 when I saw you in your hotel in Prague for the first time. I had come to invite you to lecture in our German University, and you kindly consented to do so, and it was one of the happiest days of my life when, as Dean of the philosophical faculty of our University I had the privilege to welcome you in the thronged Aula of our University.

May I repeat here some of the words I addressed to you on that occasion as they touch upon the Visvabharati ideal of the meeting between the East and the West.

"You have come to us from a distant country," I said, "from the far East. But you have not come as a stranger, not as a foreigner, but as a friend and brother, as one who is near and dear to our hearts, endeared to us by poetical works in which every line is thrilling with Love, love of God and love of mankind. Once more, as so often in the history of mankind, the East has come to the West as a teacher of Love, as a preacher of Humanity. Your works prove to us that the old Indian wisdom, of which already the ancient Greeks used to speak, and the intellectual and moral powers which gave rise to this wisdom, are still alive in India of to-day. You have also come to us as a living contradiction of the lines of the English poet Rudyard Kipling: 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' East and West have met again and again in the past and are meeting again in the present day, and much of what is best and most beautiful in art, in literature, in philosophy and above all, in religion, is the result of the meeting between East and West.

"And if our great poet Goethe says: *Orient und Okzident sind nicht mehr zu trennen* (East and West can no longer be separated), I should go further and say: *East and West have never been separated*. Your very presence to-day, Master, makes us hope that East and West will never be separated in the future; that though they may easily live their own lives, they will for ever meet in friendship and sympathy for the benefit of mankind."

I concluded my address with the words:

"In the sad time in which we live, it is like the silver lining of a dark cloud, that your visits to European towns and universities have everywhere met with such triumphs of sympathy. It shows that idealism is not yet dead in this world. In one of your lectures you have said that Heaven and Earth with all their beauty are on the side of the poet and the idealist, and not on the side of the market people with their gross contempt

for all feelings. The wonderful success of your lecturing tour in the West makes us hope that some day or other all the world will be on the side of the poet and the idealist."

Little did I think, when I spoke these words in 1921, that two years later there would be less sign of this hope being fulfilled, than there was even then. The poison that has been disseminated in the years of the war and of the after-war, is still too strong, and has brought Europe to the brink of ruin.

But this very unrest, peacelessness and misery of the Europe of to-day prove that they are wrong who believe that brutal force, hatred, selfish nationalism and nationalist selfishness can ever lead to happiness, and that after all not the market people but the poet and the idealist are right.

And when I place my hopes for the future of mankind and of civilisation on the meeting between East and West, I am thinking only of the highest ideals of the East and the highest ideals of the West. For I am fully convinced that the ideal only is the truly real, that will last. There is much truth in what a writer in the Modern Review said some years ago: "Some noble souls dream of the interchange of ideas and ideals between the East and West, but that will not give us much. Barbarism added to barbarism remains barbarism still."

I thought a great deal about these words and the truth they contain. There is barbarism in the West and barbarism in East. In my last lecture I spoke of all the great and noble thoughts of Indian literature that are treasured in the literature of the world. But it would be falsehood, if I did not mention that there is also much rubbish in Indian literature, in Indian religions, and Indian institutions. The Poet has said somewhere, that he only who loves may chastise. And as I love India with all my heart, I may be allowed to say, that there is much rubbish that has to be swept away. *Let the rubbish go to the dust-bin*, and keep high only that which is really great and good and noble in Indian thought. Then only the joining of hands by East and West will not be 'barbarism added to barbarism'.

To get rid of this barbarism, must be the very aim of the exchange of ideals between the East and the West, by holding before us the higher ideal of a future that can only be that of co-operation, of discarding selfishness whether that of the individual or that of the nation and following the message of love and peace that up to now has always come from the East. And I fervently hope that this Visvabharati, of Santiniketan, will grow to

be a blessing not only for Bharatvarsha, but for all mankind on the strength of that active and creative idealism, of which the Poet's life and work is the example which you happily have before you day by day.

And now let me thank you once more for all the kindness and love you have shown me during my stay at Santiniketan. When I came here ten months ago, I felt at once that I had come to friends, and ever since I have never for a moment felt that I am among strangers.

My stay in Santiniketan will always be one of the happiest remembrances of my life. I am leaving with a sad heart, but in the hope, that our meeting will be fruitful for you as it has most certainly been for me. I have learnt in these ten months more about India, than in many years of study from books. I came with a love for India, and I part with feelings of love from this "Abode of Peace", feelings of love for these little ones whom I am happy to see here, as for my students with whom I have been working day by day, and for all the dear friends who have been helping me in my work.

I have to part now, but I shall remain with you, I hope, by frequent communications, and it will always be a festival day for me, to see anyone from Santiniketan, who happens to come to my country.

II.

The Staging of Rabindranath's "Visarjan."

[Under the auspices of the Visvabharati Sammilani.]

August, 1923.

This drama was not originally written for the stage. Its plot was based on an historical incident related in the annals of the Kingdom of Tripura. King Govinda Manikya, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, embraced Vaishnavism, the religion of Love, giving up the traditional cult of *Shakti* (power) followed by his ancestors, and thereupon he prohibited the sacrifice of animals in the State Temple of Kali. This, very likely, gave the opportunity to his brother, Nakshatra Manikya, to claim the throne for himself with the help of Shah Sujah, who had his own purposes to serve; and when King Govinda Manikya found his own brother conspiring against him, backed by Moghul troops, he renounced his throne and retired into the forest, not in cowardly acceptance of defeat, nor with any vengeful idea of biding his time, but in distaste of the worldly scramble for power.

at all costs, and remaining true to the end to his principle of conquering evil by love, for it was he who afterwards gave refuge to and saved the life of the very Shah Sujah who had assisted his brother to deprive him of his Kingdom.

In the play, as it eventually took shape, this historical incident is relegated to the background, and the larger drama of the ever-present conflict between Ideal and Tradition stands out. Some of the minor characters have been left out, and the dialogue somewhat condensed here and there, in the stage version as last revised by the Author, in order to make the movement more rapid, while a new character has been introduced in the World Mother, with something of the function of the Greek Chorus, whose songs, interspersed through the action, sound, at psychological moments, the Universal note behind the tragedy.

For the performance as given in Calcutta, last August (as part of the Visvabharati extension cultural programme for this year) the stage was draped throughout in different shades of dark blue, deepening as they receded into the background. There was no changing of scene; the blood-stained temple steps, designed Cubist fashion, dominated the eye throughout; a lurid red light marked the entrance to the Temple itself, invisible in the darkness beyond the wings; while the songs of the World Mother served to punctuate the otherwise continuous action. The other stage accessories, requisitioned to assist in the interpretation, were the colour schemes of the costumes in combination with changing light effects against the dark blue of the hangings, symbolic of the play of *samsāra* on the continuum of *Mahākāla*.

The cast was as under :

King Govinda Manikya	..	Rathindranath Tagore.
Queen Gunavati	...	{ Sanga Devi (Mrs. S. Tagore). Manjusri, Devi (Miss Tagore) after the first night.
Raghupati, the Priest	..	Dinendranath Tagore.
Jaisingha, his disciple	..	Rabindranath Tagore.
Aparna, an orphan girl	..	{ Rance Devi (Miss Adhikari). Manjursi, Devi (Miss Tagore) first night only.
Prince Nakshatra Manikya	...	Tapanmohan Chatterjee.
Commander-in-Chief	..	Kshitish Chattopadhyaya.
Hasi, a little girl	...	Anubha (Miss Tagore).
Tata, a little boy	...	Sanjoy (Master Mukherji).
The Mob	...	Haripada Roy, Sanjib Chaudhuri, Prafulla Mahalanobis, Hemanta Chatterjee, Sushil Banerjee, Dhiren Krishna Deb Barman.
The World-Mother	...	Sahana Devi (Mrs. B. M. Bose).

The full house and appreciative audiences during three successive nights showed that the appeal of the play went home.

In the interpretation given, the King represents the devotee of the Ideal; the forces of Tradition being led by the Priest, ever on the side of Power, whether divine or mundane. Out of many thousands of Priests, "hardly two will be found," says Voltaire, "who dare to say a few words against the curse and crime of war.—You miserable doctors of the soul," he exclaims, "you cry out for an hour and a quarter on some mere pin-pricks, and you say nothing of the disease which tears us into a thousand pieces! As long as thousands of our brothers are loyally butchered at the caprice of a few men, that part of the human race which is consecrated to heroism will be the most monstrous that exists in the whole of human nature.—To whichever side you look," he concludes, "you will see that the priests have always preached slaughter."—showing that this phenomenon is not confined to our country.

The Priest is here as everywhere, supported by the Queen, the Woman, the typical conservative, shrinking from experiment, clinging to the established; as well as by the Mob, the unthinking mass, who can never rise above their vested interests, nor see beyond the actual.

Jaisingha is the simple soul, who by habit and upbringing unconsciously grows into a deep-rooted affection for Tradition, but whose innate nobleness also brings him occasional glimpses of the Ideal, which thereupon draws towards itself his unquestioning loyalty; he being left, at first, unconscious of any antagonism between the two. Aparna is another type of the simple nature, unsophisticated and therefore free to follow her natural human feelings. When Tradition hurts her, through her love for her pet kid, which is sacrificed at the temple while she is away from home, her cry of distress, her appeal to the King, first disturbs Jaisingha and sets him thinking, doubting, beside himself at the shadow of possible conflict.

When the King first declares his Ideal, and will have no compromise, the forces of Tradition disclose themselves as definitely ranged against him, and the full tragedy of the situation is borne in upon Jaisingha. Rather than do hurt to his Ideal he finds the solution of the problem in sacrificing himself.

Then, at length, is the cruelty of the utter submission which Tradition claims from its victims brought home to Raghupati, and he sees, in all its ugliness, the callousness of heart brought about by the exercise of his own

priestly function,—true vision roused at last by the shock of the supreme, but nevertheless futile, renunciation made by Jaisingha, his beloved disciple, his more than son. As the realisation of Truth comes to him, after his first outburst of grief, he wrathfully repudiates the Tradition which rides roughshod over love and conscience alike in the blindness of its insensate tyranny. And Aparna, whose one cry has been: "Come away, come away, come away from the terrible temple of 'Tyranny!'" draws him lovingly with her to his freedom.

Over all sound, fitfully, snatches from the melody of the Universal, reminders of the eternal presence of the World Mother, with Her all-embracing love, keeping Her watchful vigil behind the make-and-break of the ever-moving *samsāra*, patiently waiting to claim Her own.

The significance of the denouement lies in this, that the revelation of the Truth came at last, not by way of any forcible imposition of the Good by the devotee of the Ideal, the King, whose prohibition of animal sacrifice under penalty merely succeeded in rousing the dormant forces of opposition, but when, at the supreme sacrifice offered up to Tradition itself, inner realisation came to the Priest's own soul, and then indeed came the end of the regime of the tyranny of *Shakti's* unchecked sovereignty.

III.

The Ideals of Visvabharati.*

Substance of a lecture delivered by Sj. Bipin Chandra Pal at the Overtown Hall, Calcutta, on the 10th August, 1923.

Ever since the birth of our nationalist movement in Bengal the ultimate ideal that inspired all our thoughts and utterances has been not a merely patriotic ideal in the narrow and popular European sense of the term. This European ideal of patriotism never appealed to the leaders of Bengali thought. Those of you who are acquainted with the writings of Bankim Chandra Chatterji will remember that he condemned this ideal of European patriotism which was only another name for the desire to exploit other countries, weaker and less organized races, nations and peoples; and Bankim Chandra said: "I pray to God that this patriotism may never come to us". Our ideal of patriotism has always been moved by visions of universal humanity, and this universal humanity is, also the vision of the Visva-bharati.

* Reported by Haridas Chatterjea, Shorthand Reporter, High Court, Calcutta.

What is it that we call universal humanity? Most people take this universal humanity to be a mere logical abstraction or a sociological generalization. To Europe and America universal humanity is something like goodness or blackness, or, more precisely, whiteness. I have said elsewhere that humanity to our European friends means only "Whiteness," and the coloured races have really no place even in their scheme of universal humanity.

The only European thinker, of whom I know, who had a clearer and a more concrete conception of this universal humanity, was Joseph Mazzini. His idea of Humanity as a Being or Person approached very closely to the conception of Christ in Christian consciousness, as the prototype of manhood, the prototype of humanity; and Mazzini simply explained this Christian idea in terms of rationalistic thought. This universal humanity is the vision of the Visva-bharati, as I understand it: not as an abstraction, not as a generalization, not as a logical proposition, but as a Being, a self-contrasted, self-moving, self-regulating Being, realising itself through the collective life of all the races and peoples of the world.

In the ancient thought of our country there is also this conception. Our word for universal humanity was *Narayan*. That still stands, to my mind, for universal humanity in our thought and culture, and you will at once see that *Narayan* is not an abstraction, but a Being, just as Christ is a Being in Christian consciousness and just as humanity was conceived as a Being by Joseph Mazzini. To understand the full significance of *Narayan* in the present context it should be remembered *Narayan* in our thought does not stand alone. In all the Puranas you have the well-known salutation *Nārāyaṇam namaskṛitya nāranchaiva narottamam*. So *Narayan* and *Narottam* stand together, and the whole meaning of *Narayan* can be seized if we study *Narayan* in terms of *Nara* and *Narottam*. *Nara* is the ordinary man and *Narottam* is, what is called in European parlance, superman. The ideal which is quickening and seeking its realisation, in every individual human,—that is *Narottam*. *Narayan* is He who leads the ordinary man to the superman through their collective life, and thus manifests Himself on this earthly plane. That is what I understand by *Narayan* and that is the conception of universal humanity, which, to my mind, has also quickened the ideal of Visva-bharati.

In fact, this Visva-bharati movement cannot be understood unless we bear in mind that it is not a narrow movement, but a movement so quickened by the vision of that universal humanity which expresses itself,

progressively seeks to realise itself, has been seeking to reveal itself, from the very beginning of human life and human history, through human culture, through the thought and devotion, the will and the activity of man. Humanity, collective, universal humanity, has been seeking to realise itself through universal human culture, and the object of Visva-bharati is to search out and promote, so far as it can be done with the resources at the disposal of this Institution, this universal culture.

The universal, collective humanity and the several groups of humans which compose this collective humanity,—they are related organically to one another. Universal Humanity conceived as a Being cannot deny the particularities of individual human life and thought, or the life and thought of the different groups of humans constituting races or nations, and with a view to realise the ideal of universal human culture the first thing that we must consider is to take our stand firmly upon our own individual culture. Visva-bharati will never realise its object unless it establishes itself upon the individuality of Indian culture.

This Indian culture, fortunately for us, is a composite culture. Originally it was dominated by Indo-Aryan thought and culture, but even then, in the earliest history of Indian culture, we find two streams meeting,—the Aryan stream and the aboriginal stream. And the Vedic culture entered into alliance with this aboriginal Indian culture and formed from the beginning a composite Indian culture. Next we find the Dravidian contributory mixing with this Aryan culture and widening it, enriching it, adding to it elements of great value. But this was not all. Afterwards other cultures came and mixed with ours. China made her contribution ; and so did Bactria and other western countries. I am not sure whether Assyria and Babylon did not also add their quota to the sum total of this complex Indian culture of which we are the inheritors, but there is no doubt that the Greeks, who came to us later, left their influence thereon ; then within the memory of history, came the Saracenic culture with the entry of Mohamedans into this country, and Islam also helped to enrich the composite culture of India. So you will see, that even by the end of the Moghal period, we have in Indian culture such varied components that it may well claim to be an epitome of universal human culture.

Lastly came the Europeans bringing to us their Modernism, so that the present day Indian culture, as it stands at last, is neither the simple culture of the earliest Vedic times, nor the complex culture of any

particular subsequent age, but the most complex that India has so far been able to develop, being a combination of all the past Indian cultures with modern European culture. We, in India, never refused admission to whatsoever came to us in the name of reason, or of beauty, or of the spirit. We embraced all, we accepted all, but in doing so we put our own hall-mark of assimilation upon whatever we took from the outside. Visva-bharati, to my mind, is only seeking to follow this age-long spirit of Indian culture in trying to find the means for the study and assimilation of modern world cultures upon the basis of India's own specific thought and culture.

There is an impression in certain quarters, at which I am surprised, that Visvabharati represents an anti-national movement, seeking to denationalise us ; or in any case that it ignores the actualities of our present national life. I do not find anything in the Memorandum of Association or records of the Viswabharati, to support this view. The object clause of the Memorandum states that "The objects of the Viswabharati are to study the mind of man in its realisation of different aspects of truth from diverse points of view". Can any one take any exception to this? To study the mind of man--and here "Man", with a capital M, really stands for universal man, for, we Indians, we Hindus, recognise no caste or colour in the mind of man. There are degrees in the evolution of this mind ; there are differences in its acquisitions ; but the mind itself which acquires knowledge is the same all the world over. It is a universal mind but it looks upon the universe from different standpoints. The Indian mind has been moved from the earliest historic times by an innate sense of the spiritual and the universal, which has been sought to be realised in a consciousness of Universal Unity. All men are one, all the world is one, matter and mind both are ultimately one, the One without a second, from which all objects have come to being, by which all objects continue to be, towards which all objects move and into which all objects enter. This is the essential characteristic, the fundamental mark of the Indian mind. The Greek mind which lies at the back of the European mind (because modern European thought has come by inheritance from the Greeks) had also its own innate consciousness of the universal and the spiritual.

Truth has many aspects. The colour of truth is like the colour of the rainbow, and takes a particular hue according to the particular view point, or peculiar mental attitude. But as all roads meet at the Capital, all these

particularities lead to an ultimate Unity in the consciousness of which these differences are reconciled; and the first object of Visvabharati is to study the mind of man in its realisation of different aspects of truth from diverse points of view, for which purpose intellectual, moral and spiritual communion with all the different cultures of the world is above all necessary, each culture having tried to realise truth from a particular aspect and from its own particular point of view.

The second object of Visvabharati is to bring into more intimate relation with one another, through study and research, the different cultures of the East on the basis of their underlying unity. There is the Indian culture in the East, there is the Judaic and Islamic culture which belong to the East, there is the Chinese culture of the further East; and though there are differences in all these, there is also an underlying unity. In China also different cultures mingled together, and to this composite India made her contribution, through Buddhism and otherwise. So, as I have already said, long before we came into direct and living touch with the West, all the Eastern cultures had co-mingled and interchanged their highest spiritual treasures with one another.

But, as there is a unity of Eastern cultures, I say there is even a deeper and a greater unity between Indian culture and what passes as western culture, because the predominant note of Indian culture is its innate sense of the spiritual and the universal. There is also another thing which dominates Indian culture, and that is its spirit of freedom. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Chinese or Islamic culture to be able to say how far this spirit of freedom is found therein, but this much is clear that this note of freedom is also very predominant in modern European culture. And owing to this spirit of freedom and this unity of spiritual consciousness which is found both in Indian and European culture, there is, as I say, a closer unity between Indian culture and the culture of Europe, and it is the object of the Visvabharati not only to bring into more intimate relation with one another the different cultures of the East on the basis of their underlying unity, but to approach the West from the standpoint of such unity of the life and thought of Asia.

Here a question occurs to me which it is for the authorities of Visvabharati to solve: What is the unity of life and thought of Asia? What is that special unity in the life and thought of Asia (I shall be glad if our Chairman will enlighten us on the subject) which we do not find equally to exist between the life and thought of India and of the West? In my

opinion there is a closer affinity in the latter case and, if I were amending this clause, I would have said, instead: "to approach the West from the unity of life and thought of India". That is my standpoint in any case. I want to study all the cultures of the world from the point of view of Indian culture which is my own inheritance, which courses through my blood. The unknown is always known through the known, and any other culture can only be approached and studied and understood and assimilated when you approach it, study it and try to assimilate it, from the standpoint of the individuality of your own culture; and I would approach the West, not from the standpoint of the unity of Asiatic culture,—a vague and doubtful thing in any case,—but would want to assimilate and to examine Western culture from the standpoint of our composite Indian culture. But that is a mere detail. You know how, to the American, New York is the whole world. I daresay to the Britisher, the British Isles is the whole universe. To us Indians, India is the soul of Asia.

The next thing which Visvabharati seeks is, to realise in common fellowship of study the art and science of the East and of the West and thus ultimately to strengthen the fundamental conditions of world peace through the establishment of free communication of ideas between the two hemispheres. Of course, this is put in academical terms. The thing is almost philosophical, but you cannot realise a common fellowship between the East and the West by simple study in your class room or in your private house. There must be other things, and those other things can be done not by Visvabharati but by you and by me.

The West will never appreciate the East unless the East can look the West "horizontally in the face." These are not my words. When I first went to America these were the very words which were addressed to me by an American citizen. I understand him to mean that, however much may be the value of the lesson which you may teach, the world will not receive anything of supreme value from you unless you occupy the same position. The Visvabharati proposes to work for this object in one particular direction by realising in common fellowship and study the meeting of East and West; by bringing scholars from Europe to meet scholars from India; and by such interchange of scholarly thought there will grow up a spiritual and intellectual fellowship, between the highest minds of Europe and India, not so much between the peoples as between their teachers. This fellowship and spiritual and intellectual union, however, will be bound gradually to percolate down to the lowest

strata of society and gradually influence European thought by your ideas and ideals, and influence your thought to the extent that it needs to be influenced, by their ideals and their thoughts. That is the ideal here.

Now we know Europe from the outside. We in the eyes of Europe are on a very low level. Our present relation with Europe is merely political and economic, and in these political and economic relations Europe, likewise, does not present to us its highest, its attractive features at all; yet Europe is also included inside what we call universal humanity. Europe may forget in its conceit of wealth and power the vision of universal humanity; but you and I,—can we forget the vision of this humanity? Can we, who speak of *Daridra Narayan* in our country, who speak of everyone as a manifestation of God, who are asked by the highest teachings of our ancient sages to realise the self that is in us, in every individual, irrespective of his age or sex or caste or colour or culture, can you and I forget that *Narayan* includes both Europe and India? And, if we cannot, we shall have to realise, we shall have to try to put ourselves in training to realise the universal presence of *Narayan*, and we shall be able to do so only when we come in contact with the finest spirits of other races and other nations.

Those of us who have been to England and America cannot possibly cherish any hatred towards the European or the English or any other people as a class. We may hate their actions, we may condemn the evil tendencies in them, we may raise our voice in loud protest against the inequities of the European nations, but we cannot, if we be true to our race, shut our eyes to the fact that they too belong to the same *Narayan* to whom we belong, that they too are the limbs and organs of universal humanity. The sin of Europe has been that in its march for national progress, in its eagerness to advance national interests, it has lost consciousness of universal humanity. And who will save Europe from this mortal sin which is eating into its very vitals? It can only be done by India, and if India is to do this great work among the nations of the modern world it will not do for India to shut its doors against the tidal waves of outside culture, it will not do for India in the name of a narrow nationalism or patriotism to refuse admittance to the truth and ideals, wherever they are good, of the other nations of the world.

The object of *Visvabharati*, as I understand it, is also to find a counteracting influence to the prevailing tendency, lamentable but inevitable under existing conditions—let us not ignore the fact—the tendency

to narrowness, the tendency to unfortunate race conflicts. It is there; we cannot deny it. It is there not through any fault of ours; it is there because of the circumstances under which we are called upon to live. We must change those conditions, this race conflict, and the only way to counteract these evils is to bring the rising mind of India into living touch with the highest and the best minds of Europe and America.

And as having these objects in view Visvabharati must commend itself to our sympathy and our active support. I am not an office bearer of Visvabharati, nor even connected with it except as an ordinary member. This lecture of mine was not inspired by any one prominently connected with it. I was moved to speak on this subject, by the lure of the ideal of universal humanity which stands at the back of this Visvabharati movement, and I hope and trust you will study it and give it your thought. And as an outsider, not as a member, I ask you, if you find it acceptable, to try and help this movement, so far as it lies in your power.

Summing up of the President, Sj. Hirendra Nath Datta.

Friends, I believe you have all listened with interest and profit to the philosophical discourse of Srijut Bipin Chandra Pal on the Ideals of Visvabharati. He is in the happy position of a detached outsider; unfortunately I am not, because, though I am not responsible for its Memorandum of Association, one of the clauses of which has been subjected to mild and friendly criticism by our friend, I am one of the Trustees of Visvabharati, so that is impossible for me to take quite so detached a view. At the same time, I am grateful to him for having given a philosophical interpretation to our objects. I wonder if any of you have seriously considered whether it is possible to have an institution like the Visvabharati with its broad, international and universal view point, anywhere except in India.

The lecturer has laid stress on the first object of the Visvabharati, which is to study the mind of man. Now, if you have made studies of the different compartments into which that universal mind of man has crystalized, you will find that there is such a thing as the Greek mind, the Germanic mind, and also the Hindu mind. What is the distinguishing feature of this Hindu mind? It is its great synthetic quality. It was an English Christian professor who resided in India for about 30 years—I am referring to Dr. Millar of the Christian College in Madras, who

has recently passed away—who said, after having come into intimate touch with the Hindu mind, that it had two broad characteristics, namely, the sense of the immanence of God and the sense of the solidarity of man. Now, if these are truly, as I believe they are, the characteristics of the Hindu mind, you will at once recognise that a mind which is imbued with a sense of the immanence of God and the solidarity of man is the mind which can formulate and carry into effect the grand international ideals with which the Visvabharati was born.

My friend has referred to the idea of *Narayana* in our Pauranic culture. It is the same Hindu mind which conceived this idea of old which in our modern days has conceived the ideals of Visvabharati and is trying to work them out, it was the self-same mind which in the ancient days could recognise the immanence of God.

The lecturer has drawn your attention to one other object of Visvabharati which speaks of the unity underlying the different cultures of the East, and he has called upon me to explain what that special unity is. I am not quite prepared to take up that challenge, off-hand, but I will just remind him of the opening lines in the book of a great Japanese scholar who came to this country about 17 years ago, whom my friend knew, and many of us knew and loved, that is, Okakura Kakuzo who opens his great book on Art with the sentence: "Asia, the mother, is One", and it is a statement which we all instinctively feel to be true. Only recently we had in Calcutta some lectures by a sympathetic Irishman, Dr. Cousins, who was invited by the Imperial University of Tokio and has made a lengthened stay in Japan, thus having first-hand opportunities of studying the Chinese and Japanese culture. His verdict is the same as that of Okakura. His book is entitled "The Cultural Unity of Asia."

Verily Asia is one, because Shintoism, Confuciasism, Hinduism, Buddhism and Islamism,—they are all pervaded by a certain spirit of harmony, of non-competitive fraternication, which seems to be lacking in the European culture. That is why the promoters of Visvabharati laid stress on this idea of the cultural unity of Asian life and thought, and wanted to make that the basis from which to approach the West, instead of limiting such base to what my friend has called the multiform culture of India itself, which in the old days welcomed and assimilated all the various cultures which impinged on the Indian mind.

*The Indian mind was not overwhelmed either by the Sakas, Yavanas or the Iranians; not even in later days by the tidal wave of Islamic culture,

nor in modern times by the flood tide of European culture, thought and activity which are impinging on the Hindu mind with such overwhelming force. Even in this case I feel sure that the Hindu mind will go through the same process of assimilation; for, the moment we lose our capacity for assimilation, we shall cease to be what we are and what our ancestors have been before our time. So the steps we put before ourselves are successively these: first we seek to know the multiform culture of India itself, then to realise the cultural unity of Asia; having done that we may proceed to a true assimilation of Western culture. And this is what Visvabharati means when it says: "to realise in a common fellowship of study the meeting of the East and the West."

Some people seek to justify their narrow, parochial patriotism, even perhaps to themselves, by calling it nationalism. It is not nationalism, it is narrowness, it is provincial and parochial. The true nationalism of India is really internationalism. That is what Visvabharati lays stress on in its Memorandum of Association.

Therefore, I tell you, do not be afraid of meeting the West. Meet it squarely, as my friend has said to you; stand up with your head held high and meet any culture that comes and invites you, because this Indian soil has been the asylum of all the different religions and cultures of the world, and our forefathers were never afraid that they would be swamped and engulfed by the different tides that might come and pass over them. Approach the outside world in that spirit. Do not be like the one stringed *ektara*, with its repetition of the one keynote. Rather, like the Vina, give scope to the symphony of a variegated world, so that when the dominant note of the Indian culture of the future will be sounding out, it will be enriched and invigorated by the sympathetic vibrations of the cultures of the East and West and yet remain predominantly Indian. That is what Visvabharati has in view, and I am glad that we have had this confirmation and support from our friend Srijut Bipin Chandra Pal, to whom, on your behalf I convey our very best thanks.

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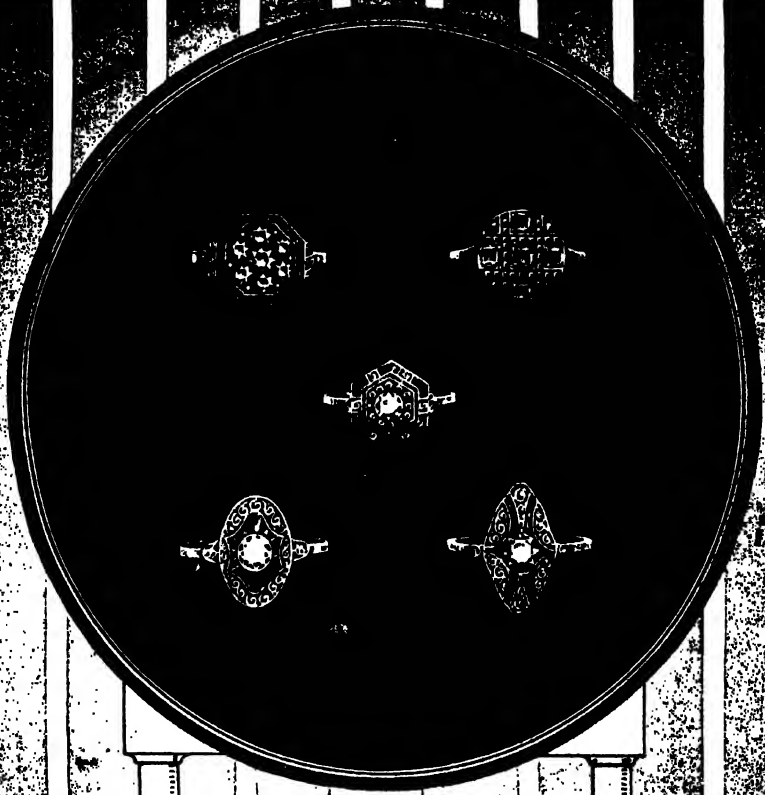
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THE VISVA-BHARATI QUARTERLY

Vol. I

JANUARY, 1924

No. 4

THE CAR OF TIME

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Translated)

A Drama in one Act.

[The curtain rises on a group of Citizens standing on the roadside, looking towards the Car, which however is not visible to the audience.]

1st Citizen.

Father Time's Car-festival has come round, but his Car is at a standstill. It simply refuses to stir. I know whose fault it is, for the Soothsayer has told us.

2nd Citizen.

It may not be anybody's fault at all. Perhaps old Father Time is tired, and wants a rest.

1st Citizen.

Nonsense! How shall we get along, if Time refuses to move on? Just look at that rope, lying there. What an age-long rope! What a number of people have put their hands to it! But never before has it lain thus in the dust.

3rd Citizen.

If the Car doesn't move, and the rope lies limp, it will prove a halter round the neck of the whole kingdom.

2nd Citizen.

Lord! How fearsome it looks, as if about to writhe and rear its head like a snake!

3rd Citizen.

Oh, look! look! It actually seems to be moving!

1st Citizen.

If we can't make it go, and it takes its own course, there'll be trouble I can tell you!

3rd Citizen.

It will mean the loosening of all the bonds of the world. Then the Car will knock us down and roll over our bodies. It's because we help to drag it along that we don't fall under its wheels. What's to be done now?

1st Citizen.

There's the Priest sitting and chanting his *mantrams*.

2nd Citizen.

His chanting won't make the Car go on. In the old days the Priest had to give the first pull. Does he think his *mantrams* will now do the work instead?

1st Citizen.

The pulling has already been tried, friend. From early dawn, while it was yet dark, the Priests got here, before everybody else, and tugged and hauled for all they were worth. It was only when the morning light came, and people began to arrive, that they left the ropes and sat apart, with eyes closed, to do their chanting. Do you think they have any strength left in this *Kali-yuga*?

3rd Citizen.

Good gracious! The rope seems to be throbbing,—as if it was the artery of the ages.

1st Citizen.

It seems to me the Car can only be started by the touch of some great and holy man.

2nd Citizen.

If we have to wait for some great and holy man, the auspicious time will be over. Meanwhile what's going to happen to us ordinary sinful people?

3rd Citizen.

Providence doesn't bother its head about what may, or may not happen to sinful people!

2nd Citizen.

What! D'you think the world was made for holy men? Where would we have been then? No, no, Creation was meant for us ordinary folk. Holy men drop in accidentally, now and then, and do not stay long either. They cannot bear the brunt of us, and have to fly to the shelter of caves and forests.

1st Citizen.

Well, old man, why not try a hand at the rope yourself, and let us see whether the Car moves, or the rope breaks, or you come down bang on your nose!

2nd Citizen.

The difference between holy men and us is that they are only one or two and we are many. If the lot of us could but screw ourselves up to join hands and give a manly pull, all together, the Car would run fast enough. We can't draw it because we can't, or won't come together, and keep staring into vacancy for some extraordinary man to turn up.

3rd Citizen.

My goodness! Was that the rope wriggling? Do be careful what you fellows say!

1st Citizen.

In the scriptures it is written that, at the first sacred moment of day-break, the first pull is for the Priest. And, in the second watch, the second pull is for the King. Both have failed to-day. Now, on whom falls the third pull?

[Enter Soldiers.]

1st Soldier.

What a shame! What a shame! The King himself put his hand to the rope, and we in our thousands joined in the tugging, but never a squeak did we get out of the wheels.

2nd Soldier.

We are Kshatriyas, my dear fellow, not cattle like the Sudras. Our business is to ride the Car, not to drag it.

3rd Soldier.

Or, perhaps, to break the Car! My hands are itching to lay hold of an axe and smash it up. I should like to see how old Father Time is going to prevent me.

1st Citizen.

The kind of arms you bear, my gallant friend, will neither serve to move nor break the Car. You haven't heard what the Soothsayer has said, have you?

1st Soldier.

What did he say?

1st Citizen.

It's a case of the *Treta-yuga* story over again.

1st Soldier.

Wasn't it in the *Treta-yuga* that the monkeys set Lanka on fire?

1st Citizen.

No, no, not that one.

2nd Soldier.

Is it then Rama's killing of the monkey King that you mean?

1st Citizen.

Now you're nearer. Don't you remember how the Sudra went in for austere discipline to gain spiritual merit? Good old

Father Time was furious and could only be pacified after Rama had cut off the presumptuous Sudra's head.

3rd Soldier.

There's no fear of that now. Even the Brahmins have given up all discipline, why talk about Sudras?

1st Citizen.

Some of our Sudras, here, have taken to reading the scriptures in secret. "Are we not men?" they fling out, if they are discovered. It must be the Evil Spirit of this godless age who has gone about putting it into their heads that they're men. Father Time is wise in not letting his Car stir. If once it starts, it will grind earth, moon and sun underneath its wheels. Just fancy!—the Sudra throwing out his chest and proclaiming he's a man! What next, I wonder?

1st Soldier.

To-day the Sudra reads scripture, to-morrow the Brahmin takes to the plough, and then follows red ruin!

2nd Soldier.

Then come along, let's go over to the Sudra quarters and get busy with our arms. We'll soon show them who are the better men!

3rd Soldier.

Some one has gone and told the King that in this *Kali-Yuga* neither arms nor scriptures, but only gold pieces can act as prime movers. So the King has sent for Dhanapati, the Merchant. They've all come to believe that but for his pull the Car won't budge.

1st Soldier.

If the Car starts at the pulling of a Bania, we had better tie our weapons round our necks and go and drown ourselves!

2nd Soldier.

What's the good of getting excited? The Bania has the pull everywhere now-a-days, even Cupid's bow-string twangs to his touch.

3rd Soldier.

That's true enough. The King only shows himself in front : behind him is the Bania all the time.

1st Soldier.

Well, let the Bania remain behind. We are ranged on either side of the King, so the pæans are all sung to us.

3rd Soldier.

May be, but it's the man at the back who calls the tune.

[*Enter Minister & Dhanapati.*]

1st Soldier.

Who the deuce are these?

2nd Soldier.

The flashes jump off their diamonds, like so many crickets, right into our eyes.

3rd Soldier.

Look at those huge gold chains round their necks,—regular fetters ! Who on earth are they ?

1st Citizen.

They are Dhanapati, the Merchant's men. They have got Father Time tied up hand and foot with those gold chains of theirs. That's why his Car can't move.

1st Soldier.

(*To the retainers*) : What brings you here ?

1st Retainer.

The King has sent for our Master, Dhanapati. None of the others have been able to move the Car, so they're all hoping he'll do it.

2nd Soldier.

Who are "they all" and what business have they to be so "hoping" ?

2nd Retainer.

Doesn't everything that moves now-a-days, move under our Master's hands?

2nd Soldier.

I'll show you just now that the sword does not move in his hands, but in ours!

3rd Retainer.

And who moves your hands, eh? As if you never heard about that!

1st Soldier.

Be quiet, you unmannerly boor!

2nd Retainer.

Quiet indeed! D'you know that it's our voice which resounds to-day throughout earth, water and sky.

1st Soldier.

Your voice? When our hundred-mouthed weapon thunders—

2nd Retainer.

It's *our* behest which that thunder carries from market to market!

1st Citizen.

What's the good of quarrelling with those people? You'll never get the better of them.

1st Soldier.

What! How do you mean?

1st Citizen.

No sooner you draw your swords from their scabbards, you'll find some have eaten of their salt and others have tasted of their bribes.

1st Retainer.

We were told they had brought up the wonderful old ascetic,

who lives by the Narmada, to try his hand on the Car. Does anybody know what happened?

2nd Retainer.

I do. When they reached his cave they found him on the flat of his back, in a trance, with his legs locked in the lotus posture. They pushed and pulled him into his senses, but his legs had gone stiff, he couldn't rise to the occasion!

3rd Retainer.

Small blame to his legs, after being locked for sixty-five years! But what did he say?

2nd Retainer.

Nothing doing there, either! Lest his tongue should sin he had taken the precaution of cutting it off. He could only keep on groaning, and each one gave each groan his own meaning.

1st Retainer.

And then?

2nd Retainer.

Then they lifted him up and brought him along, but hardly had he touched the rope when the wheels began to sink into the ground!

3rd Retainer.

Ha, ha! Like his own mind he fain would drag Time's Car into the depths.

1st Retainer.

No, it must have been the burden of his sixty-five years' fasting that was too much for the wheels! Why, our legs refuse their office even after a single day of it!

3rd Citizen.

Talking of burdens, the burden of you people's pride seems heavy enough!

2nd Citizen.

That's a burden which crushes itself.

To retainers: You wait and see what a fall your Dhanapati's pride is going to have to-day.

1st Retainer.

All right, we'll see. Who furnishes Father Time's rations I should like to ask? If they're stopped, it'll be all one whether the Car halts or runs. 'Tis the full belly makes the world go round!

[Enter Minister & Dhanapati.]

Dhanapati.

Well, Sir Minister, why am I summoned?

Minister.

Whenever the Kingdom's in any kind of want, aren't you the first to be called upon to remove it?

Dhanapati.

If it's a question of supply, I'm always ready—but what about the present trouble?

Minister.

You must have heard that the Car has failed to respond to any other pull?

Dhanapati.

I have indeed; but, Sir Minister, this is a matter which has all along been in charge of—

Minister.

I know, the Priests have so far been in charge. But in the old days they used to achieve their own progress by dint of hard striving, and then they could make things progress too. Now they are all sitting tight at your door,—immoveable themselves and unable to move others.

Dhanapati.

There were also the King and his ministers and his warriors, —they all used to take their turn at the ropes. So everything went smoothly and all we had to do was to oil the wheels. This is the first time I'm asked to do any hauling.

Minister.

Look here, Master Merchant, this moving of the Car is a test for all of us. The turning of its wheels will show who really leads the world. When the Priest was leader, and then the King was leader, the Car used to bound forward at their very touch, like a lion roused from sleep. Now they don't get the least response. That only shows how pen and sword alike have become bankrupt—all command has gone over into your hands. Those are the hands that must now man the ropes.

Dhanapati.

Well, let my men try first. If they manage to get so much as a quiver out of the Car, I'll join them. But it would never do to expose myself, before all these people, to the discredit—

Minister.

Ask them to hurry up then, Master Merchant. The whole kingdom awaits you, fasting; for all refreshment is forbidden till the Car arrives at the Temple. Besides, what if you try, and don't succeed,—where's the discredit? That's no more than has befallen both Priest and King.

Dhanapati.

They are at the top, my dear Sir, while we are only at the bottom of everything. So they will be judged in one way, and we in another. If the car fails to move I'm disgraced; if it does move I may be undone, for then none will tolerate my good luck. Each one of you will then begin to think how to bring about its curtailment.

Minister.

All you say may be very true,—but what's to be done? The Car must be got to move. If you hesitate much longer, we shall have the populace up against us.

Dhanapati.

All right, let's have a try. If fortune favours and gives me success, let not that be held against me.

(*To his men*): Now, my men, let's have hearty cheers for *Siddhi*.*

Retainers.

Jai Siddhi! Jai Siddhi!

Dhanapati.

Siddhi, our Goddess!

Retainers.

Jai Siddhi, our Goddess!

Dhanapati.

Oh, I say! I can't even lift the rope, let alone pulling it. It's as heavy as the Car itself. This is no ordinary man's task.

(*To his men*): Come on, all of you; take hold, every one. Where's my Cashier? Come along, Cashier. Now once more, *Jai Siddhi*, heave ho! *Jai Siddhi*, all together! *Jai Siddhi*, pull away, my hearties!

No. It's no use. The rope gets stiffer and stiffer at every tug.

All.

Fie! Fie! Shame! Shame!

1st Soldier.

Saved! Our honour's saved!

Dhanapati.

I salute you, Father Time! You are truly on our side, for that you have kept still. Had you begun to move at our hands you would have ended by riding over our breasts, levelling us to the dust.

Cashier.

Alas, Master, our prestige, which of late was steadily in the ascendant, is grievously lowered to-day.

* Success.

Dhanapati.

Look here! We've been making headway all this time, under the shade of the moving Car, unobserved by the multitude. Now that we are right in front of it, we have become dangerously obvious—I hear the grinding of teeth here and there, only too clearly. Once it becomes too patent that we are working the Car, that will mean the end of us.

1st Soldier.

(*To Dhanapati*). In the old days this failure would have meant the loss of your head!

Dhanapati.

In other words, your hands would have found something to do;—how fallow they lie without heads to chop off!

1st Soldier.

If Father Time himself, to say nothing of the King, hadn't become your very humble servant, I'd have known how to give a fitting reply!

Dhanapati.

To tell you the truth, we were safer when our person wasn't so very sacred. This humble service only leads us to our death.

Why so downcast, Sir Minister?

Minister.

Now that we've played our last move, I'm worried to think that there's nothing left to try.

Dhanapati.

Don't be anxious. Now that you've come to the end of your devices, Father Time himself will devise his own means. After all, it's to his interest to move on—not ours. When his call rings forth, his proper steeds will come running up. Those who are behind the scenes to-day will then come to the forefront. Meanwhile let me go and put my Counting-house in order.

Come on, Cashier, let's double-lock the strong-room to begin with. There's no time to lose.

[*Exeunt Dhanapati and his retainers.—Enter Spy.*]

Spy.

Sir Minister, there's a great turmoil on at the Sudra quarters.

Minister.

What's the trouble?

Spy.

A crowd of them are marching up. "*We'll move Father Time's Car!*" say they.

All.

What! Who's going to let them touch the ropes?

Spy.

Who's going to prevent them, rather!

Soldiers.

No fear! We'll stand guard.

Spy.

How many are you after all? You may blunt your swords cutting them down, but there'll be so many left that you won't even get standing room near the car.

(*To the Minister*): You seem all of a tremble, Sir.

Minister.

It's not anything they may do to us that I dread.

Spy.

Then?

Minister.

I am afraid they'll succeed!

Soldiers.

What are you saying, Sir Minister? *They pull the Car of Time! Shall the stone float?*

Minister.

But, don't you see, if they can, it will show that a new dispensation of Providence has been ushered in? If the ground floor takes the place of the top floor, doesn't that portend a cataclysm? What's the most terrible earthquake?—only the same thing happening underground. A change of Cycle is but the coming into light of that which was hidden.

Soldiers.

What would you have us do? Command us! We fear nothing on earth.

Minister.

This love of parading fearlessness creates our most fearful problems. No barrier of swords, however desperate, will avail to check the flood of Time.

Spy.

Then what is your advice, Sir?

Minister.

The best course is not to put any obstacle in their way. Obstacles teach Power to recognise itself. And once you allow unconscious Power to know where it is, we are nowhere!

Soldiers.

Then are we to stand by and let them come?

Spy.

They're already here!

Minister.

Don't do a thing. Keep quite still.

[Enter crowd of Sudras.]

Minister.

(To their leader): Hullo, Sardar! Glad to see you all.

Sudra Leader.

We've come to drive Time's Car, Sir Minister.

Minister.

That's what you've always been doing. We were there only for form's sake. Don't I know that?

Sudra Leader.

All this time we've been offering ourselves up under the wheels of the Car, and its progress has been over our mangled bodies. This time Father Time refused to accept our sacrifice.

Minister.

So I could see. There were scores of you grovelling in the dust before the Car this morning, but the wheels had apparently lost their appetite, for they did not advance on their victims, with shrieks of joy, as usual. Their ominous silence is what dismays us.

Sudra Leader.

Father Time has not called us to-day for paving the road under the wheels, but to pull the ropes of his Car.

Priest.

Indeed! And how came you to know this, pray?

Sudra Leader.

No one knows how these things are known. From early this morning the whisper has gone round that Father Time calls us,—old and young,—man, woman and child.

A Soldier.

Calls you for your blood!

Sudra Leader.

No, for taking charge of the pulling.

Priest.

Look here, my son, just consider. Shouldn't the ropes of Time's Car be placed in charge only of those who can move the world?

Sudra Leader.

Does Your Reverence really think that it is you who move the world?

Priest.

The times are awry, I admit. But, after all's said and done, aren't we Brahmins still?

Sudra Leader.

(*To the Minister*): Then, Honorable Sir, is it you who claim to move the world?

Minister.

What is the world, but you yourselves? You move of your own motion, while we, the clever men, pretend that we are moving you. Apart from all of you, how miserably few of us remain?

Sudra Leader.

Whatever may be your number, can you remain at all, apart from us?—that's the point.

Minister.

That's so, that's so.

Sudra Leader.

You nourish your bodies on the food we produce, and maintain your status on the clothes we weave.

A Soldier.

What impertinence? Up to now they've been crying with folded hands: "O Masters, you feed and clothe us." They've got hold of a new tag this time. We really can't allow this sort of thing.

Minister.

(*To the soldiers*): Do keep quiet!

(*To the Sudra Leader*): Exactly so, Sardar, we were only waiting for you. Are we such fools as not to know that you alone are the proper steeds of Time. Go on, do your part, and then we'll get the chance of doing ours.

Sudra Leader.

Come along, brothers, set to work with a will. Whether we live or die for it, we'll get a move on this Car.

Minister.

But, my dear Sardar, be careful to stick to the road,—the highroad along which the Car has always travelled. Don't you come lumbering right on to us.

Sudra Leader.

We are only steeds, what do we know about right or wrong road? The Driver will see to that. Come along, all of you. Don't you see how the pennant over the Car top flutters? That's the signal given by Father Time himself. Come on, haul away.

Priest.

Ah, they've touched it, they've actually touched it! What desecration!

Citizens.

Oh! Oh! What abomination!

Priest.

Close your eyes, my children, close your eyes. If your gaze falls on Father Time when he bursts on them in the full blaze of his wrath, you'll be reduced to ashes.

A Soldier.

What's that?—the rumble of wheels?—or does the very sky groan in despair?

Priest.

It cannot be!

A citizen.

Yes, indeed, it seems to move.

Soldiers.

There! Dust rises! A crime, a most horrible crime! The Car moves! O sin, thrice accursed sin!

Sudras.

Victory! Victory! Victory to Father Time!

Priest.

Ah, woe is me! It has actually happened.

Soldiers.

Give us the word of command, Reverend Sir, and let us fall upon that rabble, with all our weapons, to stop their sacrilegious progress.

Priest.

I dare not. If Father Time himself doesn't mind losing caste, no command of ours will make him do penance.

Soldiers.

Then let us throw away our useless arms !

Priest.

I, too, will throw away my scriptures.

Citizens.

Let's clear out of this kingdom. What will you do, Sir Minister? Where are you off to?

Minister.

I go to join them at the ropes.

Citizens.

You ! To mingle with *them*?

Minister.

Then only will Father Time be propitiated. Isn't it clear enough that it's they who have now gained his favour? What has happened is no dream, no illusion. Our place of honour to-day is at their side—else shall we be dishonoured indeed.

Soldiers.

But still, for you to take hold of the rope contaminated by their touch—that surely was never the design of Providence. Check them we must ! We go to call out all our forces. If the Car cannot be stopped, it shall roll through a mire of blood.

Priest.

I'll go with you too. I may be of use as your counsellor.

Minister.

You'll never check them. It's your turn, I see, to go under, this time.

Soldiers.

So be it. Too long has base-born blood polluted the wheels of Father Time's Car. Let it now be cleansed with ours.

Priest.

Oh look, do look Sir Minister. The Car leaves the King's highway and runs down into the fields. The Lord knows what unfortunate village it may charge into!

Soldiers.

What are Dhanapati's men shouting over there? They seem to be calling on us for help. The Car looks like heading straight for the Counting-house. To the rescue! To the rescue!

Minister.

Save yourselves first, my good fellows, and then talk of rescuing others. I rather think it's your Armoury that the Car makes for. There'll be nothing left of it, if that be so. Look there!

Soldiers.

What's to be done?

Minister.

Man the ropes along with the pullers. That's the only way to guide the car to safety. This is no time to dilly-dally. I'm off. [Exit.]

Soldiers.

(*To one another*): What shall we do?

(*To the Priest*): Reverend Sir, what is your idea?

Priest.

What have you decided, my braves?

Soldiers.

Fight or pull?—We don't know which, confound it! Do tell us, Sir, what *you* propose.

Priest.

Rush to the ropes, or sit at the scriptures?—I'm afraid I don't know, either.

1st Soldier.

D'you feel how the earth trembles, as though it were falling to pieces?

2nd Soldier.

Look over there. It doesn't seem as if *they* are pulling,—it's the Car which pushes them on.

3rd Soldier.

The Car appears to have come to life. How it roars! Often have I been at the Car-festival, but never before have I seen the sleepy old thing so lively. That's why it's not keeping to our highway, but marks out a path of its own.

2nd Soldier.

But what of the destruction it threatens? There comes the Poet,—let's ask him what it all means.

Priest.

Nonsense! You expect Poets to understand what we don't! They can only make up their own stories,—they know nothing of what's written in the scriptures.

1st Soldier.

The scripture texts have been dead for ages, Reverend Sir, that's why your words have ceased to carry weight. These Poets speak a living language, so truth uses their song for its own medium.

[*Enter Poet.*]

2nd Soldier.

Can you tell us, Poet, why the Car-festival has turned out all topsy-turvy this time?

Poet.

Of course I can.

1st Soldier.

What means it that the Car refused to move at the pull of Priest or King?

Poet.

Both had forgotten that it's not enough to believe in Time's Car,—one must also believe in its ropes.

1st Soldier.

Your words sound as if they had a meaning, Poet, but when we try to search it out, it can't be found.

Poet.

They had faith only in movement, not in the bonds which alone make right progress possible. Therefore have these bonds turned into angry whips which threaten to flay them alive.

Priest.

Are your Sudras, then, so wise as to understand the ropes and respect their bondage?

Poet.

They are not. They'll soon forget the spirit that makes things move and pin their faith on the vehicle and themselves. You won't have to wait long. They'll next be shouting: Victory to the Plough, the Hoe, the Spinning Wheel and the Loom! Then shall their own intoxication destroy them, and upset the rest of the world as well.

Priest.

When the Car thus stops again, it will be the Poet's turn to be called in, I suppose?

Poet.

Your joke's no joke, but a fact, friend Priest. Father Time has again and again called on the Poets, but they've never been able to jostle their way up through the crowd.

Priest.

And what strength have they to do the pulling?

Poet.

Not strength of brawn, most certainly. We poets believe in Rhythm and know that to fail to stop where a stop is called for, is to be out of time. We believe, further, that only when Beauty holds the reins, does Strength go straight. *You* have faith only in Violence—the faith of the coward, of the weak, of the inert.

1st Soldier.

But you preach, Poet, while the kingdom burns.

Poet.

Age after age have kingdoms burned, and yet that which was to live has always survived.

2nd Soldier.

And what are you going to do, Poet?

Poet.

I will sing a song of Good Hope and Courage.

3rd Soldier.

What good will that do?

Poet.

It will set the time of the people's steps as they pull the Car. Pulling out of tune is the root of all the trouble in the world.

Soldiers.

And what are *we* to do?

Priest.

And what am *I* to do?

Poet.

Do nothing in a hurry, I beg you. Watch and think and work, preparing yourselves for your Call.

[CURTAIN.]

THE MAHABHARATA

By DR. M. WINTERNITZ.

There is a well-known saying that "What is not in the Mahábhárata, is not in Bháratvarsha." Nothing is truer than that. And it seems absurd to talk about the Mahábhárata in one lecture. There are so many problems connected with the great Epic of India, that only a course of many lectures would suffice to do justice to this vast subject. Yet I have chosen the Mahábhárata for this evening's lecture for the very reason that speaking about the Mahábhárata means speaking about almost the whole of Indian literature, Indian religion, Indian social life; about India in general. And if I wished to show you the difference between the Indian and the Western attitude of mind in studying things Indian, I could not do better than showing you what the Mahábhárata is to us, why we study it and how we study it.

Every Indian is justly proud of the Mahábhárata, and every Indian probably knows something of the story and the characters of the great Epic. But I venture to doubt whether many Indians know what the Mahábhárata really is and all that it contains in its hundred thousand slokas. For, as I have said, it is rather a whole literature than one single poem. It is certainly not a mere epic like Kálidása's Raghuvamśa, nor even like Válmíki's Rámáyana.

Mahábhárata is an abbreviation of *Mahábhárat-ákhyaṇa*, and means "the great story of the battle of the Bháratas." The Bháratas are mentioned already in the Rígvēda as a warlike tribe, and in the Bráhmaṇas we first meet with Bharata, the son of Duhsanta and Sakuntalá, who is considered as the ancestor of the royal family of the Bháratas. The home of these Bharatas or Bháratas was the land on the Upper Ganges and the Jumna. Among the descendants of Bharata there was a prominent ruler, named Kuru, and his descendants the Kauravas were the ruling kings of the line of the Bháratas for so long a time that the name Kuru or Kaurava became the general designation for the

Bháratas, and their country was called Kurukshetra or Kuru land already known in the Yajurveda and in the Brahmanas.

In consequence of some family quarrel in the royal dynasty of the Kauravas, there arose a great and bloody war, in which the old family of the Kauravas or Bháratas was almost entirely annihilated. Although we know of this war only from the Mahábhárata, and not from any other sources, we shall have to look upon it as most probably a historical event. The story of this battle was sung in *ballads*, and out of these ballads some great poet of name unknown created a great historic epic of the battle of Kurukshetra. This old heroic poem forms the kernel of the Mahábhárata. But this story of the great war between the Kauravas and the Pándavas forms only a small part of the Mahábhárata, as we know it.

For around this kernel a huge mass of most heterogenous literature has accumulated. We find in it numerous tales which are only loosely connected with the principal story,—the episodes of the Epic,—some of which are independent epics by themselves, as for instance the Nala episode. Which of these episodes were already part of the oldest poem, and which were added to it at some later time, it is impossible to say. All this poetry is bard-poetry, sung by the Sutas, a class nearly related to the Kshatriyas.

Besides this heroic bard-poetry, there is also a great deal of Brahmanic literature to be found in the Epic,—a great number of myths and legends, in which miraculous facts are related of the old Rishis, the priestly ancestors of the Brahmins, showing how through sacrifices and austerities they obtain power not only over men, but even over the gods. And, not only these Brahmanic myths and legends, but also a great many didactic poems relating to Brahmanic philosophy, ethics and law, were introduced into the epic.

While these parts of the epic are in some loose way connected with Vedic literature, there are other parts which contain *legends and myths, either of Vishnu or of Siva, in the style of the Puránas, and also cosmologies, as well as geographical and genealogical lists, such as occur in the Puránas.* We have,

therefore, to distinguish in the Mahābhārata both Vedic-Brahmanic and Pauranic-Brahmanic parts.

But legends relating to *Siva* are comparatively rare, and *Vaishnava legends and Vaishnava teaching* prevail in it to such an extent, that the Mahābhārata has largely the appearance of a *devotional book for the worshippers of Vishnu*.

Yet another class of religious literature is included in the Mahābhārata, which is neither Brahmanical nor Pauranic. It is closely related to Buddhist and to Jain literature, it insists on the ascetic view of life, the misery and sufferings of *samsāra*, and teaches a morality of compassion and ahimsa, quite distinct from the ethics of Brahmanism with its ideals of the great sacrificer and generous supporter of the priests. It is what I call ascetic poetry, consisting of legends, moral tales, fables, parables, and ethical maxims.

Thus we find in this most remarkable of all literary productions side by side, and intermingled, warlike heroic songs with descriptions of bloody battle scenes, pious priestly poetry with (sometimes very tedious) discussions on philosophy, religion and law, and mild ascetic poetry full of edifying wisdom and of overflowing love towards man and beast.

Therefore in India itself the Mahābhārata has always been looked upon not only as a *Kāvya*, an epic poem, but also as a *Shastra*, a manual of ethics, law and philosophy, with all the authority of a book resting on tradition (*Smṛiti*). And for at least 1,500 years the Mahābhārata has been to Indians not only an entertaining work of poetry, but at the same time a source of instruction and edification.

At least 1,500 years ago the Mahābhārata was already a work of about the same size as our present epic, with a long introduction comprising a frame story containing the history of the legendary origin of the poem and a glorification of it as a *Shastra*. It was even then divided into 18 Parvans, with Harivamsa as a *Khila* or "supplement"; composed of about 1,00,000 slokas, that is to say, it was in size a *satasāhasrī*.

• To the present day this gigantic work, in spite of all the divergent elements which have entered into it, is generally considered in India as one uniform poem, composed by the

venerable Rishi, Krishna Dvaipáyana, or Vyása, who is also credited with the arrangement of the four Vedas and the authorship of the Puránas. (This is about the same as if one were to believe that the whole of Sanskrit literature from Kalidasa to Jayadeva was composed by one man.) According to the legend he was not only a contemporary, but also a kind of grand-father of the heroes of the Mahábhárata, occasionally taking part in the action of the poem.

In the introduction to the Mahábhárata we are told that the Rishi Vyása narrated the poem both in a short summary and in a fuller and detailed version; that different reciters begin the poem at three different places; and that its size was not always the same. Ugrasravas says that he knows the poem as consisting of 8,800 slokas, while Vyása states that he had composed the Samhita of the Bharata poem in 24,000 slokas, "and without the episodes the Bhárata is recited in this length by the wise."

These statements prove that, even in India, in spite of the pious belief in the authorship of Vyása for the whole poem, some recollection was yet retained of the fact that the Mahábhárata had gradually grown from an originally smaller poem to its present size. Of this fact there can be not the least doubt that our Mahábhárata, as we have it now before us, is a very different work from the original epic poem of the battle of the Bháratas. But if you ask me whether it is possible to point out exactly what belongs to the original poem, and what has been added to it at some later time, I could not give you a very encouraging answer.

I do not think that it will ever be possible to reconstruct the epic in its very oldest and original form, when it might have been a poem of 24,000, or even only 8,800 slokas. But what we can try to do, is : (1) To find out those additions to and corruptions of the text which are of comparatively modern growth, and are due to the carelessness or arbitrariness of scribes and copyists; and (2) to apply the rules of historical and literary criticism to the story itself, to the episodes, and to the didactic parts of our text, in order to find out contradictions between different parts of the poem, or to trace earlier and later parts according to our knowledge of the history of religious ideas and social institutions

in India. But the basis for such higher criticism and for any attempts at the reconstruction of the old poem must be a *critical edition of the text of the Mahábhárata*, which as yet does not exist.

The editions on which all Mahábhárata research has been based up to now, are those published in Calcutta 1834-39, and in Bombay (with Nilkantha's commentary) 1862. These give the text as found in one class of Mss. But we know now that Mss. of the Mahábhárata from different parts of India differ very much. And by a comparison of these Mss. it will be possible to purge the text at least from all those interpolations and bad readings which crept into it in the course of the last few centuries. Such a critical edition is now in the course of preparation at the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute in Poona, and I hope our Visva-bhárati also will have a good share in the completion of this highly important work, without which all critical study of the great epic remains imperfect.

In the *Prasasti* at the beginning of the Mahábhárata, it is said that this poem is the best of all *itihásas*. He who has once heard *this* story, will no longer like any other kind of tale, just as he who has heard the song of the Kokila, does not care for the coarse voice of the crow!" It is also praised as the best manual of *Dharma*, *Artha* and *Moksha*. And the *Prasasti* concludes by saying that the Muni Krishna Dwaipáyana had composed this wonderful story of the Mahábhárata within three years. "What with regard to Dharma, Artha, Káma and Moksha is found in this book, does not exist elsewhere; what is not found in it, does not exist in this world!"

The critical historian of Indian literature will not join in this praise of the Mahábhárata. He will not see in it *as a whole*, a work of art at all, but a literary monstrosity. The Mahábhárata, as we have it now, is a vast compilation of the most heterogenous matter, a very jungle of poetry and of learning in which the most beautiful flowers of poetry grow side by side with weeds of no beauty at all; and the profoundest wisdom is found by the side of the silliest rubbish.

But for the very reason that the Mahábhárata represents rather a whole literature than one single work of poetry, it is

perhaps the most important work of Indian literature from a historical point of view; for, more than any other work, it affords us an insight into the inmost soul of the Indian people.

No one can understand the classical Sanskrit literature without the Mahábhárata, for it is perfectly true, what the *Prasashli* says, that the thoughts of the poets spring from this most excellent of all narratives (*itihása*), "as the three worlds arise out of the five elements." Moreover, also for the historian of philosophy, of religion, of social institutions and of Indian culture in general, the Mahábhárata is an inexhaustible source of information.

Ever since I have come to India, I have been asked over and over again, how I came to be interested in Indian studies. There is really nothing strange in this. If I tell you why I am interested in the Mahábhárata, I am telling you, why I am interested in the study of Indian literature and culture. I have always found that there is no more interesting study than the study of man. But no history of human thought, no history of religion, can ever be complete without the history of Indian religious and philosophical thought. And if the Veda gives us the most valuable information about the earliest stages in the development of Indian thought, the Mahábhárata is a very mine of information for almost all the later stages in this development.

In the philosophical portions of the epic, we find the beginnings of the Bhágavata religion in the Bhagavadgítá, and the ideas of Sámkhya and Yoga interwoven with Vedánta doctrines. In the Anugítá, and in many of the legends belonging to the class of ascetic poetry, we find doctrines which are hardly different from those of Buddhism and Jainism.

In the legends of Vasishtha and Viswámitra we find distinct traces of a struggle for supremacy between Kshatriyas and Bráhmans. The roots of these legends reach back into Vedic times, and they are likewise found, in different versions, in the Rámáyana and the Puránas. But there are also numerous tales and stories in the Mahábhárata which were invented merely with the purpose of glorifying the Bráhmans or inculcating some Brahmanical law or doctrine. We have for instance tales of disciples who go the utmost extreme in obedience towards their

teacher, like that of Uddálaka Aruni who is ordered by his teacher to block a leaking dam, and does this, when no other way presents itself to him, with his own body. Then the story is told of a king who, as a punishment for giving away a Brahman's cow to somebody else, is changed into a lizard.

Quite a number of such stories are told in order to show that there is no greater merit than that of giving cows to the Brahmans. In order to prove that it is very meritorious to give sun-shades and shoes to Brahmans, it is related how Yamadagni was once angry with the sun and was just about to shoot him down from the sky, when the sun-god pacified him just in time, by presenting to him a sun-shade and a pair of shoes. The Dána-parvan is full of such legends which are as tendencious as they are silly and childish.

If we wish to understand the true position which the Mahábhárata holds in the history of Indian literature, it is absolutely necessary not only to point out what is grand and beautiful in it, but also those passages which are neither of literary nor of moral value.

The stories to which I have just referred occur mostly in the didactic portions of the Mahábhárata, especially in the Anusásana-parvan, which is certainly one of the latest additions to the epic, later still than the Sánti-parvan, which cannot have belonged to the original epic either.

But you will ask, how do we know what is part of the old epic and what is not? As an answer to this question I can only ask you to consider one or two examples.

One of the most important incidents in the main story of the epic is *the marriage of Draupadī to the five Pándava brothers*. Here there can be no doubt that the story as related in the Mahábhárata in its present form is so full of inconsistencies that it cannot possibly have been told in this form in the original epic.

In *adhyáya* 169 of the Adi-parvan, Vyása meets the Pándavas and relates to them a story, how a certain Rishi once had a daughter who could not obtain a husband. She prayed to Siva, repeating several times her desire to obtain a virtuous husband. And Siva said: "Thou shalt have five husbands."

The maiden very naturally replies that she only wants one husband. But the god says: "Five times didst thou say 'give me a husband'. Therefore thou shalt have five husbands in a future birth." This maiden was afterwards born as Kishná, the daughter of the Páñchála king, Drupada, and Vyása concludes his story by telling the Pándavas that Kishná was destined to be their wife, and that they should set out for the capital of Páñchála, in order to fulfil such destiny and be happy.

Accordingly the brothers are said to have started for Páñchála, in order to be present at Draupadí's *Svayamvara*. Yet afterwards the story goes on to tell us how the Páñchálas meet Bráhmans who tell them what a grand festival is to be held at the court of Drupada on the occasion of his daughter's *Svayamvara*. They invite the Pándavas to join them, suggesting that by some chance one of them might be lucky enough to win Draupadi, and Yudhishtira decides that they should all go together to the *Svayamvara*. This story has no meaning, unless we assume that the Pándavas knew nothing about the *Svayamvara*, until they received the first intimation of it from these Bráhmans.

Then follows the story of the *Svayamvara* itself in which, Arjuna wins the beautiful Kishná, after having drawn the bow of king Drupada and hit the target set up. The other kings are angry with King Drupada who is about to give his daughter to Arjuna. A fight ensues in which the Pándavas, who come to Drupada's assistance, remain victors. Thereupon the five brothers take Kishná with them and return to the potter's house in which they were staying (in the disguise of Bráhmans) with their mother Kuntí.

When entering the house they facetiously inform the mother about the wonderful "alms" they have collected. Kuntí thinks that they have returned from their usual begging expedition and without looking up, replies with her usual phrase: "Enjoy it all together." When she afterwards sees what kind of "alms" it is, she is much embarrassed, and asks Yudhishtira what can be done in this dilemma, so that her word might not turn out untrue, and yet Draupadi commit no sin. Yudhishtira, however, without answering his mother's question, addresses Arjuna, saying: "Thou hast won Draupadi in the

Svayamvara, therefore thou alone shalt wed her." Upon this Arjuna replies: "Surely it is not meet that I should commit such a sinful act. That is not the law. Thou shalt wed her first, then Bhíma, then myself, then Nakula, and then Sahadeva." Now the brothers look on Draupadí and, seeing how beautiful she is, they all fall in love with her. Faced with this crisis, Yudhishtira suddenly remembers the story of Vyása and says: "Beautiful Draupadí shall be the wife of us all." And so the matter is settled without any reference to the words which escaped Kuntí. Arjuna simply takes it for granted that, according to law, Draupadí should be the wife of all the five brothers, and Yudhishtira agrees to it, in order to prevent disunion among the brothers, and because he remembers Vyása's tale.

But the question regarding the lawfulness of Draupadí's marriage is raised again later on, when King Drupada asks that the wedding of his daughter with Arjuna be celebrated, and Yudhishtira says: "I shall also have to marry her." Drupada does not seem to understand Yudhishtira's meaning, for he replies: "If it be your pleasure you yourself may marry my daughter, or you may give her in marriage to whomsoever (of your brothers) you think fit." But Yudhishtira persists:

Drupada does not seem to understand Yudhishtira's meaning, for he replies: "If it be your pleasure you yourself may marry my daughter, or you may give her in marriage to whomsoever (of your brothers) you think fit."

But Yudhishtira persists: "Draupadí shall be the wife of us all. Thus, O King, it has been ordained by my mother previously. Both I, myself, and Bhímasena are still unmarried, and this treasure, thy daughter, hath been won by Arjuna. But it is our custom, O King, that we enjoy every treasure together; and we do not wish to break this rule. Krishná shall become the lawful wife of us all; she shall take the hand of every one of us, in turn, before the fire."

Drupada thereupon exclaims: "It has been ordained that one man should have many wives, but who has ever heard that one woman should have many husbands? Thou who art pure and versed in the law should not commit an unlawful act opposed

both to the Vedas and to worldly usage. How is it that thou hast formed such a resolution?"

Yudhisthira replies by pointing out that this is an old established law (*esa dharmo dhruvah*) and that the king should have no misgivings. Drupada is still not satisfied and proposes that the knotty point of the lawfulness of the polyandric marriage should be deliberated and finally settled by a committee consisting of Yudhisthira, Kunti and his son Dhrishtadyumna.

While these three are arguing the point in the presence of the King, Vyasa appears, and after some discussion he declares that Yudhisthira is right, that there is such an "eternal Law" (*sanātano dharmah*), according to which Draupadī must be the wife of the five brothers. Then he takes King Drupada aside and relates to him privately a most confused story—the Panchendropākhyāna—to the effect that Indra had once offended the God Siva, and as a punishment had to be reborn on earth in five parts, and to be wedded to an incarnation of Lakshmi. The five Pandavas, he then went on to explain, were the incarnations of five particles of Indra and Draupadī was an incarnation of Lakshmi; therefore Draupadī in marrying the five Pándavas, would have really only one husband. Not content with his story, Vyása even grants King Drupada the boon of spiritual sight, which enables him to see the five Pándavas and Draupadī in their heavenly forms. Finally Vyása repeats again the story of the maiden who said five times: "Give me a husband".

This Panchendropākhyāna, as it is told here, is utterly inconsistent and confused. It occurs in a much better version in the Márkandeya-Purāna. The other story too is found in a Purāna, the Brahmavaivarta-Purāna. But in the latter the girl actually says five times, *patim dehi*, while in the Mahābhārata she only says: *patim sarvagunopetam icchāmi*.

In my opinion there cannot be any doubt that all the different stories which are meant to justify the polyandric marriage of Draupadī, are later Pauranic legends which came to be interpolated in the Mahābhārata, and that the original epic simply related the story of the marriage without making any excuse for it. It is true that polyandric marriage, though it occurs in some

parts of India even to-day, never was a general Indian custom, and certainly not acknowledged by Brahmanical law. But it seems that this marriage of Draupadī with the five brothers was such an essential element in the old epic tale that no one ever thought of changing it, and the later revisers only endeavoured to justify it.

Three different stories were invented to find an excuse for this extraordinary marriage. *But no attempt was made to connect these stories properly with another or with the main story.* On the other hand, we find repeatedly the emphatic statement that this is an old established custom, *dharmo dhruvah* or *sanātano dharmah*.

This probably means, if anything, that polyandry was an old established custom in the family of the Pándavas,—at best a tribal, not a general custom. In Buddhist and Jaina versions of the Draupadī *Swayamvara*, Draupadī is said to have chosen not Arjuna, but all the five Pándava brothers at once.

I can only give one other example, which is however of great importance: this is the account of the *death of Bhíshma*.

Bhíshma is one of the most pathetic figures in the whole of the Mahábhárata. Nearly related both to the Kauravas and the Pándavas, he lives at Duryodhana's court and therefore feels in duty bound to fight against the Pándavas, whom he nevertheless loves as well as he does the sons of Dhritaráshtra. During the first ten days of the battle he leads the army of the Kauravas. Whenever the Kauravas are in danger of being defeated, Duryodhana reproaches Bhíshma with partiality towards the Pándavas, and tauntingly asks him to conquer the enemy or to resign the command to Karna.

It is the eighth day of battle. Bhíshma, greatly hurt, promises to fight on the following day without showing any mercy to anyone except Sikhandin, for Sikhandin had been originally born a woman, and had only become a man by changing his sex with a Yaksha. On the ninth day of battle a terrible fight ensues, Bhíshma raging in the field like the god of Death himself, and with heavy losses the Pándavas are repelled at sunset. During the night the Pándavas hold counsel what to do. And strangely enough they decide to go in the middle of night into

the enemy's camp and ask Bhíshma himself what would be the best way of killing him. Bhíshma is complaisant enough to advise them that they should send Sikhandin to fight against him, but that Arjuna should screen himself behind Sikhandin and shoot at him.

This absurd story is told at the beginning of the *adhyáya* (VI, 107). But, in the middle of the *adhyáya*, Arjuna shrinks from killing his grand-father Bhíshma, remembering the days when as a child he sat on his knees. And, still in the same *adhyáya*, it is Arjuna himself who encouraged by Krishna proposes to kill Bhíshma by hiding himself behind Sikhandin. In making this proposal he does not mention a word about Bhíshma himself having given the advice to act in this treacherous manner.

Then follows the description of the fighting on the tenth day of battle. It is a bloody fight. Many thousands of warriors sink to the dust on both sides. Sikhandin, with Arjuna behind him, advances to fight against Bhíshma, and although Bhíshma tells him that he will not fight against him as being a woman, he continues to attack him. Both Arjuna and Bhíshma accomplish wonderful feats of bravery.

All of a sudden the story is brought in (VI, 115) of how Bhíshma is weary of life and addresses Yudhishtira with a request to conquer him, whereupon Yudhishtira with cheap bravery calls up his men to fight the mighty hero. The battle continues. Finally Arjuna standing behind Sikhandin, shoots arrow upon arrow against Bhíshma. Turning to Duhśāsana, Bhíshma says: "These arrows which like messengers of Yama threaten to take my life, these arrows which like angry poisonous snakes rush into my limbs,—these are not Sikhandin's arrows, they are the arrows of Arjuna." Once more he rises and sends an arrow against Arjuna, who however catches it up and breaks it in three pieces.

Here again the story is repeated that Bhíshma has resolved to die, and that Vasus and Rishis come down from heaven, to congratulate him on his resolution. Arjuna succeeds in smashing Bhíshma's shield, and now the Pándavas rush against the unarmed warrior who at last just before sunset, sinks to the

ground, bleeding from wounds without number, and with so many arrows sticking in his body that he does not touch the ground in his fall, but rests on a bed of arrows.

It was the *dakshináyana* (the southern course of the sun, the half-year before the winter solstice) when Bhíshma thus fell. But a heavenly voice urged him to postpone his death (he had the gift of dying at will) to the *uttaráyana* (the half-year before the summer solstice, when the sun is in the northern course). For according to the Upanishads the soul has to pass the *uttaráyana* when going up to the world of Brahman. Hence a *yogin* should die in the *uttaráyana*. As Bhíshma thus resolved to die in the *uttaráyana*, he was able to give to Yudhisthira all those instructions on philosophy and law which are contained in the Sánti and Anusásana Parvans of the Mahábhárata.

It seems to me that there can be little doubt that in the old heroic poem the advice to kill Bhíshma by placing Arjuna behind Sikhandin was given by Krishna and not by Bhíshma himself; that the old poem did not contain the story of Bhíshma being weary of life and of his asking Yudhisthira to be good enough to see to his being slain, and that in the old poem Bhíshma, after his fall, lived only long enough to address some words of admonishment to Duryodhana and Karna.

It must, however, be stated that Sankara, the philosopher (8th century A.D.), knew already the story of Bhíshma choosing the *uttaráyana* for his death, as it is told in our Mahábhárata. So these additions and changes were not made in modern times, but probably already in the first centuries A.D.

Nevertheless there is so much beauty left in the Bhíshma-vadhaparvan, even as we have it now, that it would not be difficult to cull from it a much shorter, but a much more beautiful account of the death of Bhíshma that would probably be nearer to the old poem than that found in our present text of the Mahábhárata.

Thus I could show you in numerous cases how the present Mahábhárata is full of contradictions and inconsistencies. Above all, there is one very striking contradiction running through the whole main story as told in our epic. If you read the Mahábhárata, as we have it, you will find that the sympathies

of the poet are more on the side of the *Pándavas* than on that of the *Kauravas*. Yudhisthira and his brothers are always described not only as extremely brave, but also as noble and good, while the *Kauravas* are represented as being false and wicked. And yet, in the actual story itself, it is the *Kauravas* who fight honestly, while the *Pándavas* gain the victory only by treachery and dishonest fighting.

First I remind you of the death of the noble hero Bhíshma who falls a victim to the trick of Arjuna hiding himself behind Sikhandin. Then think of the abominable way in which the venerable teacher Drona is killed. At the instigation of Krishna, Bhímasena kills an elephant called Asvathaman, and then tells Drona that Asvathaman (this is also the name of Drona's son) has been killed. Drona does not believe it, but when Yudhisthira ever famous for his truthfulness, repeats the news, Drona is convinced, and in his grief throws away his arms, whereupon he is killed by Dhristadyumna. Karna, too, is killed against the canons of lawful war fare, while he is unable to fight on account of an accident that happened to his chariot. And again Duryodhana is slain by Bhíma against all rules of honest fighting. And strange to say, it is Krishna who advises the *Pándavas* to commit all these treacherous and dishonest acts. And yet this is the same Krishna who, in many parts of the *Mahábhárata*, in the *Harivamsa*, and above all in the *Bhagavadgítá*, is praised and glorified as an incarnation of Vishnu and as the very ideal of virtuousness.

How are all these strange contradictions to be explained? I have suggested, though only conjecturally, the following explanation :

In our *Mahábhárata*, the nucleus of the epic, the description of the great war, is placed in the mouth of Sanjaya, the charioteer of Dhritarashtra, that is, in the mouth of a bard (?) of the *Kauravas*. In these battle-scenes the *Kauravas* appear in the most favourable light. The whole *Mahábhárata*, on the other hand, is recited by Vaisampáyana at Janamejaya's snake-sacrifice. This Janamejaya, however, is a descendant of the *Pándava* Arjuna, which agrees well with the fact that in the *Mahábhárata* as a whole, the *Pándavas* are preferred to the *Kauravas*. I therefore suggested that the original heroic songs

on the great battle were sung by bards who were connected either with Duryodhana himself, or with the house of Kauravas; but that, in the course of time, as the rule of the victorious Pándavas was more and more firmly established, these songs were transmitted to bards who were in the employment of the new ruling dynasty. In the mouths of the latter bards, those alterations came to be made, which cause the Pándavas to appear in a favourable, and the Kauravas in an unfavourable light, though the original tendency of the songs could never be completely effaced.

As regards Krishna, the tribe of the Yádavas to which he belongs, is described in several places of the epic as a cow-herd tribe of rough manners, and he himself is repeatedly scorned by hostile heroes as "cow-herd" or "slave". In the original heroic poem he was probably only a prominent leader of that cow-herd tribe, with nothing divine about him. It seems, that the Krishna of the epic and the Krishna of the legend were different personages, who later got merged into one.

From what I said, it seems clear that even the kernel of the epic Mahábhárata is no longer the work of one poet. Now we find that around this kernel an enormous mass of the most miscellaneous poetry and didactic matter has accumulated, and that even whole heroic poems (epics within the epic), extensive philosophical texts, regular law-books, and a complete Purána,—the Harivamsa—have been included in the Mahábhárata. He who would believe that all this, the Mahábhárata as we have it now, is the work of one single author, would have to assume that this author was *at one and the same time* a great poet and a wretched scribbler, a sage and an idiot, a genius and a pedant.

Also with regard to language and style and metre, our Mahábhárata is far from uniformity. Only quite in general can we speak of an "epic" Sanskrit. In reality the language of the epic is in some parts more archaic than in others.

Thus everything indicates that the Mahábhárata consists of earlier and later parts, belonging to different centuries. But what does *early* or *late* mean? What is really the time of the literature contained in the Mahábhárata? Only within very wide limits is it possible to give an answer to these questions.

We know from literary and epigraphical evidence that the Mahábhárata, already in the 5th century, contained such late insertions as the Anusásana-parvan and the Harivamsa; that it was at that time already considered a religious text-book, (*Smṛiti*) and that a hundred years later Mss. of the Mahábhárata had already reached further India (Cambodia). From this it follows that in the 4th century A.D., it must already have received that form in which we find it to-day.

On the other hand, there is no mention of the Mahábhárata, or of a war between the Kauravas and Pándavas, in any Vedic work. Although Kurukshetra, and such names as Janamejaya, Bharata, Paríkshít, occur and Kurus and Páñchálas are mentioned, there is nowhere in the Veda any mention of Pándu or the Pándavas, nor of Duryodhana, Krishna or Bhísma. It is only in the Vedánga literature, in the Sútras of Asvaláyana, Sankhá-yana and Panini that we find some mention of the Mahábhárata.

Some of the myths, legends, and poems, which are now included in the Mahábhárata, may go back to the times of the Vedas. And many moral tales and maxims, found in the Mahábhárata, belong to that ascetic poetry, which is contemporaneous with, or even older than, Buddhist or Jaina text. But the Mahábhárata cannot have received its present size and form before the origin and spread of Buddhism, as allusions to Buddhism occur in our Mahábhárata; nor before Alexander's invasion, as the Yavanas or Greeks are often mentioned.

From all this it follows that the Mahábhárata, in its present form, cannot be older than the 4th century B.C., nor later than the 4th century A.D.

No fixed date can be given for the Mahábhárata as a whole. The age of every portion of it will have to be determined by itself. Such expressions, which everybody is tempted to use, as "this or that occurs already in the Mahábhárata" have really no meaning at all, as everything depends whether "this or that" occurs in an *older* or in a *later* part of the epic; or it may even be in a verse or an *adhyáya* that is not found in the best Mss. at all. In the time between the 4th century B.C. and the 4th century A.D., the epic gradually developed into the great encyclopædia of miscellaneous literature in 1,00,000 *slokas*, the *Satasahasri*

Samhitá. In the last recast the Brahmans must have had the greatest share, hence the prominence of Brahmanical and Vaishnava teaching in our present Mahábhárata.

You can see from all this *that the critical study of the Mahábhárata is only in its beginnings*. Above all, the very foundation of it, a critical restoration of the text on the basis of all the Mss. available from different parts of India, is still wanted. This work was to be accomplished by Western scholars under the auspices of the International Academies of Europe. It has now, as already mentioned, been undertaken by the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, at Poona. In the library of the Visvabhárati, at Santiniketan, there is now a good collection of Mahábhárata Mss., and the work which I have inaugurated in Visvabhárati, in connection with the critical edition, will, I hope, be continued there under the supervision of the learned Principal, Pandit Vidhusekhara Bhattacharya.

There is, however, also some hope, that Western scholars, too will join the scholars of India, and that by the co-operation of East and West the great task will be accomplished.

Not only for the critical edition of the text, but also for the whole critical study of the Mahábhárata, will the co-operation of Eastern and Western scholars be wanted. And, as I said at the beginning of my lecture, the study of the Mahábhárata means the study of the history, the literature, religion and philosophy, the laws and customs, and the civilisation of ancient India. But no fruitful study of ancient India is possible without the co-operation of East and West.

Whatever we may think of the great ideal of Visvabhárati—the co-operation of East and West for the benefit of both, and for the future welfare of mankind,—of this there can be no doubt that the study of Indology can only be carried on profitably by the combined labours of Indian and Western scholars. In helping on this collaboration, Visvabhárati is rendering valuable service to the progress of Indological studies.

And therefore I fervently hope and wish, that Visvabhárati, this wonderful creation of a Poet's idealism, may prosper and always remain a blessing to India and a blessing to mankind.

THE FREEDOM OF NEGLECT

(From the Bengali of Rabindranath.)

When thou beside thee made me stand,
 and held my hand,
And with thy loving made me blest,
 My fear was lest
Needlessly I should lose thy love by e'en a jot;
 Lest I, with wilful feet should stray
 Wayward, leaving thy trodden way,
 Where thou hadst wandered not,
 Lest thoughtlessly should I
Tread where the thorns of thy displeasure lie.

But freedom, freedom wild and sheer
To-day hath rung out hard and clear
In bitter knocks of cold neglect and drear,
In far-flung infamy austere.
O smiling holiday, of all my days the crown,
 When I have lost renown,
And bonds have slipp'd away from me,
 When all I meet
 I greet
With simple fellowship and free.

For me, once more, all space and meadow, grove and hill
Have sent their call insistent, shrill,—
Who'll stop or make me wait,
Me, who is past dishonour's gate?
Out of my home the air seduceth me
And makes me drunk with liberty,
And with the meteor shooting through the deep
Of midnight gloom,
Allured by death I dash and leap
Toward my doom.

I am the lowering storm-cloud from its moorings riven,
By tempests driven;
It has flung the red sun's golden crown beyond the west,
And swung the lightning's necklace on its breast.
On roads of liberty, thy cold neglectful gift,
Alone and swift
Speed onward e'er it must
All dusty with thy footprints' dust.

When it hath left its nest of gloom,
The mother's womb,
The child her face doth see.
When thine affection wraps me round,
Within its folds I lie enwound,
And know not thee.
When me the knocks of pain do rend
From thine enfolding love, and send
Away from thee,
In wakefulness my dreamy trance doth end,—
Thy face I see!

Translated by
KHITISH CH. SEN.

LOVE AND ETHICS

The modern sex problem consists in finding the proper equilibrium between, on the one hand, the requirements for the improvement of the species and, on the other hand, the increased demands of the individual to be happy in love; whereas formerly the conflict was only between society's demands for fixed marriage forms and the individual's demands to satisfy his sex life in any form.

All other problems of life must be regarded from this one point of view: the elevation of the species. Are the children of the millionaire as a rule strong, beautiful, and healthy? If not, then the mad chase after wealth must be condemned, not only as an indirect but as a direct hindrance to the improvement of the race. If some men or women are fit for love, but not for a single lifelong love, then the one-love idealist has no more right to impose his standard of love on them than they have to impose their standard on him.

Even our young "free-thinkers" do not regard the sex question with a free, open mind. They seem to think there are only two possibilities: either to be a slave to desire, or a slave to duty. And the rest "plead for chains and pray for barriers."

Do they not know that life is not a hard and fast fact, but a growth with undivined possibilities? Have they no glimmering that life often holds in store unexpected destinies, marvellous experiences, blossoms of our own being and other beings that we shall never foresee? Do they not feel that the beauty of life is its very incalculableness?

If we only perceived this, we should never demand a fixed ideal, no matter how lofty. Idealism, we should then perceive, may signify only one thing—that each person values his ideal so highly that he is willing to live and die for it, even though to others it may seem unimportant, foolish, or even shameful.

Nations may exist by virtue of their ignoble qualities as well as their noble qualities. The species can be elevated only by eradicating inherited savage and animal traits.

—ELLEN KEY.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE GENESIS OF THE BENGALI

By PANCHCOWRIE BANERJEE.

[In the late Panchcowrie Banerjee we have a lamentable instance of a big soul falling a victim to adverse circumstances. With the imagination and attainments of a true scholar, the gift of expression and sense of humour of a finished *litterateur*, he was reduced by an unkind fate to the position of a hack writer, condemned to pander to the tastes of the vulgar; and much of the venom which used to disfigure his journalistic writings has to be interpreted as the despairing cry of one who felt himself hopelessly fallen from his high estate.

Shortly before his recent death, we had the good fortune to secure his permission to publish in English his suggestive series of notes on the special features of the Bengali race; one of which we have now the melancholy pleasure of offering as our tribute to his departed spirit.—*Ed.*]

The port of Tamralipti, or Tamoluk (Tamluk as it is now called), played an important part in the making of the Bengali race. For, long before the time to which modern history can reach back, Tamluk had become well-known as the Indian port of communication with the further East, to which came vessels from as far as Japan and China and from which all East-bound travellers embarked.

Even now, to the traveller through Burma, Siam, Cochin China, Anam and Cambodia and to the islands of Bali, Sumatra and Java, it becomes abundantly clear, from the relics yet to be seen, that in the old days there was an intimate connexion between these places and India; that many settlers from India had colonised there; that many of their people, both men and women, used to journey to India. And Tamluk, as the portal through which this stream of human traffic found its way, became also the haven which offered these travellers its hospitality.

Thus, thanks to Tamluk, its eastern gate, Bengal came to be the rest-house for those who arrived in India by sea from the East, in the pursuit of commerce, or learning, or religion. This traffic reached its height in the Buddhist age, in which Tamluk

attained its fame as one of the most important ports of India, giving to Bengal the first taste of the wealth of new information, ideas and culture, which thus reached its shores and which, having enjoyed and assimilated, it passed on to the rest of the country. And so this port impressed on the people of this province their most remarkable feature,—a feature which still persists to-day, albeit often hidden away in the recesses of their being.

In the Buddhist age, class and caste distinctions were not strongly marked, having been levelled down and merged into its general amorphousness by the same process as that which has operated in Islam, namely that of promiscuous blood mixture. This process of racial intermingling found the fullest scope in Magadha and Bengal. I give here, mostly from memory, some interesting instances, which I have come across in my reading of old Bengali Literature, in the hope that more serious students may be induced to take up a critical study of this most fascinating subject.

The Vāsishthya System of Shaiva Marriage.

Vasishtha was the name of a Tantric devotee of Bengal. He became the leader of the Vajrayāna school of Buddhism. According to the canons laid down by him, full-fledged Indian Tantric Buddhists could, at pleasure, contract blood alliances with the further-Eastern peoples, taking to themselves, as *shaktis*, maidens belonging to the Chinese, Bhutanese or Ahamese races, under the Shaiva form of marriage, provided that such maidens were first of all admitted into the sect, and provided also that they possessed certain specified qualities.

This *Shaiva* form of marriage appears to have largely prevailed in Bengal during some fifteen hundred years before the British conquest. Rammohan Roy's was a *Shaiva* marriage. And, up to the time of Maharaja Krishna Chandra, of Nadia, it was the general practice of the Tantric Brahmins to have, as one of their wives, a *shakti*, married according to the *Shaiva* canons, who was usually, a non-Hindu girl—Burmese, Arracanese, Manipuri, Bhutanese, Ahamese, or Namasudra. The off-spring of such marriages were not only recognised by the

Hindu community, but they were not looked down upon in any way, being freely given and taken in marriage.

Such intermingling of blood appears to have gone on in Bengal from time immemorial and, owing to the influence of Tamluk, mostly with Mongolian races.

Contemporaneous with Śrījñāna Dīpānkar, there was a Tantric devotee known as Guru Dumbo. He had a hundred and eight *shaktis*, who used to live in the manner of Tantric *Bhairavis*. He was the founder of the Tantric sect of *Kāpālī* Brahmins. I am now told by a Pandit friend, who is versed in Tibetan lore, that translations of old Bengali records have been recently discovered from which it appears that this Dumbo was none other than the Tibetan Dum Pa!

Upto the time of the British domination, it was a general custom amongst Bengali Pandits to journey forth into Bhutan, Tibet and China, and for Pandits of those countries to come and live in Bengal. Even up to the days of Śrīkrishna Tarkālankār and Shankara Tarkavāgish, this kind of foreign travel was usual. Rammohan Roy, too, as we all know, went over into Bhutan and Tibet. Such travel, in those days, did not involve any loss of caste, or social censure. Rammohan was not persecuted because of his travels. Nor did Maharaja Nandakumar suffer ostracism in spite of his having a Pathan woman as *shakti*.

The fact of the matter is, that in the social system of Buddhism, Woman was given a very low place. She was looked upon as a creation of Māra (the Tempter) and despised accordingly. Consequently, under the Buddhist regime, the marriage system was extremely lax. The same is the case in most Mongolian countries, even to-day. The Vajrayāna Buddhists of Bengal sought to rescue their society from this plight, and devised the *Shaiva* system in order to give greater stability to the prevailing looseness of sexual connection, by introducing a form of marriage tie, which however, put no obstacle in the way of the free intermingling of blood. Such far-sighted solution of a grave social problem fills one with wonder in these days of unthinking rigidity.

And so we see, even to-day,—in the ceremonials of our women, in our rules of social conduct, in our special forms of

worship, in the matter and manner of our religious discourses and readings,—that our traditions and festivities are permeated through and through with Buddhist ideas. In fact, an analytical comparison of the pure Vedic form of rites and ceremonials with ours will show that Bengal is two-thirds Buddhist still.

This greater influence of Buddhism in Bengal led to a larger racial synthesis amongst its people, in whose veins there came to flow a blend of the blood of all the East. Thus has Bengal come to be the land of creative unity, where also first took shape the modern union of eastern and western cultures, in which, however, that of the East remains the dominant feature.

Guru-worship the sign of Buddhist influence.

In Nepal we still have Hinduism and Buddhism living side by side. The Hindus are called *De'bhaju*, Deva worshippers; and the Buddhists *Gu'bhaju*, Guru worshippers. The worship of the Guru is not to be found in the Vedas, at least not in the Buddhist way. The initiator into the Vedic *Gáyatri* mantram was an *áchárya* (preceptor), not a *Guru* (Master).

In the cult of the Guru, as introduced by the Buddhists, the Master, or Leader on the path of Truth, was a veritable divinity with a place higher even than the tutelary deity of the Hindus, who was after all a symbol created by the worshipper himself. The Guru, for the Buddhist, was the very acme of creation; his word was law, his behest above all canons of good and bad,—he was holiness itself. Not so the guru of the Vedas who was only a teacher, more or less like the modern school-master.

Whenever, therefore, we come across a sect of Hindus, holding the Guru as a living god on earth, above all distinctions of class or caste, we may be pretty sure that it has a Buddhist origin, whether visible or hidden beneath the surface. In Bengal, at one time, the cult of the Guru was greatly predominant,—it is so still. For in all the Bengal sects, whether *Shákta* or *Vaishnava*, the place of the Guru is very high indeed. No demand is accounted too extravagant for him to make. He is held above all social considerations or traditional rules.

As a matter of fact, caste has never stood in the way of the

Guru in Bengal. We have had not only Brahmin, Vaidya and Kayastha Gurus, but they have risen from among the leading spirits of such sects as the *Kartábhajás*, the *Kishoríbhajás*, the *Sahajás*, and of the wandering mendicant sects, all of whom enlist recruits from every caste, and amongst whom it is even forbidden to inquire into the caste of a Guru. Moreover, there was Balarám Hádi* of Meherpur, who never made any secret of his birth and yet counted all castes, including Brahmins, amongst his disciples. These followers of his were never outcasted and their descendants are still accepted in Hindu Society.

This resulted, in Bengal, in special reverence being paid to all teachers,—whether of religion, magical rites, or arts and crafts. Every kind of teacher had to be ceremonially appointed and thereafter was regarded as divine.

Our forefathers, for instance, used to learn the art of quarter-staff or single-stick play from experts belonging to the Nama-sudra, Poda, Bagdi or Aguri castes. Brahmins though they were, they had to put their sacred-thread out of the way before entering the arena, where they had first to salute their master by placing their weapons at his feet and bending to touch his knees, and then begin their exercises with his permission, after uttering the words *Jai Guru!* No Brahmin ever felt this to be derogatory, or was thought any the less of on this account by his fellow caste-men.

Even the school teachers were not always Brahmins,—Kayastha teachers being, rather, the more numerous. In Chandernagore there was a Bágdi schoolmaster whom his pupils called Bagh Mahashay. In many of the villages of Burdwan, teachers of the Aguri, Sadgopa or Kaivarta castes were to be found, to whose schools the Brahmin parents had no scruple in sending their boys, nor were the Brahmin pupils found wanting in the respect due to their teachers. It was perhaps the influence of such teachers which has prevented the idea and practice of touchability and untouchability from gaining a stronghold in Bengal.

Both Behar and Bengal, in former days, had constant intercourse with Nepal. Many Bengali families went over and settled

*The Hádís are accounted one of the lowest of castes.

there. So, for a proper study of the sociology of Bengal, a visit to Nepal and a study of the manuscripts to be found there, is essential. In fact, without a study of Nepal, Bhutan and Tibet, the first pages of Bengal's social history will be entirely lacking.

The Original Brahmins and Vaishyas of Bengal.

The Bengali race is not only a product of the union of blood and culture of different parts of the East, but of the East and West of India as well. And in order to bring to light much that is still obscure about it, we shall have to pry into the records of everyone of our neighbours.

Neither the *kulín* (pedigreed) Brahmins, nor Kayasthas, of ours were originally Bengalis. They were, as is well-known, imported from Kányakubja (Kanauj). Let me however give some particulars not so well-known. Upon the rehabilitation of the Brahmin, after the passing of the Buddhist age, ten clans of Brahmins achieved recognition in the Skanda Purána—the five Gaudian clans of Aryávarta (upper Hindusthan) and the five Dravidian clans of Dákshinátya (the Deccan). The five Gaudian clans were the Gauda, the Utkala, the Maithila, the Sáraswata and Kányakubja. Gauda or Gaur was the name of Bengal; and the Gauda (or Gaur) clan were the original Bengali Brahmins, but they are no longer to be found in Bengal to-day.

Gaur Brahmins are, however, plentiful in the Panjab, Rajputana, Mandi and Garhwal, and according to some the Kashmir and Dogra Brahmins are also of Gauda origin. It appears that when, during the height of the Buddhist influence, onslaughts were made on the prestige of the Bengali and Magadha Brahmins, they emigrated from the province in a body; some going westwards through the mountainous tracts of Nepal and Mandi, settling first in Dehree and thence coming down to Garhwal and Rohilkhand; others following the course of the Ganges into the North-west provinces, receding further and further as the Buddhist influence pursued them, and eventually finding their final resting place in the deserts of Rajputana, the Northern extremity of the Panjab, and Kashmir. In Rajputana they still hold the chief position amongst the local Brahmins.

These Gaur Brahmins were bitterly hostile to the teachings of Siddhārta, the Buddha. Many of them were followers of the Jin cult. Even now, the priests of the Jaina temples and the ascetics of the Jaina sect are mostly Gaur Brahmins.

This *trek* of the Gaudians is cleverly recorded in the Skanda Purāna in the guise of a story. Let me here tell another good story. The Gaudian clan of the Vaishya or *Sreshthī** community of Bengal, who were likewise mostly Jainas, followed the example of the Brahmins, owing to the same incompatibility with the Buddhist system, and went out of Bengal. These Gaudian *Sreshthīs* had the handling of the commerce of the port of Tamruk, having the upperhand both in its export and import business. They eventually settled down mainly in Rajputana and Guzrat. Once, when in my paper I had a fling at the present-day Marwaris and Bhatias of Barabazar, calling them foreign exploiters, one of them taxed me with my slip saying that I, of all people, should have known that they were the real aborigines of Bengal while we Kanaujis were only newcomers of a thousand years or so!

He was right. Whether we Kanaujis came in a body in the time of Adisūra as is commonly supposed, or whether we came in batches shortly before or after, the fact remains that we were not originally of Bengal. In order to revive and maintain the purity of Vedic rites and usages, and with the object of giving to the Bengali an Aryan polish, Brahmins, Kshatriyas and Vaishyas had to be brought in from Upper India, now and again. Both our *Rārhi* and *Bārendra* Brahmins are Kanaujis. Of the Bengal Vedic Brahmins, the western section come from Mithila or Ajodhyā, the southern section from Utkal (Orissa) or Andhra (N. Madras).

Though long settled in Bengal, the western section of Brahmins, up to about the middle of the 16th century, did not intermarry with the local Brahmins, but went back to Kanauj to marry, or married the daughters of other western settlers. But at the time of the conflict between Moghul and Pathan, up to the time of the rule of Sher Shah, the troubled state of the country did not allow of travelling at pleasure to and from Kanauj. From that time on to the beginning of Akbar's reign, a period of social

*The Seth or Sethi of Guzrat. The Chetty (?) of Madras.

anarchy overwhelmed the Kanauji settlers in Bengal, both Brahmins and Kayasthas.

It was Devívara who restored order into this community by introducing a new system of classification, which amounted, in practical effect, to a social recognition of the intermixture which had meanwhile freely taken place between the original Brahmins and Kayasthas of Bengal and the Kanauji settlers. Nay more, during this period many a fair and blue-eyed daughter of Kanauj had been abducted by Pathans, but owing to the scarcity of Kanauji women at the time, many of these were subsequently rescued and brought back into the Hindu community. Occurrences of this kind fastened on the family in question the stigma of what was technically known as a "Fault", and these families in spite of their being tainted with the Yavana fault, the Rohilla fault, the Kesharkhan fault, and so on up to twenty-six in number, were given their place in the community by Devívara under a graded system, from which even the children of Hindus by Pathan women were not excluded.

In fact, Devívara neglected none of the methods, technically termed Cauterisation, Insulation, Absorption and Transmogrification, for the purposes of the fresh social synthesis which he created, being thus a social reformer whose achievements throw into the shade those of even the greatest of his present day prototypes. A careful study of Devívara's genealogical compilations will throw light on much that is obscure in the social evolution of the Bengal Hindus of to-day, as well as on the history of their forebears in the West of India. There may be a great deal that is spurious or extraneous in these manuscript compilations which will require critical sifting, but the outstanding fact that testifies to the magnitude of Devívara's performance, is the expansion of the handful of acknowledged Kanauji remnants left in this province into a recognised community of fifteen hundred thousand souls, with a systematic classification and regulated succession.

In this connexion it is necessary also to refer to the work of Raghunandana, the *smárta* priest. When the Buddhist chaos was followed by the Pathan anarchy in Hindu society, three several Brahmins attempted, by three different methods,

to Hinduise, or as we should say now-a-days, nationalise, the amorphous *samaj* which resulted. First Lord Chaitanya himself, who tried to reform the prevailing demoralisation with his religion of love; next Devívara who tried to bring about social cohesion with his ingeniously ordered system; and lastly the *smárta* priest, Raghunandana, who with his eugenic restrictions tried to establish the typical evolution of the Hindu, in features, manners and culture.

- Raghunandana classified the Bengal Hindus broadly into Brahmin and Sudra, dividing the Sudras again into two classes, the *sat*-(superior)-Sudra, comprising those who accepted the Brahminic ideas of discipline, and the ordinary (or inferior) Sudras, who persisted in clinging to their Buddhist tendencies, and with whom all social intercourse (down to taking food or drink touched by them) was forbidden. Inter-marriage was, however, freely allowed between the different subcastes of Brahmins and Sudras.

• Here was the greatness of Raghunandana's genius manifested. By these concessions he, as a matter of fact, effected an amalgamation of the Hindus and Vajrayána Buddhists of Bengal into a neo-Hindu society forty million strong. I do not know whether any section of Hindus in any other part of India can show a like achievement in the way of coherent social expansion on so vast a scale. To my mind this will always remain one of the distinctions of the Bengali race.

English education has not, so far, evolved in the Bengali an eagerness for accurate self-knowledge. I have jotted down these notes from my reading of a life-time, in the hope of awakening an interest in the subject,—with what success their publication will meet, I know not.

UMA

By DR. ABANINDRANATH TAGORE.

Himavat and Menaká, King and Queen of the Northern Mountains, had daughters lovely as the Morning and Evening Stars. The Devas, glorious rulers of unseen and unknown Spaces, came and courted them and bore them away, one after the other, to regions of unapproachable distance, far above our earthly home.

Then came *Satt*—Truth itself—as new-born light into the darkened home of the Mountain King, and there she grew up, far out-shining in beauty the Stars, her sisters.

The mountain people called her *Himavati*, Snowdrop; the Mountain King called her *Párvatí*, Maid of the Rocks; but Menaká, her mother, gave her the sweetest of all names—*Umá*, the Mother. And all wondered which of the gods would come to ask Umá for his spouse.

Siva, the Pure, the Good, the god who forever goes begging, from door to door, came wandering to the Himalayas, where, at length, He rested in meditation, calm and silent as the eternal snows. And Umá gave herself up to the service of Siva, stringing for Him rosaries of lotus-seed, fresh each day, moist with morning dew, cool to touch.

Thus Párvatí waited on Siva, with the desire deep in her heart of being wedded to Him who is Pure, who is Good, who God of gods, yet goes begging as the poorest of the poor

Spring arrived in the mountains and, at the touch of the golden bough of the Wishing-tree which shaded the seat of Siva, Umá blossomed out in youth and grace, and her secret wish was whispered through and through Siva's peaceful retreat by the Spring breezes, fragrant with the scent of many a flower. •

• At last the long long days of His meditation came to an end and Siva opened His eyes. Umá came up and stood before Him, bending with the burden of her love's devotion.

For one fleeting moment the colour of Spring touched and illumined the snow peak, and Hara-Gaurí looked upon each other as through the veil of a golden mist. . . .

• Then rise sudden clouds, darkening the white light of the Spring morning. Lightning flashes dart forth from cavernous depths of darkness, setting on fire the green of the hill slopes. Thunder peals—the laughter of Rudra, the dread God of Destruction. Over the King of the Mountains lowers an anxious gloom. The distraught Queen Mother rushes forth like a mountain torrent, calling Umá! Umá! And, amidst the thick of the tumult, as a beam of light through some rift in its blackness, appears Nárada, softly playing on his *vina* sweet strains of hope, bidding all to rejoice.

• For Siva has claimed his Bride!

Shall Siva indeed espouse Párvatí?

Yes, Siva shall be united to Satí, the Good to the True.

But Siva is so poor!

Aye, but with the power of His goodness He has conquered Death. Life comes from Him, in Him life finds its sustenance, unto Him life returns. Even the gods, with all the wealth of their divinity, bow to Him in worship.

But still our hearts yearn and cry for our little daughter Umá. Will she never, never come back into our desolate home?

Siva has claimed her. With Siva she must abide. But She shall come back to us as World Mother.

• But when, oh when?

• When the snows do melt and the rivers come running down.

IDEALS AND PROGRESS

The idea by which the enlightenment of Europe has been governed is the passion for the discovery of the Truth and Law that constitutes existence and governs the process of the world, the attempt to develop the life and potentialities of man, his ideals, institutions, organisation by the knowledge of that Law and Truth and the confidence that along this line lies the road of human progress and perfection.

The idea is absolutely just and we accept it entirely; but its application has been erroneous. For the Law and Truth that has to be discovered is not that of the material world—though this is required, nor even of the mental and physical—though this is indispensable, but the Law and the Truth of the Spirit, on which all the rest depends. For it is the power of the Self of things that expresses itself in their forms and process.

The idea by which the illumination of Asia has been governed is the firm knowledge that truth of the Spirit is the sole real truth, the belief that the psychological life of man is an instrument for attaining to the truth of the Spirit and that its laws must be known and practised with that aim paramount, and the attempt to form the external life of man and the ancients of the East possessed and practised; it has been dimmed in

This idea, too, is absolutely just and we accept it entirely. But in its application, and in India most, it has deviated into a divorce between the Spirit and its instruments and a disparagement and narrowing of the mental and external life of the race. For it is only on the widest and richest efflorescence of this instrumental life that the fullest and most absolute attainment of the spiritual can be securely based. This knowledge the ancients of the East possessed and practised; it has been dimmed in knowledge and lost in practice by their descendants.

Philosophy is the intellectual search for the fundamental truth of things; religion is the attempt to make the truth dynamic in the soul of man. They are essential to each other: a religion that is not the expression of philosophic truth, degenerates into superstition and obscurantism; and a philosophy which does not dynamise itself with the religious spirit is a barren light, for it cannot get itself practised. But, again, neither of these get their supreme value unless raised into the spirit and cast into life.

DADU ON THE MYSTERY OF FORM.

By PROF. KSHITI-MOHAN SEN.

In presenting these little sketches of our mediæval Indian devotees, I feel it would not do to take the reader too rapidly through the various realisations of the saintly Dádú (1544-1603, A.D.) which represent the cream of his spiritual experiences and needs must require time and thought for their proper assimilation. I am therefore taking them up one at a time.

As a help to the reader, I may be permitted to offer a few introductory observations on the central idea, running through all such experiences, which may furnish a key to the mystic world which they invite us to enter.

The world of Matter, solid, liquid or gas, possessed of extension, weight and other characteristic qualities, the analytical knowledge of which is the province of Science, is a fact which the Mystic does not deny; but, if the conclusions of science had been the last word in regard to this world, no door would have been left for our admission into the realm of the Infinite: Matter would have remained as an impenetrable wall standing guard at the threshold of Spirit, inertly unresponsive to any knocking of ours, however importunate.

The language of man has been mainly occupied with giving us information about the elements into which the finite world has been analysed; nevertheless, now and again, it reveals glimpses of the world of the Infinite as well; for the spirit of man has discovered rifts in the wall of Matter. Our intellect can count the petals, classify the scent and describe the colour: the unity of the rose finds its expression when we rejoice in it.

The intellect can, at best, give us only a broken view of things. The marvellous vision of the Seer, in spite of the scoffing in which both Science and Metaphysics so often indulge, can alone make manifest to us the truth of a thing in its completeness. When we thus gain a vision of unity, we are no longer intellectually aware of detail,—counting, classifying or distinguishing,—for then we have found admittance into the region of the Spirit, and

there we simply measure the truth of our realisation by the intensity of our joy.

What is the meaning of this unutterable joy? What we know by intellectual process is something outside ourselves. But the vision of anything in the fulness of its unity involves the realisation of the unity of the self within, as well as of the relation between the two. The knowledge of the *many* may make us proud; but it makes us glad when our kinship with the *One* is brought home to us. Beauty is the name that we give to this acknowledgment of unity and of its relationship with ourselves.

It is through the Beauty of Nature, or of Human Character or Service, that we get our glimpses of the Supreme Soul whose essence is Bliss. Or, rather, it is when we become conscious of Him in Nature, or Art, or Service, that Beauty flashes out. And, whenever we thus light upon the Dweller-within, all discord disappears and Love and Beauty are seen inseparable from Truth. It is really the coming of Truth to us as kinsman which floods our being with Joy.

This realisation in Joy is immediate, self-sufficient, ultimate. When the *self* experiences joy within, it is completely satisfied and has nothing more to ask from the outside world. Joy, as we know it, is a direct, synthetic measure of Beauty and neither awaits nor depends upon any analytical process. In our Joy, further, we behold not only the Unity but also the Origin, for the Beauty which tells us of Him can be nothing but radiance reflected, melody re-echoed, from Him; else would all this have been unmeaning indeed,—Society, Civilisation, Humanity. The progress of Man should, otherwise, have ended in an orgy of the gratification of his animality.

The power of realisation, for each particular Self, is limited. All do not attain the privilege of directly apprehending the universal Unity. Nevertheless, a partial vision of it, say in a flower or in a friend, is a common experience; and, moreover the potentiality is inherent in every individual soul, by dint of disciplined striving, to effect its own expansion and thereupon eventually to achieve realisation of the Supreme Soul.

By whom, meanwhile, are these ineffable tidings from the realm of the Spirit, the world of the Infinite, brought to us?

Not potentates or philosophers, but by the poor, the untutored, the despised. And with what superb assurance do they lead us out of the desert of the Intellect into the paradise of the Spirit!

When our metaphysicians, dividing themselves into rival schools of Monism, Dualism or Monistic-Dualism, had nevertheless joined in dismissing the world as *Máyá*, as the last word to be said on the subject, then, up from the depths of their social obscurity, rose these cobblers, weavers, and sewers of bags, proclaiming such theorems of the intellect to be all nonsense; for, had they not seen with their own inner vision, how the world overflowed with Truth and Love, Beauty and Joy?

Dádú, Ravidás, Kabír and Nának were not ascetics; they bore no message of poverty, or renunciation, for their own sake. They were poets who had pierced the curtain of appearances and had glimpses of the world of Unity, where God Himself is a Poet. Their words cannot stand the glare of logical criticism, they but babble, like babes, of the joy of their vision of Him, of the ecstasy into which His music has thrown them.

Nevertheless it is they, not the scientists or philosophers, who have taught us of Reality. On the one side the Supreme Soul is alone; on the other, my individual soul is alone. If the two do not come together, then indeed there befalls the greatest of calamities, the utter emptiness of Chaos. For all the abundance of His inherent joy, God is in want of my joy in Him; and Reality in its perfection only blossoms where we meet.

"When I look upon the beauty of this Universe," says Dádú, "I cannot help asking: 'How, O Lord, did you come to create it? What sudden wave of joy coursing through your Being compelled its own manifestation? Was it really due to desire for self-expression, or simply on the impulse of emotion? Or was it, perhaps, just your fancy to revel in the play of form? Is this play, then, so delightful to you; or is it that you would see your own inborn delight thus take shape?' Oh, how can these questions be answered in words? cries Dádú. Only those who know will understand." (1)

(1) Kyonkara yaha jaga rachen Gosáfn, tere kauna binoda banen mana máhin?
 Kai tumha ápá paragata karaná, kai yaha rachile mana nahi máná?
 Kai yaha rachile khela dikháwai, kai yaha rachile khelahi bháwai?
 Kai yaha tumhako khela pivára, kai yaha bháwai kinha pasára?
 Yaha saba Dádú akatha kaháni, marama jáne soi samajhai bání.

"Why not go to Him who has wrought this marvel," says Dádú elsewhere, "and ask: 'Cannot your own message make clear this wondrous making of the one into the many?' When I look on creation as beauty of form, I see only Form and Beauty. When I look on it as life, everywhere I see Life. When I look on it as Brahm then indeed is Dádú at a loss for words. When I see it in relation, it is of bewildering variety. When I see it in my own soul, all its variousness is merged in the beauty of the Supreme Soul. This eye of mine then becomes also the eye of Brahm, and in this exchange of mutual vision does Dádú behold Truth." (2)

The eye cannot see the face,—for that purpose a mirror is necessary. That is to say, either the face has to be put at a distance from the eye, or the eye moved away from the face,—in any case what was one has to be made into two. The image is not the face itself, but how else is that to be seen?

So does God mirror Himself in Creation; and, since He cannot place Himself outside His own Infinity, He can only gain a vision of Himself—and get a taste of His own Joy—through my joy in Him and in His universe. (3) Hence the anxious striving of the devotee to keep himself thoroughly pure,—not in any pride of puritanism, but because his soul is the play-ground where God would revel in Himself. Had not God's radiance, His beauty, thus found its form in the Universe, its joy in the devotee, He would have remained mere formless colourless Being in the nothingness of infinity. (4)

That is what makes the Mystery so profound, so inscrutable. Whether we say that only Brahm is true, or only the universe is true, we are equally far from the Truth, which, therefore, can only be expressed as both *this* and *that*, or neither *this* nor *that*.

- (2) Jinha mohana bāji rachī, so tumha pūchho jāī,
 Aneka ekaten jyon kiye Sāhiha kaho samjhlāī.
 Ghata parachai saba ghata lakhaī, prāna parchai prāna;
 Brahma parachai pāīye Dádú hai haīrāna.
 Sama drishti dekhi bahula, ātama drishti ēka,
 Bhahma drishti parachai bhayā Dádú baithā dekha.
 Ehi naina delake, ehi ātama hoī; ehi naina Brahmake, Dádú palate ābi.
- (3) Apana rūpa āpa nahi jānai dekhai darpana mābīn.
- (4) Brahma sunna tanha Brahma hai niranjana nirākāra,
 Nūra teja jnha jyoti hai Dádú dekhana hāra.

• And Dádú can only hint at it by saying : "Neither death nor life is He; He goes not, neither does He come; nor sleeps nor wakes, nor wants nor is satisfied. He is neither I nor you, neither One nor Two. For," exclaims Dádú, "No sooner do I say all's one, than I find us both; and when I say there are two, I see we're One. So, O Dádú, rest content to look on Him just as He is, in the deep of your heart, and give up wrestling with vain imaginings and empty words.(5)

"Words shower," Dádú goes on, "when spouts the fount of the intellect; where realisation grows, there music has its seat."(6) When the intellect confesses defeat, and words fail, then indeed, from the depth of the heart, wells up the song of the joy of realisation. What words cannot make clear, melody can; to its strains one can revel in the vision of God in His revels.

"That is why," cries Dádú, "your universe, this creation of yours, has charmed me so,—your waters and your breezes, and this earth which holds them, with its ranges of mountains, its great oceans, its snow-capped poles, its blazing sun,—because, through all the three regions of earth, sky and heaven, amidst all their multifarious life, it is your 'ministration, your beauty that keeps me enthralled. Who can know you, O Invisible, Unapproachable, Unfathomable! Dádú has no desire to know, he is satisfied to remain enraptured with all these your charms, and to rejoice in them with you."(7)

To look upon Form as the play of His love, is not to belittle it. In creating the senses God did not intend them to be starved, and so, says Dádú, "the eye is feasted with colour, the ear with music, the palate with flavours, wondrously provided."(8). And we find that the body longs for the spirit, the

(5) *Nahin mritaka nahin jīwta nahin āwai nahin jāi.*
Nahin sūta nahin jāgatā nahin bhūkhā nahin khāi.

Tanha chupa na bolana man tañ nahin koi,
Dádú apā para nahin tanha eka na doī.

(6) *Gvāna lahari jahānte uñhai bhūfka parakāsa,*
Anubhava jahānte upajai sabada kiya tahān bāsa.

(7) *Ye saba charita tumhāre mohana mohe saba brahmānda khanda,*
Mohe pawana pāni parameshwara, gagana mohe rahi chanda.

• *Sāvāra sapta mohe dharani-dharā, ashtakula parawata meru mohe,*
Tina loka mohe jag-jivana sakala bhuvana teri sewa sohe.
Āgama agochara apara apārampāra, ko yaha tere charita jānahin,
Yaha sobha tumha ko sohai, sundara bali bali jāun Dádú na jānahin.

(8) *Srabana rāte nādason, naina rāte rūpa;*
Jiwbhā rāte swādason, Dádú eka anūpa.

spirit for the body; the flower for the scent, the scent for the flower; our words for truth, the Truth for words; form for its ideal, the idea for form; all this mutual worship is but the worship of the ineffable Reality behind, by whose Presence every one of them is glorified.(9) And Dádú struggles not, but simply keeps his heart open to this gushing shower of love, and thus revels in perpetual Springtime.(10)

Every vessel of form the Formless fills with Himself, and in their beauty does He gain them in return. With His love the Passionless fulfils every devoted heart and sets it a-dance, and their love streams back to the Colourless, variegated with the tints of each.(11) Beauteous Creation yields up her charms, in all their purity, to her Lord. Need she make further protestation, in words, of their mutual love? So Dádú surrenders his heart, mind and soul at the feet of his Beloved. His one care is that they be not sullied. He makes no vain effort to offer prayer or praise. Drunk with ecstasy, blinded with light,—to Dádú thus is He revealed!(12)

Do you object that evanescent Form is not worthy to represent the Eternal? But it is just because it is fleeting that it is a help, not a hindrance, to His worship. While returning, back to its Origin, it captures our mind and takes it along with itself. The call of Beauty tells us of the Unthinkable, towards whom it hies. In passing over us, Death assures us of the truth of Life. And Dádú's soul yearns and strains and leaps up to join them.

(9) Deha piyárá jīwako jīwa piyárá deha. Dádú Hari-rasa páiye aisá ha. sancha.
 Bása kahai main phúlako paún, phúla kahai main bása;
 Bhása kahai main satako paún, sata kahai main bhása.
 Rupa kahai main bhawako paún, bháwa kahai main rúpa;
 Apasamen dañ pújana chálhai, pújá agádha anúpa.

(10) Rasahimen rasa barasihai dhárá koti ananta,
 Tanha mana nihachala rákhije Dádú sadá hasanta.

(11) Ghata ghata ápa dewai, ghata ghata ápa lewai;
 Rasa mahaini rasa rátá; rasa mohain, rasa mátá.

(12) Amrita piyá; nára máhain nára liyá; Dádú darasa diyá!

NOTES AND COMMENTS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

It struck my heart with dismay, when I visited Ceylon, to find that the people there have lost the consciousness of their unity with their Indian kinsmen. Not having in their mind a continental background for their culture and aspiration, they have permitted their intellectual and spiritual individuality to miss its shelter, and easily to drift into the vagabondage of imitation.

They seem to have forgotten that political division is merely a division of property through which we can change our residence, but not our brotherhood.

When the mouth of the branch of a great river is choked up, the branch becomes reduced to a stagnant pool; the pulsation of the ocean heart no longer reaches it, nor the living message that flows from the hoary height of the inaccessible. A community, cut off from its parent stem by disastrous oblivion, is sure to forget the great meaning of its own personality, and thus to fall a prey to the force of other personalities and be bent and clipped and hammered by them to their purposes. A tree grows in its own shape and finds its fulfilment, but when cut off from its root it is, as timber, at the mercy of the dealers who turn it into toys of their fancy.

Life is original; it is adventurous; it seeks itself in endless experiments, the outcome of its spontaneous creative impulse. The people, who passively lend themselves to imitation, prove that life has lost its best claim on their hearts. It is the temptation of *Māra*, the evil spirit of Untruth, which whispers to us that we can be better than we are by seeming to be something else.

Thus we yield ourselves to being slowly robbed of the best gift given to us by God,—the dignity of our individual existence

with its infinite possibilities of creation. We must never allow this to happen on either side of the water that divides this island of Ceylon from India.

Our subconscious self has the accumulation of ages of creative memory, wherein has grown in secret the racial genius which creates. The whole current of a people's history generates its own special energy of guidance in this region lying beneath the surface-consciousness of our mind. This is why, when we try to imitate some other people's history, we remain so pathetically unaware of the absurdities that are produced.

There can be no doubt that Ceylon's subconscious mind, its racial mind, has unbroken connection with that of India; the language which she speaks has all the subtle modulations, her physical organism all the characteristic gestures, that belong to it. When her conscious self tries to ignore this, and attaches itself to some alien mentality, then its progress, like that of a three-legged race in which legs belonging to different individuals are tied together, takes on a gait which is neither efficient, nor graceful.

All our efforts which are unmixed imitations are lame, for in them our conscious will ignores the co-operation of its great partner, our fundamental personality, which nevertheless goes on working in the subsoil of our consciousness. History, properly studied, saves us from these unrhythmic strivings which go contrary to the direction of our inmost nature; and Ceylon, if she would do herself justice, must acknowledge that her intellectual and spiritual history runs in one stream with the cultural history of India.

The great religion of the Buddha had once spread its living spirit of Unity over the greater part of Asia. It drew races together and turned their hope and faith away from the turmoil of self-seeking.

True, the modern facilities of science have also established human communication across geographical barriers; but in this, man has only utilised physical forces to overcome physical obstructions. Buddhism was the first spiritual force, known to us in history, which drew close together such a large number of races separated by most difficult barriers of distance, by differences of language and custom, by various degrees and divergent types of civilization. It had its motive power, neither in international commerce, nor in empire-building, nor in scientific curiosity, nor in a migratory impulse to occupy fresh territory. It was a purely disinterested effort to help mankind forward to its final goal.

The religion, which flowed from the comprehensive mind of Buddha, has its negative aspect,—the control of passion and renunciation of self,—for purifying spiritual ideas and religious phraseology from all narrowness, anthropomorphic, or egotistic; it is the path of discipline through elimination. But this cannot be the whole of it; and that this has not been all, is amply proved by the direction and form which Buddhism has naturally taken in the greater part of the Buddhistic world.

A seed has, as a portion of its body, the sheath which is hard, which is for its protection; but it also has its kernel which grows, which takes it out of its obscurity and spreads its branches wide. The special aspect of Buddhism, that has grown and spread its branching life far away from its mother soil, that has subdued the savage in the races which were primitive, and inspired in them art and literature, must have been its religious nucleus, carrying in itself the vital principle of Buddha's teaching. This life force, which is the positive element in Buddhism, has neither been lost in India herself; it is still working in the heart of even her lattermost religions in various shapes.

I have lately been reading a book about Buddhism, written by one who professes this religion. Our Buddhist author has

tried to prove, that though Buddhism had its origin in geographical India, neither did its seed come from the Indian culture, nor did its root draw sap from the Indian mind. In other words, he would make out that it was an accident, which had no previous history, no natural genesis in a continued line of ancestors. In his zeal, the author is acrimoniously violent in the assertion that Buddhism as a religion is absolutely contrary to whatever preceded it in the religious history of India.

The child in the very process of birth manifests an apparent antagonism to the mother. All the same, the birth can never be a repudiation of the parent. There can be no question that Buddhism was one of the great products of the mother-heart of India.

We are free to admit that after centuries of its domination there was, outwardly a violent reaction against it. But when the history of that period is thoroughly investigated, I have no doubt that it will be found that what was forcibly thrown out was no part of the original idea of Buddhism, but a medley of miscellaneous aberrations, interpolated mostly from the dense tangle of non-Aryan superstitions.

That which I value most in my religion or my aspiration, I seek to find corroborated, in its fundamental unity, in other great religions, or in the hopes expressed in the history of other peoples. Each great movement of thought and endeavour in any part of the world may have something unique in its expression, but the truth underlying any of them never has the meretricious cheapness of utter novelty about it. The great Ganges must not hesitate to declare its essential similarity to the Nile of Egypt, or to the Yangtse-Kiang of China. Only a waterspout displays a sudden arrogance of singularity and vanishes in the void, leaving mother Nature ashamed of so monstrous a production!

Whenever we find, in the immensity of the human mind the prototype of something which we hold most precious in ourselves, we should rejoice. The pride of special possession can cling

only to those results of pot culture, which have merely market value. But great truths, like great monarchs of the forest, disdain to exhibit any extravagant speciality, which may offer temptation to those who are jealous of their proprietary right in rareness. The great is never alone; it has its aristocracy of the sublime, its common kinship of the immortal.

This is why, because I consider Buddhism to be one of the greatest religious achievements of man, I find a delight in discovering some of its essential similarities, not only to the spiritual thought of ancient India, but to that of other great religions as well. Is it right that we should have pride merely in some special production of man, but not in Man himself? Only those, who have no respect for humanity as a whole, can believe that Truth, in its supreme aspect, has been reached only once by one chosen people, leaving no alternative to others but to borrow from it, or else to live in utter spiritual destitution.

I cannot accept from anybody the statement, that Buddhism was a freak of human nature, and that as a religion, utterly unlike any other religion in the world, it is not only unrelated, but contradictory to its spiritual surroundings; that it is the science and art of self-extinction referring to a world where there is no true principle of unity anywhere, within man, or outside him.

Once again I assert that no religion whatsoever can for a moment stand on the basis of negation. It must have some great truth in its heart which is positive and eternal, and for whose sake Man can offer all that he has, and be glad. And, in this, Buddhism must have its inherent relation and resemblance to that spiritual endeavour in ancient India which led men to leave aside their material possessions and seek the fulfilment of their life.

And what is this truth which the Buddha preached, which is eternal? It is Dharma, difficult to be rendered in English.

Perhaps it may be translated as the 'highest ideal of perfection.' Certainly it is not a logical abstraction, nothing which is merely subjective. It is a reality which has to be reached, and according to the degree of our relationship with it, we attain the fulfilment of life. So this Dharma and the Brahma of our Upanishads are essentially the same, in regard to that which is supreme Reality.

The Buddhist Dharma does not consist in mere reason, blind and dark. It comprises within itself the highest spiritual enlightenment; it is eternally true for all beings; its laws are not restricted to any boundary of outward circumstances. Therefore it has the principle of reality, wisdom, and infinity. Likewise it has been said in the Upanishad : SATYAM, JNANAM, ANANTAM BRAHMA,—*Brahma is truth, wisdom, and eternity.* Then again, Dharma has not merely its reality, like the universal force of gravitation; it has its moral value, it leads us to peace, goodness and love. Similarly the Brahma of the Upanishad, who is SATYAM, is also SANTAM, SIVAM, ADVAITAM, which means that in Brahma is peace, goodness and union.

Dharma in Buddhism, or *Dharma Káyá*, as it has been termed in some of the Buddhist scriptures, is an eternal reality of Peace, Goodness and Love, for which man can offer up the homage of his highest loyalty, his life itself. This Dharma can inspire man with almost superhuman power of renunciation, and through the abnegation of self, lead him to the supreme object of his existence, a state that cannot be compared to anything we know in this world; and yet of which we can at least have a dim idea, when we know that it is only to be reached, not through the path of annihilation, but through immeasurable love. Thus, to dwell in the constant consciousness of unbounded love is named by Lord Buddha : BRAHMA-VIHARA,—*moving in Brahma.*

However, let me not dwell too long on my own idea about the essential points of resemblance between the truths of Buddhism and the truths inculcated in the Upanishads. Those who want to indulge their sectarian pride by believing that they only are the fortunate people in the world, in possession of a

religion absolutely solitary in its singularity, I shall leave to their exultation. But I cannot allow the historical link of Buddhism with India's mind to be ignored, and I must assert that the truest relationship among human beings is that of ideals; a relationship more real indeed than even the kinship of blood. .

What is this Visva-Bharati, this international institution—I was asked to explain. It may not be out of place to reproduce in our journal the explanation which I gave of the Visva-Bharati ideal to my Ceylon audience.

The word "international" may sound too indefinite,—its meaning appearing large only because of its vagueness, like water acquiring volume by turning into vapour. I do not believe in an internationalism which is amorphous, whose features are broadened into flatness. The internationalism of Visva-Bharati must be the internationalism of India, with its own distinct character.

The true universal finds its manifestation in the individuality which is true. Beauty is universal, and a rose reveals it because, as a rose, it is individually beautiful. By making a decoction of a rose, jasmine and lotus, you do not get to a realization of some larger beauty which is interfloral. The true universalism is not the breaking down of the walls of one's own house, but the offering of hospitality to one's guests and neighbours.

Like the position of the earth in the course of its diurnal and annual motions, man's life, at any moment, must be the reconciliation of its two movements, one round the centre of its own personality, and another whose centre is in a luminous ideal comprehending the whole human world. The international endeavour of a people must carry the movement of the people's own personality round the great spirit of man. The inspiration must be its own, which is to help it in its aspiration towards fulfilment. Otherwise, mere cosmopolitanism but drifts on the

waves, buffeted by wind from all quarters, in an imbecility of movement which has no progress.

One of the objects of Visva-Bharati is concerned with the personality of the people she represents,—to rescue this personality from the dimness of ignorance. As a people we must be fully conscious of what we are. It is a truism to say that the consciousness of the unity of a people implies a knowledge of its parts as well as of its whole. But, we not only have no such knowledge of India, we do not even have an eager desire to cultivate it.

By asserting our national unity with vehemence in our patriotic propaganda, we assure ourselves that we possess it, and thus continue to live in a make-believe world of political day-dreams. The greater part of Bengal's knowledge of the Punjab consists in its relative position upon the maps of India,—a mere outline of information of a dead kind. How many Bengalis are there, who have studied the message of Nanak that has come to us through the Sikhs? And are there students in the Punjab, who have tried to understand the Vaishnavism of Chaitanya, and what place it occupies in the religious culture of India? India is the one place in the world, where the science of Ethnology can be studied with the full advantage; and yet it has never aroused any enthusiasm in our students.

The fact is, we have a very feeble human interest in our own country. We love to talk about politics and economics; we are ready to soar into the thin air of academic abstractions, or to roam in the dusk of pedantic wildernesses; but we never care to cross our social boundaries and come to the door of our neighbouring communities, personally to inquire how they think and feel and express themselves, and how they fashion their lives.

The love of man has its own hunger for knowing. Even if we lack this concerning our fellow-beings in India, except in our political protestations, at least love of knowledge for its own sake could have brought us close to each other. But there also we have failed and have suffered. For weakness of knowledge is

the foundation of weakness of power. Until India becomes fully distinct in our mind, we can never gain her in truth; and where truth is imperfect, love can never have its full sway. "Know thyself," for the giving of self is waiting for that knowledge. One of the endeavours of Visva-Bharati is to help us to *know* ourselves; and then along with it, her other mission will be fulfilled which is to inspire us to *give* ourselves.

What has given such enormous intellectual power to Europe is her concentration of mind. She has evolved a means by which all the countries of that continent can think together. Such a great concert of ideas, by its own pressure of movement, naturally wears away all her individual aberrations of thought and extravagances of unreason. It keeps her flights of fancy close to the limits of reticence. All her different thought-rays have been focussed in one common culture, which finds its complete expression in all the great European universities.

The mind of India, on the other hand, is divided and scattered; there is no one common pathway along which we can reach it. Upto the present, in all our patriotic endeavours, our effort has been to establish our unity on the basis of our common interest in the political or economic situation. It is like gathering coals for our railway journey, while the locomotive is nowhere to be found!

So I must guard myself against the least chance of my audience carrying away the belief that Visva-Bharati bases its ideal upon any ulterior expectation, political or otherwise. Its one object is to help each student to realise his personality, as an individual representing his people, in such a broad spirit, in such an unobstructed sunshine of spiritual expansion of consciousness, that he may know how it is the most important fact of his life for him to have been born to the great world of man.

IN MY GOD'S PRAISE

(From the Sanskrit.)

By MOHINI-MOHAN CHATTERJI.

Thou knowest all, great or small,
 But knows Thee none as Thyself,
 Causeless, timeless, all in one,
 Stainless, formless, present yet
 In all forms—sun, moon and fire,
 All, beyond all, causes' Cause.
 Beauty Thou on woman's face,
 Mother Thou, life-stream's support;
 First cry, Thou, of new-born babe,
 Broken lisp of infants Thou,
 Victor's exultation Thou,
 Joy and sorrow of worlds all
 Are from Thee, O Lord supreme!
 Sin and merit are not Thine,
 Perfect merit yet art Thou
 Wise, unwise, Thou canst not be,
 Plentitude of wisdom Thou.
 Faith, unfaith, tho' same to Thee
 Thou alone canst faith bestow.
 Quintessence of causeless joy,
 Called by Scripture sweetness pure,
 Oneness, moreness, touch Thee not;
 Word or mode define Thee not;
 All beyond, Thou art but Thou.
 Effortless Thy being pure
 Makes, unmakes, sustains, the All.
 Eternal Thou, Simple, One,
 Spirit pure, all knowledge fails
 What or how of Thee to know.
 Works of Thine alone are known,
 Essence Thine is Essence mine,
 Silence is Thy perfect praise,
 Worship perfect Thine is peace.

GEMS FROM DEVOTEES OF ISLAM

(From translations by Nicholson, Browne & Claud Field).

SUFISM.

[Circa 800 to 1600 of the Christian Era.]

The term *Súfí* has a specific religious connotation, and is restricted by usage to those mystics who profess Islam.

Súfism is not a system composed of rules or sciences, but it is a moral disposition according to the saying : 'Form yourselves on the moral nature of God'. It is this : 'that God should make thee die to thyself and should make thee live in Him.'

Mystics of every race and creed have described the progress of the spiritual life as a journey or a pilgrimage. The *Súfí* who sets out to seek God calls himself a traveller (*ṣālik*); he advances by slow stages (*maqámát*) along a path (*ṭarīqat*) to the goal of union (*faná*) with the Supreme Reality (*al-Haqq*).

The inner light is its own evidence; he who sees it has real knowledge, and nothing can increase or diminish his certainty. Hence the *Súfís* never weary of exposing the futility of a faith which supports itself on intellectual proofs, external authority, or self-regard of any kind. The barren dialectic of the theologian, the canting righteousness rooted in forms and ceremonies, the less crude but equally undisinterested worship of which the motive is expectation of gain in the life hereafter,—all these are so many veils to be removed in the course of spiritual progress.

The *Súfí's* path is not finished until he has traversed all the stages, making himself perfect in every one of them before advancing to the next, and has also experienced whatever states it pleases God to bestow on him. Then, and then only, is he permanently raised to the higher planes of consciousness which the *Súfís* call the Gnosis (*ma'rifat*) and the Truth (*ḥaqíqat*) where the seeker (*ṭálib*) becomes the knower (*árif*) and realises that knowledge, knower and known are One.

—R. A. Nicholson.

(Koran, sura 24).

God is the Light of the heavens and the earth. His light is like a niche in which is a lamp, the lamp encased in crystal, as it were a gleaming star. From a blessed tree is it lighted, the olive neither of the East nor of the West, whose oil would be luminous even though fire touched it not. It is light upon light!

* * *

Shibli came to Junayd of Baghdád, saying: "They tell me that you possess the pearl of divine knowledge; either give it me or sell it."

Junayd answered: "I cannot sell it, for you have not the price thereof, and if I give it you, you will have gained it cheaply. You do not know its value. Cast yourself headlong, like me into this ocean, in order that you may win the pearl by waiting patiently."

* * *

The motion of every atom is towards its origin;

A man comes to be the thing on which he is bent.

By the attraction of fondness and yearning, the soul and heart

Assume the qualities of the Beloved, who is the Soul of souls.

—Jaláluddín Rumi.

* * *

O God, whatever punishment thou mayst inflict upon me, do not punish me with the humiliation of being veiled from Thee, because if I am not veiled from Thee, my torment and affliction will be lightened by the recollection and contemplation of Thee, but if I am veiled from Thee, even Thy bounty will be deadly to me. There is no punishment in Hell more painful and hard to bear than that of being veiled. If God were revealed in Hell to the people of Hell, sinful believers would never think of Paradise, since the sight of God would so fill them with joy that they would not feel bodily pain. And in Paradise there is no pleasure more perfect than unveiledness. If the people there enjoyed all the pleasures of that place and other pleasures a hundredfold, but were veiled from God, their hearts would be utterly broken. Therefore it is the way of God to let the hearts

of those who love Him have vision of Him always, in order that the delight thereof may enable them to endure every tribulation; and they say in their visions, 'We deem all torments more desirable than to be veiled from Thee. When Thy beauty is revealed to our hearts, we take no thought of affliction'.

—*Sari al-Saqati*.

* * *

God said to me : 'The least of the sciences of nearness is that you should see in everything the effects of beholding Me, and that this vision should prevail over you more than your gnosis of Me.'

—*Niffari*.

* * *

In the market, in the cloister—only God I saw.
 In the valley and on the mountain—only God I saw.
 Him I have seen beside me oft in tribulation ;
 In favour and in fortune—only God I saw.
 In prayer and fasting, in praise and contemplation,
 In the religion of the Prophet—only God I saw.
 Neither soul nor body, accident nor substance,
 Qualities nor causes—only God I saw.
 I ope'd mine eyes and by the light of His face around me
 In all the eye discovered—only God I saw.
 Like a candle I was melting in His fire :
 Amidst the flames outflashing—only God I saw.
 Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly,
 But when I looked with God's eyes—only God I saw.
 I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,
 And lo, I was the all-living—only God I saw.

—*Bábá Kúhl of Shíráz*.

* * *

Music is a divine influence which stirs the heart to seek God : those who listen to it spiritually attain unto God and those who listen to it sensually fall into unbelief.

When an anchorite goes into a tavern, the tavern becomes his cell, but when a wine-bibber goes into a cell, that cell becomes his tavern.

—*Dhu 'l-Nún* (the Egyptian ferryman).

Do you know a name without a thing answering to it?
 Have you ever plucked a rose from R, O, S, E?
 You name His name; go, seek the reality named by it.
 Look for the moon in the sky, not in the water.
 Become pure from all attributes of self,
 That you may see your own bright essence,
 Yea, see in your own heart the knowledge of the Prophet,
 Without book, without tutor, without preceptor.

—*Jalāluddīn Rāmi.*

From all eternity the Beloved unveiled His beauty in the solitude
 of the unseen ;
 He held up the mirror to His own face, He displayed His loveliness
 to Himself.
 He was both the spectator and the spectacle ; no eye but His had
 surveyed the Universe.
 All was One, there was no duality, no pretence of ' mine ' or ' thine.'
 The vast orb of Heaven, with its myriad incomings and outgoings,
 was concealed in a single point.
 Although He beheld His attributes and qualities as a perfect whole
 in His own essence,
 Yet He desired that they should be displayed to Him in another
 mirror,
 And that each one of His eternal attributes should become manifest
 accordingly in a diverse form.
 Therefore He created the verdant fields of Time and Space and the
 life-giving garden of the world,
 That every branch and leaf and fruit might show forth His various
 perfections.
 The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings
 of His beauteous countenance.
 Whenever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it ; wherever
 Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.
 Beauty and Love are as body and soul ; Beauty is the mine and
 Love the precious stone.

—*Jāmi.*

“When thou regardest thyself as existent and dost not regard Me as the Cause of thy existence, I veil My face and thine own face appears to thee. Therefore consider what is displayed to thee, and what is hidden from thee.”

* * *

—Niffart

Those who adore God in the sun behold the sun, and those who adore Him in living things see a living thing, and those who adore Him in lifeless things see a lifeless thing, and those who adore Him as a Being unique and unparalleled see that which has no like. Do not attach yourself to any particular creed exclusively, so that you disbelieve in all the rest; otherwise, you will lose much good, nay, you will fail to recognise the real truth of the matter. God, the omnipresent and omnipotent, is not limited by any one creed, for He says (Kor. 2. 109), ‘Where-soever ye turn, there is the face of Allah.’ Every one praises what he believes; his god is his own creature, and in praising it he praises himself. If he knew Junayd’s saying, ‘The water takes its colour from the vessel,’ he would not interfere with other men’s beliefs, but would perceive God in every form of belief.

* * *

—Ibn al-‘Arabī.

This world and that world are the egg, and the bird within it is in darkness and broken-winged and scorned and despised.

Regard unbelief and faith as the white and the yolk in this egg,
Between them, joining and dividing, a barrier which they shall not pass.
When He hath graciously fostered the egg under His wing,
Infidelity and religion disappear: the bird of Unity spreads its pinions.

Sheikh Abd al-Rahīm ibn al-Sabbāgh.

* * *

The Law without the Truth, is ostentation, and the Truth without the Law is hypocrisy. Their mutual relation may be compared to that of body and spirit: when the spirit departs from the body, the living body becomes a corpse, and the spirit ‘vanishes like wind. The Moslem profession of faith includes both.

—Hujwīrī.

'Fools buy false coins because they are like the true.
 If in the world no genuine minted coin
 Were current, how would forgers pass the false?
 Falsehood were nothing unless truth were there,
 To make it specious. 'Tis the love of right
 Lures men to wrong. Let poison but be mixed
 With sugar, they will cram it into their mouths.
 Oh, cry not that all creeds are vain. Some scent
 Of truth they have, else they would not beguile.
 Say not 'How utterly fantastical.'
 No fancy in the world is all untrue.
 Amongst the crowd of dervishes hides one,
 One true fakir. Search well and thou wilt find.

—Jalaluddin Rumi.

* * *

My heart has become capable of every form: it is a pasture for
 gazelles and a convent for Christian monks.
 And a temple for idols, and the pilgrim's Ka'ba, and the tables of
 the Tora and the book of the Koran.
 I follow the religion of Love, whichever way his camels take. My
 religion and my faith is the true religion.

—Ibn al-'Arabi.

* * *

O Lord, in Thy eternal knowledge and power and will Thou
 dost punish the people of Hell whom Thou hast created and if
 it be Thy inexorable will to make Hell full of mankind, Thou art
 able to fill it with me alone, and to send them to Paradise.

—Nûri.

* * *

Even from earthly love thy face avert not,
 Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee,
 Ere A. B. C are rightly apprehended,
 How canst thou con the pages of thy Koran?
 A sage (so heard I), unto whom a student
 Came craving counsel on the course before him,
 Said: "If thy steps be strangers to love's pathways,
 Depart, learn love, and then return before me.

For, shouldst thou fear to drink wine from Form's flagon,
Thou canst not drain the draught of the Ideal.
But yet beware. Be not by Form belated :
Strive rather with all speed the bridge to traverse.
If to the bourne thou fain wouldst bear thy baggage,
Upon the bridge let not thy footsteps linger."

—Jāmi.

* * *

Was it not I that summoned thee to service?
Did not I make thee busy with My name?
Thy calling "Allah!" was My "Here am I!"
Thy yearning pain My messenger to thee.
Of all those tears and cries and supplications
I was the magnet, and I gave them wings.

—Jalāluddīn Rūmī.

* * *

O God, if I worship Thee in fear of Hell, burn me in Hell;
and if I worship Thee in hope of Paradise, exclude me from
Paradise; but if I worship Thee for Thine own sake, withhold
not Thine everlasting beauty.

—Rābīā (the slave girl).

* * *

To feel at one with God for a moment is better than all
meh's acts of worship from the beginning to the end of the world.

—Shiblī.

* * *

Fear of the Fire, in comparison with fear of being parted
from the Beloved, is like a drop of water cast into the mightiest
ocean.

—Dhu 'l-Nūn (the ferryman).

* * *

In my heart Thou dwellest—else with blood I'll drench it;
In mine eye Thou glowest—else with tears I'll quench it.
Only to be one with Thee my soul desireth—
Else from out my body, by hook or crook, I'll wrench it.

—Abū Sa'īd.

Ye who in search of God, of God, pursue,
 Ye need not search for God is you, is you.
 Why seek ye something that was missing ne'er?
 Save you none is, but you are—where, oh, where?

—*Jalāluddīn Rūmī.*

* * *

The torrent of madness bore away his reason
 And he spoke more impiously than before:
 "Within my vesture is naught but God,
 Whether you seek Him on earth or in heaven."
 His disciples all became mad with horror,
 And struck with their knives at his holy body.
 Each one who aimed at the body of the Shēykh—
 His stroke was reversed and wounded the striker.
 No stroke took effect on that man of spiritual vision,
 But the disciples were wounded and drowned in blood.

—*Bāyazīd Bisṭāmī.*

* * *

How long will you worship at the tombs of holy men?
 Busy yourself with the works of holy men, and you are saved.

—*‘Alā’uddīn ‘Attār* (the druggist).

* * *

Every moment the robber Beauty rises in a different shape, ravishes
 the soul, and disappears.

Every instant that Loved One assumes a new garment, now of old,
 now of youth.

Now He plunged into the heart of the substance of the potter's
 clay—the Spirit plunged, like a diver.

Anon He rose from the depths of mud that is moulded and baked,
 then He appeared in the world.

He became Noah, and at His prayer the world was flooded while
 He went into the Ark.

He became Abraham and appeared in the midst of the fire, which
 turned to rose for His sake.

Then He became Jesus and ascended to the dome of Heaven and
 began to glorify God.

In brief, it was He that was coming and going in every generation
 thou hast seen.

Until at last He appeared in the form of an Arab and gained the
empire of the world.

What is it that is transferred? What is transmigration in reality?
The lovely winner of hearts

Became a sword and appeared in the hand of 'Ali and became the
Slayer of the time.

'Twas even He that was crying in human shape: *Ana 'l-Haqq* !*

—*Jalāluddīn Rūmī*.

Some have abstained from food and drink, fancying that when a man's body is weakened it is possible that he may lose his humanity and be invested with the attributes of divinity. The ignorant persons who hold this erroneous doctrine cannot distinguish between humanity and the inborn qualities of humanity. Humanity does not depart from man any more than blackness departs from that which is black or whiteness from that which is white but the inborn qualities of humanity are changed and transmuted by the all-powerful radiance that is shed upon them from the divine Realities.

—*Abū Naṣr al-Sarrāj*.

* * *

Thy will be done, O my Lord and Master.

Thy will be done, O my purpose and meaning.

O essence of my being, O goal of my desire,

O my speech and my hints and my gestures,

O all of my all, O my hearing and my sight,

O my whole and my element and my particles.

—*Hallāj* (the cotton-comber).

* * *

My God, my heart is a prey to perplexity in the midst of this solitude. I am a stone, and so is the Ka'ba; what can it do for me? That which I need is to contemplate thy face.

Rābiā (the slave girl).

If there be any lover in the world, O Moslems, 'tis I.
 If there be any believer, infidel, or Christian hermit, 'tis I.
 The two-and-seventy creeds and sects in the world.
 Do not really exist : I swear by God that every creed and sect—'tis I.
 Earth and air and water and fire, nay, body and soul too—'tis I.
 Knowledge and learning and asceticism and piety and faith—'tis I.
 The fire of Hell, be assured, with its flaming limbos,
 Yes, and Paradise and Eden and the Houris—'tis I.
 This earth and heaven with all that they hold,
 Angels, Peris, Genies and Mankind—'tis I.

—*Jaláluddín Rumi.*

* * *

I love the Lord so much that I do not trouble about the enmity of Satan.
 He is not sincere who does not forget the pain of affliction through his
 absorption in God.

—*Ráblá (the slave girl).*

* * *

I died as mineral and became a plant,
 I died as plant and rose to animal,
 I died as animal and I was man.
 Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
 Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
 With angels blest ; but even from angelhood
 I must pass on : all except God doth perish.
 When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
 I shall become what no mind e'er conceived.
 Oh, let me not exist, for Non-existence
 Proclaims in organ tones : 'To Him we shall return'.

—*Jaláluddín Rumi.*

* * *

The distinctive feature of Oriental as opposed to European mysticism, is its profound consciousness of an all-pervading Unity. To become *God-like* is not the Súfí's aim, but to escape from the bondage of his unreal selfhood and thereby to be reunited with the One Infinite Being.



Yours very sincerely
Winston Churchill Pearson.

W. W. Pearson

Thy nature is to forget thyself;
But we remember thee.
Thou shinest in self-concealment
Revealed by our love.
Thou lendest light from thine own soul
To those that are obscure.
Thou seekest neither love nor fame
Love discovers thee.

Rebindranath Tagore.

[*Translated from a dedicatory poem.*]

VISVA-BHARATI BULLETIN

I.

'Mr. C. F. Andrews as President of the Assam Students' Conference.'

Extracts from Opening Address.

It has been my long cherished hope to stay at least a fortnight with you in your most beautiful country of Assam, and I had made further plans to visit East Bengal and see Chandpur once more and other places, before my return to Santiniketan. But a greater call has come to me to start on a much longer journey to South Africa, and if all difficulties can be removed, I hope to start early in November.

The journey will have a great sadness for me, because on my first voyage to South Africa, nearly ten years ago, I had as my intimate companion, Mr. W. W. Pearson, whose death in Italy by a railway accident has cast a shadow of sorrow over my own life. In a most remarkable manner, we had shared together in India a common spiritual experience, and learned side by side at the feet of our great Indian teachers.

There was first and foremost, with us both, the daily inspiration of the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, whom we have ever loved to call our *Gurudeva*. Mr. Pearson, from the time that he had begun to study Bengalee, had made the Poet the dream of all his thoughts. He never ceased to have this devotion to him in all the years that followed; and he accompanied him in his travels to Europe, America and Japan.

Then, as I have said, just ten years ago, we both went out together to South Africa, to take part in the passive resistance struggle. There, together, we met for the first time Mahatma Gandhi. That too was a turning point in our lives and the inspiration of Mahatmaji's presence has been to both of us a spiritual strength, which has grown deeper and deeper as the years have gone by.

There was a third teacher, whom I have never met in person though his writings have meant very much to me,—Aurobindo Ghose. Mr. Pearson had the privilege of meeting him and of having long talks with him in Pondicherry on spiritual things. I know that he received from Aurobindo Ghose great help in his own meditative life and in the practice of *Yoga*—

a practice which evidently sustained Mr. Pearson in his last week of suffering after the railway accident occurred, for he bore his sufferings with a bravery and calmness which won the wonder of all.

I have begun by telling you what we have learnt from India because the principles of which I am going to speak to-day come from the very heart of India. They have been embodied in the lives of the greatest Indian religious thinkers of the past and the present. I can well remember the day when the Poet first explained to me the beauty of the Upanishads. I said to him, almost with indignation: "How is it that I have been here in India for more than ten years, and all this has never been told me before?" Perhaps, it had been my own fault, because I had come to India, in my ignorance, arrogantly to teach, when I ought to have come out, first of all, to learn.

This reading of the Upanishads under the guidance of a great teacher seemed to show me, in a moment of illumination, the living truth of the world. At such a gathering of students as this, it is clearly not the time to enter into the philosophic depths of the Upanishads, and I do not intend to do so, but I wish to take from them and put before you, some of their great truths, which are yet of such simple human interest, as even the youngest student here can understand and cherish.

I would refer in the first place to that grand idea: *Advaitam*. It formed part of the great *mantram*—*Santam Sivam Advaitam*,—which our *Gurudeva* gave to us on the eve of our journey to South Africa, and we eagerly learnt its meaning under the guidance of Mahatma Gandhi himself; for he was a living embodiment of what the word *advaitam* really means—namely the oneness of all spiritual life, "to see (as the Upanishad tells us) the universal self in all things and all things in the universe itself."

I feel that the greatest of all the debts which the youth of modern India owe to Swami Vivekananda, is the renewal in practical life of this faith in *advaitam*. I have worked with the Ramkrishna Mission workers in cholera camps and in famine areas and I have watched with joy how they have learnt to identify themselves with the sick and the suffering and the outcastes of humanity.

I would ask you here, who are students, to practise in your own daily life such faith in *advaitam*. When the cholera-stricken patient is "before you and you are afraid to touch him for fear of infection; say to yourself: "This poor cholera-stricken creature is the divine self in human form: it is myself!" When the stranger comes to you, whom you may

not naturally love, say to yourself the same thing,—“**Tattvam asi**”. When the outcaste comes to you, the untouchable, the *namasudras*, say to yourself the same thing,—“**Tattvam asi**”—*Thou art that!* The Upanishads tell us further that the **Advaitam** is also the **Avarna**,—*He is without colour, or caste distinction.*

There is a beautiful resemblance to this same Eternal Truth in the teaching of the Sufi poets. There is one poem, which I have always remembered, where the Sufi poet says: “I knocked at the door of the heart of my beloved, and a voice said: ‘Who is there?’ I said ‘It is I’ but there came no answer. I suffered and pined away with grief, and then knocked again, and a voice said ‘Who is there?’ and I said ‘It is Thou’ and the door opened.” Here is the same truth expressed in its mystical form.

In my own Christian faith, also, we have a parable where Christ stands before his true disciples in the midst of the poor and the needy, the prisoner and the stranger, the sick and the afflicted, and says in their names: “I was famine-stricken and athirst, I was hungry and naked, I was in prison and a stranger. In as much as you did service unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.”

I know how well Mr. Peerson had learnt these great truths, and how he had made his life one constant act of loving service of humanity. He had also experienced the intense joy of arriving at that further teaching of the Gita which is called **Niskām Karma**—*work without thought of reward*. In the same way, it is possible for each one of you, even while you are young, to endeavour to frame your lives (as he did) in the idea of **Advaitam**, of being wholly identified with others in love.

I have also seen such identification in the case of those, who have come from Assam and from East and West Bengal, to work in the cholera camp at Chandpur and in the flooded areas of North Bengal. I have found this same spirit of pure devoted service of humanity in other parts of India also. In Malabar, where untouchability had become almost an obsession of the mind, I have taken food in a Congress camp where Noplas and high caste Hindus, touchables and untouchables, ate their simple meal in love and unity. It was a living sacrament of the United India, which is certain to arise when the truth of **advaitam** is realised and fully known, and the spirit of love prevails.

Then, in the second place, there is that which follows from the original truth of **advaitam** itself,—the sovereign principle of **ahimsā**,—

paramo dharma ahimsá. Here again, Mr. Pearson had learnt most wonderfully from India to think as Hindus have thought from the earliest religious times. In his first speech in South Africa, he said: "It has been easy and natural for me to understand this passive resistance movement of Mahatma Gandhi because my own ancestors belonged to the Society of Friends, who practised in their lives the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount." The Sermon on the Mount had been learnt in his own life from childhood. Therefore the great Hindu teaching of **ahimsá** was nothing strange to him. He only felt, as he studied Hinduism, that he was learning its sublime religious truths afresh in new and beautiful forms. It strengthened his faith in the Sermon on the Mount, which he had learnt from his mother as a child.

In conclusion I would like to make clear two points. First of all to practise Ahimsá truly requires far greater courage than to die fighting in battle. Moral courage is of a far higher order than mere physical courage. Secondly, I want you to realise that anger in thought has no less to be controlled than anger in violent deeds. Christ said: "He that is angry with his brother is in danger of judgment." That is why the Upanishads have laid such stress on the control of the senses which are like a team of unruly horses, ever seeking to run wild in man's nature. There is another saying which I would put before you: "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Europe to-day is a terrible example of unrestrained violence and uncontrolled passion, and is slowly dying in agony, because she refuses to believe the teaching of Buddha that "Evil cannot be overcome by evil but only by good."

In these opening words, I do not intend to say any more to you than this, because I want to leave one clear impression with you and not to confuse you with talking of too many things. At the conclusion of the Conference I shall have another opportunity of speaking more in detail about the hopes and aims of young Assam.

Extracts from Concluding Address.

During these days that I have been with you, I have been asked to answer again and again certain questions, which are evidently pressing hard in your own minds for a solution:—Are you to maintain the Assamese script and the Assamese language? Are you to welcome Indians from other provinces to fill your country? Are you to make Calcutta your

literary centre? Are you, as individuals, to leave your country for the wider world, or simply to do all you can to improve your own country? It is clearly not possible for me to solve difficult local questions such as these with my short experience, but I can give you briefly some of those ultimate principles of human life, which may help you to solve them for yourselves.

First, let us be clear about the future. It is as useless to put up barriers of protection against the coming unification of mankind, as it is absurd to try, like old King Canute in the story, to prevent the tide of the sea from advancing. Our tiny barriers of race and caste, language and creed and territory may, for a few brief moments, stop the incoming tide, but they cannot finally resist the onward flow of humanity to the common goal of one race, one faith, one soil, one language, one people. For mankind is essentially one family,—one in a common spiritual life, one in a common destiny of unification.

When we come to think clearly, we find that, apart from the human infirmities of jealousy and pride and greed, it was the geographical hindrance of the past which really kept us aloof; and isolated us, and made us strangers to one another. But every single day of our lives, as it passes, shows us more clearly that this geographical obstruction is being broken down by modern travel. When, in the near future, flying in the air becomes as cheap and easy as riding on a bicycle, when also news is circulated round the world at lighting speed by a million newspapers and by wireless broadcasting, then all the divisions and sub-divisions of caste in this country, and all the "White Australia" and "White South Africa" jealousy in the outside world, will not prevent the fusion of races and the ultimate unification of mankind.

Therefore, you, who are still young, and the children of the future, must boldly step out into this newly acquired heritage of human growth and human freedom. Just as the old geographical barriers had to give way before the onward march of the epic hero, Rama, while he united all races and became the comrade of the aborigines, ushering in a new age of Indian unification, even so, in a similar manner, you who wish to lead the heroic advance to-day must be ready to adventure forth into a far larger country than your ancestors ever knew.

You can no longer be Hindus, Musalmans, or Christians, in the old narrow sectarian sense of the words. You can no longer be Hindustanis, Bengalis, Assamese, in the old narrow racial sense. You cannot come to

a full stop in front of any obstructions of that kind: you must go right forward up to the ideal of one universal race, one universal religion, in one universal country,—the world itself. It was this larger country, this country of Humanity, which the forest dwellers of the Asrams of ancient India loved to enter, in all their dreams and thoughts. They beheld ideally a vision of that unification of man which we ourselves are seeing made practical to-day.

But, you will ask me, "Does this doctrine of the 'Advaita' mean that we are to give up loving Assam, as Assamese, that we are to give up loving India, as Indians, and only love Humanity instead?" Oh, how many times have I had that question put to me by students who cannot understand. It seems almost to be the one puzzle to-day of the whole of Indian student life. And yet the answer is so simple. Do you remember those lines from the Poet Laureate quoted in the Golden Treasury?

I could not love thee dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

You cannot love your own country less, because you love Humanity more. That is spiritually impossible. The ordinary laws of arithmetic do not hold good in the spiritual life. You do not subtract from one side in order to add to the other. Such arithmetic is the law of the physical life, but it is just the reverse in the spiritual. What, for instance, could be a greater mathematical absurdity than the saying of Christ: "He that loseth his life shall save it." Yet in the highest sense of self sacrifice, we find this to be true every single day. So you may rest assured, that if you determine to sacrifice yourself for humanity, you will not love your own country less, but more.

Human life in Europe to-day is terribly out of focus because of the feverish anxiety to get every single thing for one's own country at any cost, even at the expense of others. This is a narrow patriotism which only leads to confusion, for the mind becomes blurred by passion. The only true perspective of human life is that of one human family—one human race, with one heart and soul. Europe had this as her ideal given to her by Christ, but she lost it in the great War.

Grasp that ideal of human unity, as the Rishis did of old, and all the rest follows. Patriotism at once falls into its proper place, and does not become a monstrosity. Would you pardon me, if I refer to my own personal experience? When I say truly that I love India with all my

heart, do you suppose, for a moment, that I love England any the less on that account? I believe you would despise me if I loved my own country less: and rightly, too, for I should then be a renegade. But, as I have said, such a thing is spiritually impossible.

• How absurdly simple these things really are in practice. When you learn these spiritual lessons for the first time it is just like learning to swim. You have only to trust yourself to the water, stretch out your arms and legs, and very soon you will find yourself at home in the new element. But if you shiver on the bank and refuse to plunge in, you will never know the refreshing joy of a good swim. Even so, if you do not plunge into the great flood of Humanity you will never know the purest joy of human life, the joy of disinterested service; and your patriotism will be a narrow stunted thing, whose very narrowness will do your country more harm than good.

Let me, just as a teacher does, go over the whole lesson again, in another way. I fully believe that in the course of time, all the separate languages, races, religions of the world will be unified. Yet I myself should be the last person to deny the benefit which has come to mankind, in the past, through the colour and variety and manifold beauty of different languages, races, religions. But, as the Isa Upanishad tells us, all these are the moving things in this moving world; they are never stationary; they rise and fall, they assume wide and wider ranges; yet they are all enveloped by God; and ever draw nearer to *Advaitam*.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

II.

Sanskrit Books for German Scholars.

(An Appeal by the President, Visva-bhārati.)

We have received a circular from Mr. G. M. Jadav, of Shivaji Road, Baroda, who states that in Germany there are twenty-three Universities, in which, with only one or two exceptions, Sanskrit is studied. It will suffice to mention some of the names of the Professors whom Mr. Jadav met when he was there — H. Jacobi (Bonn); R. Schmid (Munster);

W. Schubring (Hamburg) ; F. O. Schroner (Kiel) ; L. Heller (Griefswald) ; W. Geiger (Munich) ; H. Lüders (Berlin)—to indicate the wealth of talent that is still devoted in Germany to Indology. The vanishing value of the Mark, however, makes it practically impossible for German Scholars to purchase Sanskrit books published in India; and Mr. Jadav appeals for contributions of Sanskrit books from India, which should be sent to Prof. H. Lüders, Berlin University, who for his part has undertaken to distribute the same amongst the German Universities.

It can well be imagined under what cruel conditions the German Indologists of to-day have to carry on their devoted labours; and when we further consider the high quality which German Scholarship has always stood for and, in particular, remember the vital part it has played in the revival of our ancient culture in India itself; the least we can do is to reciprocate by helping to the best of our power in a cause which is after all our own. A substantial contribution from India will not only serve to mark our sense of past benefits received from German Scholars, but also to express our sympathy in these days of their tribulation.

We therefore cordially endorse Mr. Jadav's appeal as well as his request to furnish him, at the address given above, with a list of all contributions sent. The Visva-bharati proposes shortly to make up a selection of duplicate Sanskrit volumes in its library for the purpose. It may happen that sympathisers who are not in a position to contribute books would like to make contributions of money. To assist such donors the Visva-bharati is prepared to receive and fund such money contributions and purchase thereout, and forward to Prof. H. Lüders, such books as he, on behalf of the German Universities, may requisition. Such contributions are to be sent to Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis, Joint Secretary, Visva-bharati, 10, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta.

III.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF VISVA-BHARATI.

1923.

Santiniketan Asram.

The site of the Asram was originally a bare spot in the middle of open country and was notorious for being the haunt of dacoits. Here Maharshi Devendranath Tagore came on one of his journeys, and he was so attracted

with the place that he pitched his tent under two trees, the only two to be seen there, and spent his time in meditation and prayer. These Saptaparni trees are still to be seen at one extremity of the Asram, with the open plain stretching out before them to the western horizon; and on the horizon; and on the marble slab which marks the place of his meditation is inscribed the text of the Maharshi's meditation:

He is the repose of my life,
The joy of my heart,
The peace of my spirit.

The Maharshi's love for the place of his realisation wrought in it a complete transformation. The chief of the Dacoits came and surrendered himself to the Maharshi and entered into his service. Rich soil was brought over, trees and shrubs planted, and a garden and orchard laid out. A house was built and later on a temple. When the place had thus become a thing of beauty the Maharshi dedicated it, as an Asram, to the public under a Trust Deed, executed in 1887, endowing it with an Annuity of Rs. 6,000, for the use of everyone who wished to meditate on God, free from all antagonisms of creed and sect.

Apart, however, from the periodical sojourn of the Maharshi and members of his family, there was very little activity in the Asram in the beginning. A formal daily service was maintained in the Mandir, and outside guests were few and far between.

Although mention is made in the Trust Deed of a Library and a Brahma-Vidyālaya, no such institutions actually came into existence until 1901, when a beginning was made by Rabindranath Tagore with the permission and approval of his father. His immediate object was to found a school where study would not be divorced from life, where the pupils would become members of a larger family, regarding the affairs of the institution as their own, and where they would find themselves in an atmosphere of freedom, mutual trust and happiness. The school was maintained in the beginning from the slender resources of the Founder himself, supplemented by a small allotment from the Trust funds, practically no support being asked or received from the public. From the outset, however, the management and administration of the institution was carried on along simple constitutional lines by a committee elected by the Staff by whom also the Principal and other departmental heads were usually elected.

In 1913, when the Founder visited England, a few English friends had expressed their readiness to help him and share in his work at Santiniketan.

C. F. Andrews, W. W. Pearson and J. W. Petavel, came back with him from the West and joined the Asram, and the outlook of the institution widened. It became clear that Santiniketan must not be confined merely to a school, albeit freer and happier than other schools, but must represent larger ideals and be a centre for the culture of all the East.

In 1920-21 the Founder visited the West again, and this time he was convinced that the world problem demanded an international attitude of mind and that Santiniketan must stand for nothing short of a universal ideal which should contemplate the meeting of East and West, in common fellowship of learning and in common spiritual striving, and embrace humanity itself.

When the Founder came back from his tour in 1921, he set to work formally to inaugurate this new type of institution under the name of Visva-bharati.

In December, 1921, at a public meeting held at Santiniketan, presided over by the Founder and attended by among others, Dr. Brojendranath Sīl, Sir Nilratan Sarkar, Principal S. K. Rudra, Prof. Sylvian Levi, such formal inauguration took place, and a Provisional Constitution was adopted. A Visiting Professorship in connection with the institution was founded and Professor Sylvain Levi was appointed the first Visiting Professor.

Just about this time L. K. Elmhirst came from America equipped to start a scheme of rural work and village education which he had discussed with the Founder in America. The founder offered him the use of his house, garden and farm at Surul, and this made it possible to add Sriniketan, the Department of Rural Reconstruction, to the Institution.

With these materials Visva-bharati was formally constituted by being registered under Act XXI of 1866 on the 16th May, 1922, and thereupon the Founder definitely made over to it all the assets of the institution, which had so long been his personal property, by executing the necessary documents and also, made a gift of the copy-right of all his Bengali books. By the end of 1922, the Samsad (Governing Body), the Board of Trustees and the other constitutional bodies and offices were gradually brought into working order and the financial administration was definitely taken over by the Visva-bharati office with effect from the 1st of January, 1923.

Membership.

The total number of members of the Visva-bharati at the end of the year is 416 of which 278 are from Bengal and 138 are from outside. The

total number of Life Members is 91 of which 14 are from Bengal and 77 are from outside.

Office Bearers.

At the first meeting of the Samsad, 4th February, 1923, the following were elected Pradhanas :

Mr. Justice Dinshaw Mullah of Bombay, Babu Bhagavandas of Benares, Sir Ashutosh Mukerji, Sir Nilratan Sarcar and Babu Surendranath Tagore of Calcutta.

C. F. Andrews having resigned the office of Upacharya, Surendranath Tagore was nominated to fill the vacancy. C. F. Andrews, however, remained a Pradhana.

Surendranath Tagore resigned the office of the Artha-Sachiva on the 16th January, 1923. He, however, continued to serve on the Finance Committee as a member. Satis Ranjan Das was appointed by the Samsad to act as Artha-Sachiva for the year 1923, under statute 15 clause 5. He has administered the funds of the Visva-bharati on the strictest constitutional lines, and the improvements recommended by the Finance Committee were mainly due to his initiative.

The Board of Trustees appointed Messrs. Ray & Ray, Chartered Accountants, auditors for the Visva-bharati.

General Office.

The new Constitution brought into existence an organisation of a definitely federal type. The Samsad with its Standing Financial Committee had become the Central Governing Body. Efficient machinery was needed for the work of co-ordinating the different departments and also for keeping in touch with the general public. The attention of the Karma-Sachivas was therefore mainly engaged in creating a strong office both in Calcutta and in the Asram head-quarters. A permanent Assistant Secretary was put in charge and the financial administration was centralised at Santiniketan under a whole time accounts-officer.

Financial Arrangements.

Early in the year the Samsad prepared a scheme of departmental finance with complete central control through monthly accounts and audit. The standing Finance Committee reviewed the departmental accounts

month by month. Close watch was kept on both income and expenditure and every possible opportunity was taken to achieve efficiency and effect economy. During the first six months work was carried on under a budget deficit of nearly 50,000 Rupees. The financial situation called for immediate retrenchment everywhere, and on the recommendations of the Finance Committee revised budget estimates were passed by the Samsad in July. As the work progressed it was further recommended that departmental responsibility should be more clearly recognised both as regards income and expenditure.

This recommendation was accepted by the Samsad.

Samsad.

The Samsad met five times during the year under review and transacted a large volume of important business. Meetings were held alternately at Santiniketan and Calcutta and the attendance of members was fairly.

There were eighteen meetings of the Finance Committee of the Samsad during the year. The value of a Standing Committee with wider scope was increasingly felt and recommendations in this regard have been placed before the Parishat.

President's Tour.

The President undertook an extended tour in Western India in March—April last and then again in November—December. He was accompanied by C. F. Andrews and Kshitimohan Sen during the first tour, and by L. K. Elmhirst and Gour-gopal Ghose during the second. H. P. Morris and Gurdial Mallik rendered indefatigable service in the preliminary work of creating public interest. These tours were eminently successful in rousing interest in the Visva-bharati ideal and gaining for the Institution substantial practical support.

Obituary.

The sad death of Mr. W. W. Pearson, due to a railway accident while travelling through Italy, on the eve of his return to his beloved Santiniketan, has been the greatest calamity suffered by the Institution in the whole course of its history. The President has, in different connexions, given expression to our deep sense of irretreivable loss, and we need add nothing further here.

The Visva-bharati Vidyāyatana.

A. Educational Institutions at Santiniketan (Bolpur)

1. Uttaravibhāga.

Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri was in charge.

Professor M. Winternitz of the Prague University was the Visiting Professor for the year and stayed in Santiniketan during the greater part of it. In addition to delivering regular courses of lectures on the history of Sanskrit Literature, he took up the work of training scholars in the critical editing of manuscripts. His deep scholarship and his benign personality have made a living contribution to the building up of the Asram. Seven students studied under him the art of editing books from a critical comparison of Mss., and Indological research work generally. Dr. Winternitz also gave a series of valuable lectures on the History of Indian literature.

Teaching Work.

The Session began with 34 students including girls. The present number of students is 27 in all, including 9 women students, 14 being from Bengal, 2 from Madras, 6 from Guzrat, 1 from Coorg, 2 from Travancore.

There were 12 Professors, namely, V. Bhattacharya, M. Winternitz, C. F. Andrews, F. Benoit, K. M. Sen, M. Collins, K. Misra, P. Bose, S. K. Das, A. Chatterji, A. Bachman, V. Lesny and A. Tarkatirtha.

The subjects taught were :

Sanskrit Literature, Prakrit, Tibetan, Dharmasāstra, Persian, English, Bengali, German, French, Logic, Philosophy, Nyāya, Vedānta (Upanishad), Greek, Political Economy, and Sociology.

There were 13 students in the Sanskrit literature class; 3 in Prakrit; 2 in Tibetan; 2 in Dharmasāstra; 2 in Persian; 17 in English; 15 in Bengali; 7 in German; 18 in French; 6 in Logic; 1 in Nyāya; 1 in Vedānta; 2 in Greek; 5 in Political Economy and Sociology.

Occasional lectures were delivered in different subjects by the following :

Prof. V. Lesny, Prof. P. Geddes, Dr. I. J. S. Taraporewala, Dr. G. S. Jones, Dr. Khambata, Dr. Radhakumud Mukerji and Dr. Radhakamal Mukerji.

Editing Work.

Mr. N. B. Utgikar, of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Poona, stayed in the Asram for some time and discussed the whole plan of editing the Mahabharata, in which his Institute is engaged, with Dr. Winternitz, Pandit V. Bhattacharya and the students. The tentative edition of the *Virata Parvan* issued from the Bhandarkar Research Institute under his editorship was examined. A portion of the *Adi Parvan* was actually edited in collaboration.

The preparation of an edition of the *Abhidharmattha-Sangaha* was begun by Pandit Nitai-Vinoda Goswami.

A critical edition of the *Agamasāstra* of Gaudapada was undertaken by Pandit V. Bhattacharya, in connection with the fellowship held by him during the year under report.

2. Purva-Vibhāga.

The Purva-vibhāga was in charge of Pramada-ranjan Ghose.

The session began in January last with 159 pupils on the roll including boys and girls; the number on the rolls at the end of the year under report is 151, including 131 boys and 20 girls. Out of these 110 are paying in full; 10 receive scholarships varying from Rs. 2/- to Rs. 8/- per month; and 31 receive free tuition. There are three Mahomedan pupils; and the number of Non-Bengalis is 31.

In the interest of teaching and discipline the Old *Adhyāpaka Sabhā* (conference of teachers) was revived. It meets regularly once a month to discuss the progress of students and kindred matters. The late Mr. Pearson took a leading part in these discussions.

Miss Maum taught manual work in the lower classes for the greater part of the year, thereby removing a long-felt want. Attempts are being made to continue her work.

Two boys sat for the Matriculation examination of the Calcutta University, as private candidates in March last. Both passed in the First Division, one of them securing more than 80 per cent. in Mathematics.

The health of the school was on the whole satisfactory all through the year. There were a few mild cases of mumps but only one case of serious illness (Erysipelas) which proved fatal.

The boys of the school took part in several foot-ball matches both in and out of Asram and were in almost all cases successful. The Santiniketan team won the Sulasini Shield.

3. Nari-Vibhāga. (*Woman's Department*).

This was in charge of Mrs. Snchalata Gupta during the first part of the year and of Miss Hembala Sen during the latter part.

There were 30 girl students of whom twelve resided in the Girls' Boarding. There was considerable life and activity in this department. The girls undertook the supervision and feeding of the boys of the Sisuvibhaga. They also took part in the nursing of the sick in the Hospital, the amusement of the smaller boys in the evening by story-telling and conducting out-door excursions and picnics. They had regular lessons in cooking during the early part of the year under Miss Green. A few of the girls under the guidance of Pratima Devi and Sukumari Ghosh regularly went out to the surrounding villages to teach women needle-work and other handiwork. Most of the girls have been attending the Music classes.

4. Kala-Bhavan. (*Art Department*)

(*Fine Art Section*). Nandalal Bose was in charge.

There were 14 students of whom 6 were girls. The section has sustained a loss in the departure of Asitkumar Halder who has been appointed curator of the Jaipur Art Museum. During this year the Kala-bhavan sent its paintings to 5 outside exhibitions, twice in Calcutta and once in Madras, Rajmundry and Benares. Besides these several exhibitions were held in the Asram. The staff and students of this department have executed 70 original paintings. The students have made several reproductions of their paintings by the lithographic process.

(*Crafts Section*). The girls have been engaged in decoration work on wood and earthen-ware. Miss Andree Karpeles helped in this department during the first part of the year. Abanindranath Tagore paid a visit to the Asram and gave a great impetus to the enthusiasm of the students. The specimens of the work of this section which were on exhibition were highly commended.

The Library of Arts and Crafts has been greatly enlarged during the year by the presentation of books, photographs, prints and other collections from various countries, specially Germany and France.

(*Music Section*). Dinendranath Tagore and Bhimrao Shastri were in charge.

Though there were only 12 students including 6 girls specially enrolled

in this section, a large proportion of the students of other departments also took regular lessons here.

The services of Ranjit Singh have been secured this year to teach instrumental music, thereby removing a long felt want, but we are still in need of more good teachers.

The students of this section have made a notable contribution to the cultural activities of Visva-bharati, which have gained a good deal of public appreciation.

5. Publishing Department.

The publishing rights and stock in hand (worth nearly Rs. 78,000) was purchased from the Indian Press, Allahabad, at a capital outlay of Rs. 26,000/- under suitable financial arrangements by the general office in January, and a book shop started in Calcutta in August last. The gross sales this year, have exceeded previous figures, amounting to nearly Rs. 21,000/-. We report with great pleasure that the copy-rights of the works of Dwijendranath Tagore and Balendranath Tagore have been assigned to the Visva-bharati.

The outlook of the Publishing Department is very hopeful and it is expected to yield a considerable income to the general Funds.

The Visva-bharati Quarterly was started in April with Rabindranath Tagore as editor but as the whole responsibility came to rest with Surendranath Tagore, he was placed in charge as editor from the second number. The Quarterly has met with a cordial reception from the public and may be expected to render good service in disseminating the Visva-bharati ideal. There has been a small deficit in the current year but from next year the Quarterly is expected to be self-supporting.

6. Hostel and Boarding.

The supply of good food to suit the different classes of boarders at a moderate charge was the main problem of this department, and was complicated by the absence of adequate market facilities near by, as well as by fluctuations in price. It gradually became clear that a centralised general kitchen for teachers, students, staff and servants proved wasteful and therefore unduly expensive. During the latter part of the year, therefore, it was split up. The teachers and staff made their own arrangements. The smaller pupils were put in charge of the women's section. The servants were made separate allowances in addition to their pay. And the kitchen

building (including the dining hall) was improved and made over to the older students for running separate messes of their own. This arrangement seems likely to work well.

7. The Hospital.

During the year under report there were over 2,000 outdoor and about 200 indoor patients. The average daily attendance was about 8.

Mild epidemics of two infectious diseases viz., Mumps and Dengue prevailed during the year. Dengue cases were mostly imported from Calcutta. Though there were no cases of serious illness, except only one of Erysipelas (which proved fatal), the difficulties experienced in dealing even with the mild epidemics above-mentioned, point to the urgent want of a proper isolation ward, in order to check the progress of any infectious disease that may be accidentally imported.

Though the hospital has much improved in regard to the arrangements for the comfort of the patients and sanitation generally, much still remains to be done. More furniture, instruments and appliances are needed, as well as separate operation and dressing rooms.

We appeal to all well-wishers of the institution to contribute to the Pearson Memorial Fund which has been started to remedy these defects, which were a source of the keenest anxiety to him.

B. Institutions at Sriniketan (Surul).

The Department of Rural Reconstruction.

Preliminary Work.

"To win the friendship of the villagers by taking a real interest in their life and welfare and making a lively effort to assist them in solving their problems,"—this was the object with which the Founder sent out the present Director, L. K. Elmhirst, with a member of the Santiniketan staff and ten students, in February, 1922, to take charge of the farm and garden, now called Sriniketan, on the edge of the ancient village of Surul.

It was through the application of a little First Aid to the victims of a village quarrel that the first mistrust and suspicion was broken through. Concentration upon a small area in the beginning led to a rapid growth of friendship, assisted by night schools for the boys, and cemented by the formation of the first troupe of village scouts.

"To take the problems of the village and field to the class room for

study and to the experimental farm for solution," was the aim which the Director placed before his colleagues at the outset, but it was not long before it became clear that the main problem of the village was ill-health, which would have to be solved before any advance in agriculture or industries could be made.

This was found to involve considerations of fresh food supply, treatment of manure, draining, cleaning and co-operation generally, so that from the start the department was faced with a comprehensive programme. General principles of attack were formulated, but each village, with its own peculiar problems, had to be approached in a special way.

General Progress during the year.

The Director left India in March 1923 leaving Santosh Mazumdar in charge.

The work of village reconstruction under the able leadership of Kalimohan Ghose, supported by Miss G. Green in charge of the Charitable dispensary achieved splendid results. The activity of the village scouts under Dhirananda Roy, one of our own students, more especially in the saving of two whole villages from fire when the villagers themselves were at a loss what to do, and in the remarkable reduction of the percentage of cases of malaria in the neighbourhood, has shown how well the villagers are able to help themselves with the right kind of sympathetic approach from outside.

Public confidence has been proved by the requests to look after the *Melas* in the neighbourhood, but above all in the election of Kalimohan Ghose to the Bolpur Union Board. The local lawyers have since this election agreed to support the programme, and the Congress representatives have expressed their approval of the general policy.

At the beginning of the year two short courses were held for village boys. They brought their own food, camped out and were instructed in scouting and handicrafts of economical value to themselves and to the village. The response of these boys to this kind of teaching has been so encouraging as to lead to a concentration of the efforts of the department on such short courses.

The time and energy that has to be spent on the *Bhadraloke* boy, by way of recognised lecture-room and laboratory courses, is so disproportionate, that it is becoming clear that a suitable apprenticeship course,

in the section the business of which he wants to learn, will be much more useful to him.

As the different sections develop, it is hoped that the department will be able to add to the number of young men who are engaged in research work into the principles of Village Reconstruction.

We have to acknowledge with thanks valuable assistance received from Mr. Arthur Geddes, and advice from Messrs. Khambata and Iyenger of the Public Health Department and Dr. Gopal Chatterji of the Anti-malaria Society.

The following is a brief account of the different institutions which have advanced sufficiently to demand separate notice.

I. Agriculture.

The Farm and Garden.

In the farm we had Paddy, Jute, Jowar, Impi, Soy Bean, Cow-pea, Castor, Horse-gram, Sun-Hemp, Sugar-cane and Potato. We tried Alfa-lfa Rhodgrass and Field carrot; these germinated well, but were destroyed by insects and birds. Rain was scarce this year and this had a bad effect on the paddy. Jowar did exceedingly well on heavily manured plots.

In the garden we had different kinds of cabbages, radishes and sag; spinach, brinjal, asparagus, tomato, turnips and onions. The digging of a well relieved the water scarcity to some extent.

The soil is gradually becoming fit for intensive cultivation. The flower garden has been a great success and we are able to raise most kinds of seed locally.

The Dairy.

This was started in the spring of 1923 with a two-fold object: the solving of the great problem, for W. Bengal and for much of India, of the discovery of a type of cow which will produce a plentiful supply of milk, and of a good working bullock; and incidentally to supply the Institution itself (both Santiniketan and Sriniketan) with fresh milk. Such animals it is believed can be produced without the importation of foreign stock, by scientific breeding. The main difficulty is one of growing fodder as a field crop to replace the old free grazing. A small fodder storage pit (Silo) was laid down with excellent results.

The total strength of the Dairy was in January, 1923: Milking cows

—8; Dry cows—3; Calves—12; Bull—1; Bullocks—5. A first class Montgomery bull was presented by H. E. the Governor. By borrowing the District Board bull from Suri, we benefited not only ourselves but the villagers as well.

From November 30th, 1922 to November 30th, 1923, over 255 mds. of milk was produced, without much equipment or any labour-saving device. We are in want of proper sheds, milk-room, food grinding and chopping implements, water and fodder supply. It will require at least Rs. 25,000/- more to equip our Dairy on economically profitable lines, of which Rs. 10,000/- has been promised (and partly paid) from Bombay.

Rinderpest broke out in the neighbourhood and carried away hundreds of cattle. Some of our herd were affected, but thanks to our precautionary measures no loss occurred. We helped also to save some of the neighbour's cattle.

P. C. Lal is now in charge.

Poultry.

Our experiment in poultry raising and egg production is only in its infancy. The pure bred white Leghorns have laid well and we have introduced ducks, turkeys, geese, guinea fowl, pigeons and rabbits.

The incubators have worked well, but as yet we have no trained student who can attend to the proper raising of chickens.

It is proposed to send a student to be trained under the U. P. P. A. at Lucknow and on his return to develop the scope of this section, the success of which would mean a great deal to the neighbouring Musulman villages.

2. Cottage Industries.

The Tannery.

The deplorable condition of the local *muchi*, or hereditary village tanner, convinced us of the necessity of a study of his problem.

After a demonstration by the Government Research Tannery, we started a small chrome-tanning experiment without machinery. This had to be abandoned as only 20% of the local hides were found to be fit for the process. We have sent one of our students to be trained at the Research Tannery at Calcutta and on his return, with an expert *muchi*, we expect to be able to carry on bark-tanning and manufacture of leather articles both on educational and profitable lines.

Our immediate need is the equipment for a factory including a sewing machine, and in future we shall need buildings for factory and staff quarters.

Weaving.

This section was started in 1922 for research into the condition of the local weaving industry and for the teaching of improved methods and new patterns, as well as co-operative supply and sales.

Three improved looms were purchased and a shed erected after the last Pujas. The following work is being carried on: Cotton weaving; Silk weaving; Durree making; Calico printing; Woollen Rug weaving; Newar and Wick making; manufacture of Straw Mats and Carpets.

Local village boys are taking advantage of the training offered in dyeing with *deshi* dyes.

Co-operative Store.

A store was originally started for the convenience of the department but through the devoted work of Mani Roy the confidence of the villagers was quickly won by the good quality and fair measure given.

In spite of lack of adequate capital the charge of seed care and storage was taken on as well.

The store having now become financially independent it is henceforth to be run as a regular Co-operative Store, the capital being taken as a loan from the Institution, and the staff rendering their services.

The proposed *hāt* near our premises will be a good stimulus and it is hoped that before long a chain of Co-operative Stores will be established in the neighbouring villages with this as the parent store.

3. Village Work.

Village Scouts.

We have now altogether seven scout troupes at the villages of Moadpur, Lohagarh, Metakona, Surul, Bhubandanga, Goulpara and Bolpur. Asit Chatterjee and Buddha Das were sent to be trained in the C. P. by Mr. J. Ross, D.C.C.

Gardening was introduced in some of the villages, the Moadpur garden proving the best. Maps of some of the villages were drawn up with the help of their respective scouts, showing dobas, tanks, pools, drains, etc. A complete statistical survey of some of the villages was undertaken.

The scouts rendered splendid service in the work of fighting malaria by filling dobas, destroying mosquito-breeding spots, opening drains, thereby reducing the percentage of attacks from 80% to 20% and 15%.

The sanitation and policing of the Mulluk mela were done by the scouts under the leadership of Dhirananda Roy, where they earned the sincere blessings of thousands of pilgrims amongst whom were a large number of helpless women. The scouts performed the same service in the Santiniketan Mela, where they also gave instructive demonstrations in Fire Brigade work.

Night Schools.

The Surul Night School has secured a grant of Rs. 5/- monthly from the District Board. It has some 30 pupils chiefly from amongst the depressed classes.

The Santalpara Night School is going on well, and has now a weaving class attached.

The Bhabandanga *Pāthsālā* is also doing well.

Charitable Dispensary.

Miss G. Green in charge.

Between October, 1922 and October, 1923, 10330 patients were treated. During July, August and September the patients averaged 70 a day. The acquisition of a trained Midwife, graduate of a Baptist Hospital, with six year's experience, has been of immense value. She is an earnest worker and has done excellent service to the villagers.

Women come in from long distances to be treated and sometimes live on the premises for special treatment. We have had clinics in 3 villages and have visited patients in their own homes. Nearly 100 fever cases have been treated with medicine and care. The nurse has attended a number of cases of confinements. 18 patients have been sent to the Kalna, Calcutta and Burdwan hospitals, and their expenses paid.

Mrs. Dutt and her assistant Mrs. Mazumdar have rendered valuable service in teaching the girl's school attached to the dispensary which has now 29 pupils. There is a sewing class for the girls of Sriniketan and there are special afternoons for going out to teach the village women.

In January, 1923 the touring Exhibition in Child Welfare of the V. M. S. and Chelmsford League paid us a visit. The leading Zemindar

of Surul offered his hall, and Dr. Balfour came up from Delhi to lecture. Over 3000 villagers were conducted through the exhibition during the three days it lasted and special courses were held for local midwives, doctors, school masters and kavirajes, as well as for the Uttara-vibhaga girls. The exhibition was an unqualified success.

C. *Visva-bharati Extension Institutions.*

The Sammilani of Calcutta.

The Visva-bharati Sammilani which was started in Calcutta in 1922 successfully worked out an extension programme during the current year.

The spring term opened on the 15th February with a paper by Abanindranath Tagore followed by Music. On the 21st, Rabindranath Tagore gave readings from his own writings. On the 26th, L. K. Elmhirst exhibited a cinema film of Life in and around Sriniketan (the agricultural department). A new music play *Vasanta* was staged at the end of February, part of the proceeds of which was contributed to the North Bengal Flood Relief Fund. In March an Art Exhibition was held in the rooms of the Society of Oriental Art in which copies of the cave-paintings of Wagh were exhibited for the first time. Other lectures were by F. Benoit on Romain Rolland; Stella Kramrisch on the Reality of Indian Art; Abanindranath Tagore on Nursery Rhymes in Bengal.

The Varshá (Monsoon) term began with an address by Rabindranath Tagore. "Visarjan" was staged in August on four successive nights and highly appreciated. Other lectures were by C. F. Andrews on Indians Outside India; and Saratchandra Chatterji on Bengali Literature. Rabindranath Tagore presided over a joint conference with the anti-malarial society on Kala-azar and also over the Rammohan Roy anniversary. Dr. Winternitz gave his lecture on the Mahabharata (published in this issue) on the eve of his departure from India.

During the winter term a social and literary club was started for the members of the Sammilani. Abanindranath Tagore spoke on Art; Kshitimohan Sen on Mitrabái; and Prof. Morgenstein on Life and Literature in Norway.

THE VISVA-BHARATI QUARTERLY

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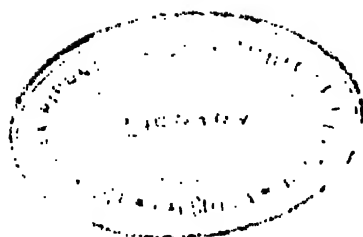
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